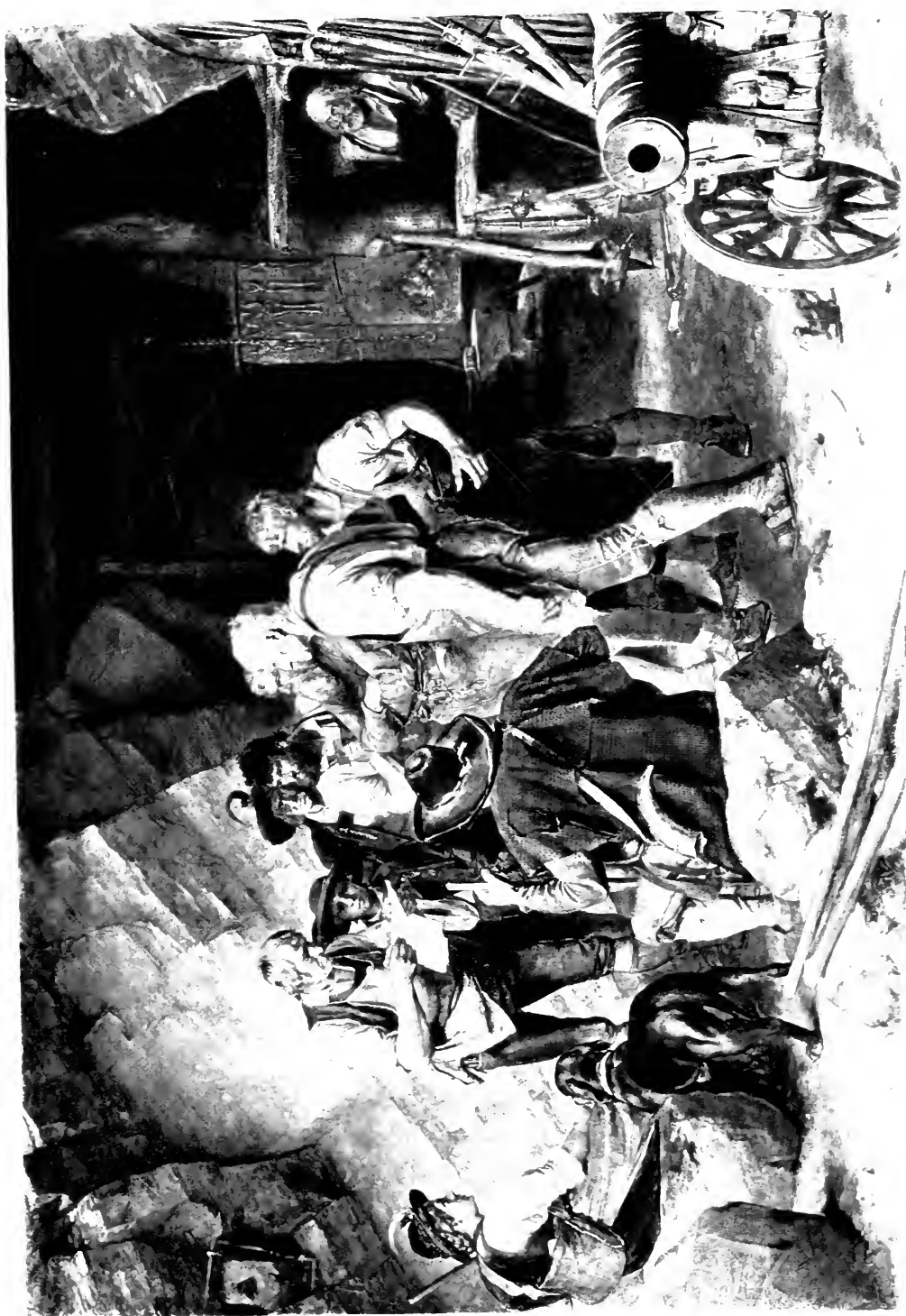


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THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

FROM THE DAWN OF HISTORY
TO THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY, FOUNDED UPON THE LEADING
AUTHORITIES, INCLUDING A COMPLETE CHRONOLOGY OF THE
WORLD, AND A PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY OF EACH NATION

BY
EDWARD S. ELLIS, A.M.

AUTHOR OF "STANDARD HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES," "HISTORY OF OUR
COUNTRY," "A POPULAR HISTORY OF THE WORLD," "A SCHOOL
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Magnificently Illustrated

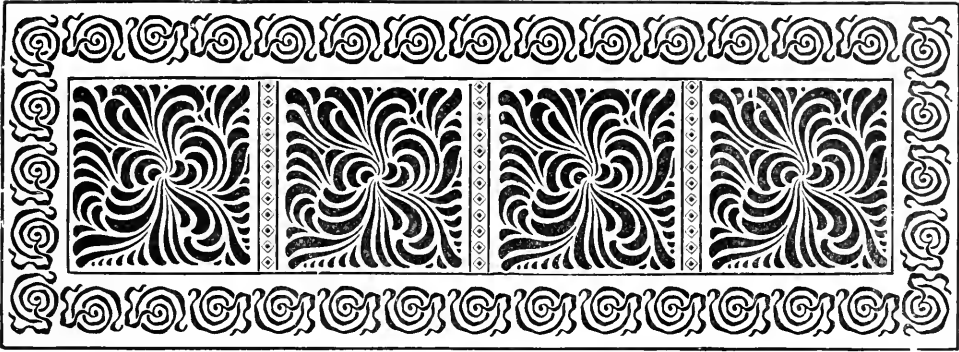
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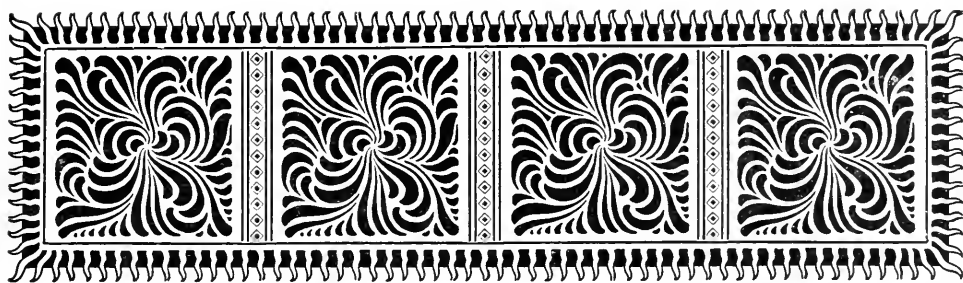
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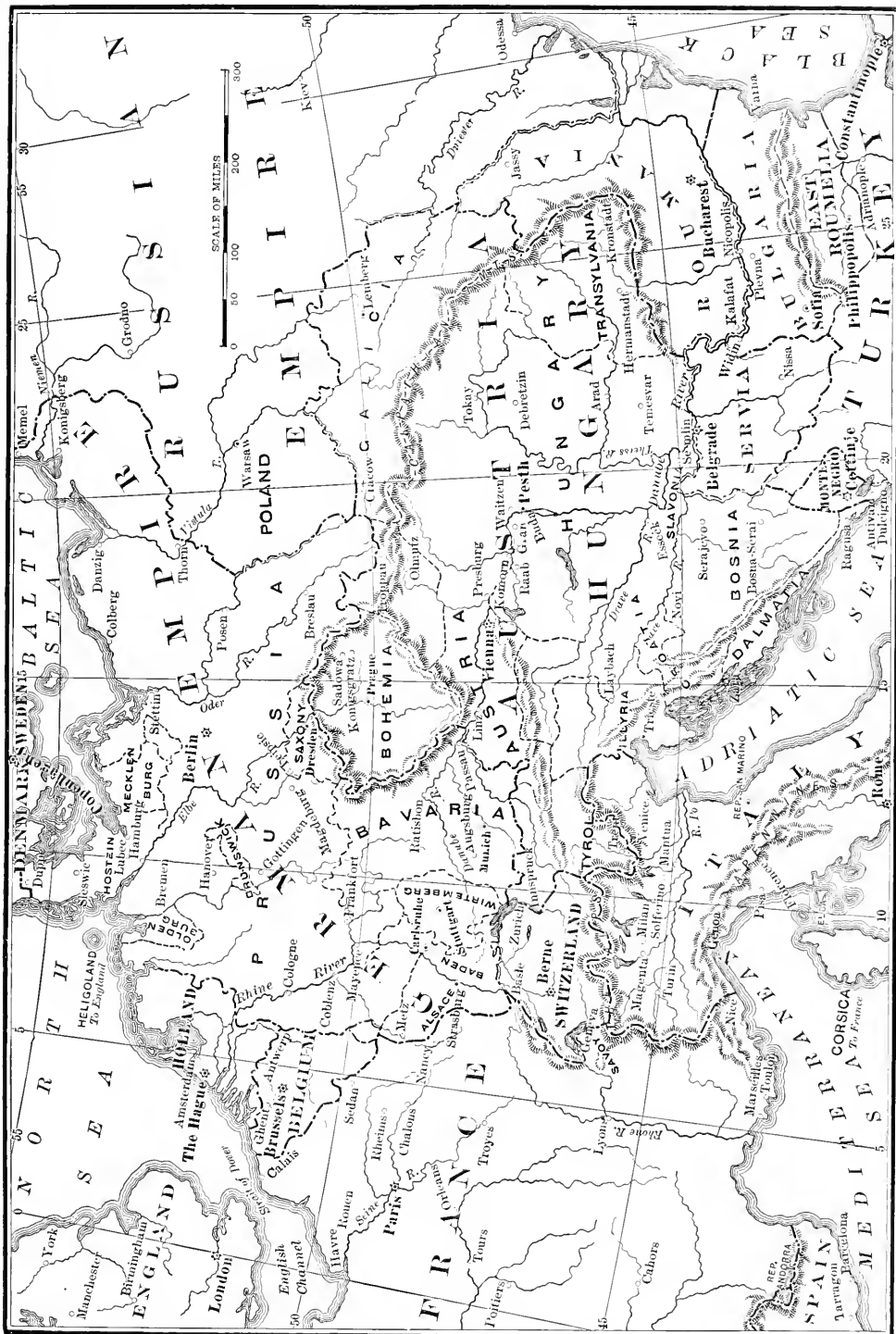
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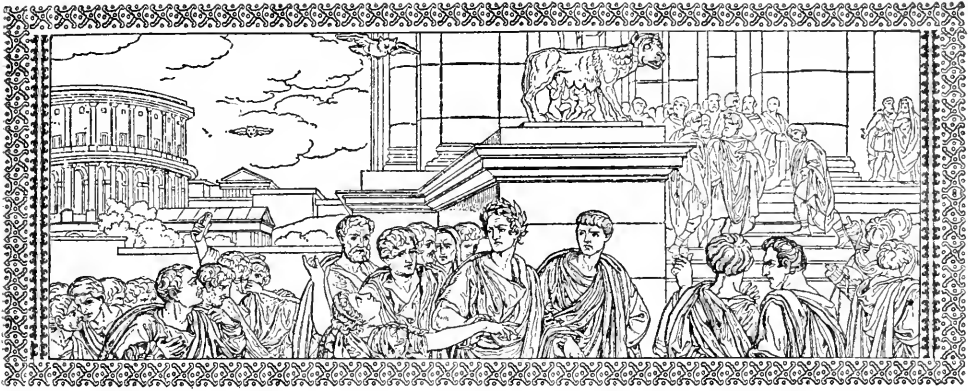
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THE GERMAN AND AUSTRIAN EMPIRES



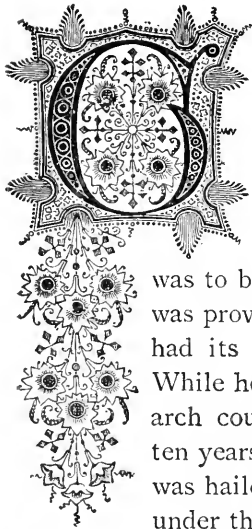
CÆSAR REJECTING THE WARNINGS OF HIS DEATH

THE STORY OF THE GREATEST NATIONS

ANCIENT NATIONS—ROME

Chapter XXXVI

CÆSAR'S RULE AND DEATH



CÆSAR'S series of triumphant victories had made him as a god in the eyes of Rome. There was no honor too exalted for him. A Supplication, or thanksgiving of forty days, had been ordered when he stepped foot once more in Italy, at the close of July, B.C. 46. His statue was erected in the Capitol, and another bore the fulsome inscription, "Cæsar the demigod." His image was to be carried in the procession of the gods, and a golden chair was provided for him in the Senate house. The month Quintilis had its name changed to Julius, which we still retain as July. While he was not king in name he was in substance, for no monarch could have been more absolute. He was made Dictator for ten years, which was soon changed to perpetual Dictator, and he was hailed as Imperator for life. This title was one that was given under the Republic to a victorious general (for the word means *Commander*), but it was always laid aside at the close of the military command. By clipping the word *Imperator*, it will be seen that it readily becomes *Emperor*.

Moreover, he was invested for three years without a colleague with the functions of the censorship, the title being the Guardianship of Manners, carrying with it the authority to revise, as he saw fit, the lists of the knights and senators. To him the people surrendered their right of election, and the Senate that of administration. In the latter body, he was to seat himself between the consuls and first give his opinion, after which, as may be supposed, that of the consuls was of no weight at all, since they dared not oppose him and their support was unnecessary. He had not forgotten the vanities of youth when he used to spend hours before the mirror in curling his locks, for now that he had grown bald about the temples, he wreathed them with the laurel, which not only hid the lack of hair, but was a badge of martial greatness. He wore no beard, and, despite his foppish weaknesses, he welcomed the title of "Father of his Country," fit only to come from the hearts of a free people.

Cæsar celebrated four triumphs—that over the Gauls, over Ptolemæus, over Pharnaces, and over Juba, who had brought the reinforcements of elephants and light cavalry to Scipio at Thapsis, but he declined a triumph for Pharsalia itself. He gave a banquet at which were seated fully 60,000 people, who were afterward entertained with shows, the circus and the theatre. The combats of wild beasts and gladiators surpassed anything of the kind ever seen before.

When at last the magnificent ceremonies were over, Cæsar once more left Rome to suppress in Spain the last resistance of the republicans. There Cnæus, the eldest son of Pompey, had rallied a motley force, and baffled the generals sent against him, until Cæsar lost patience and went thither to conduct the campaign for himself. It lasted for several months, and his situation at one time looked hopeless, but, with his matchless ability, he finally gained the crowning victory at Munda on March 17, B.C. 45. On that day of desolation, 30,000 of the vanquished perished. Cnæus extricated himself from the whirlpool of death, gained the coast, and put to sea, but was identified when he made a landing, and killed.

Cæsar remained for some time in Spain, arranging affairs, and returned to Rome in September, when the fresh triumph over the Iberians was celebrated, followed by the usual games and festivals which delighted the people. At the theatres, plays were presented in different languages, for the entertainment of the numerous nationalities in the city, which included ambassadors from the Moors, the Numidians, the Gauls, the Iberians, the Britons, the Armenians, the Germans, and the Scythians. And, perhaps, greatest of all, came Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, crown in hand, to lay her treasures at the feet of her royal lover and preserver. Amid these bewildering flatteries and honors, which would have turned the head of any man, it is to the credit of Cæsar that no person was made to feel the weight of his resentment. Others with less power



THE TRIUMPH OF CAESAR

had waded in massacre, but his clemency amazed his friends as much as his enemies. His worshippers had removed the statues of Sulla and Pompey, but he caused them to be restored to their places among those of the grandest champions of the Republic. "I will not," he declared in one of his speeches, "renew the massacres of Sulla and Marius, the very remembrance of which is shocking to me. Now that my enemies are subdued, I will lay aside the sword, and endeavor solely by my good offices to gain over those who continue to hate me."

Now Julius Cæsar was one of the clearest-sighted men that ever grasped the reins of power. Nothing was plainer to him than that the old political system of Rome was hopelessly shattered. It was equally clear that security and prosperity could be obtained only through the firm and just rule of a single man. Such a man must be a genius of statesmanship, as well as invincible in war, and to whom could such transcendent ability be ascribed with more propriety than to Julius Cæsar?

He had obtained power by overriding the laws, but such is the necessity of all revolutions, and having secured that power, he was determined to use it for the good of the people. He laid the foundations broad and strong. He promoted distinguished and trustworthy foreigners to places of dignity in the city; Gauls and others were introduced into the Senate; whole classes of useful subjects, such as those of the medical profession, were admitted to the franchise, and colonies were planted at Carthage and Corinth. An elaborate geographical survey was made of the immense regions in his dominion, and a most important project undertaken was the condensation and arrangement into a compact code of the thousands of fragments of the old Roman laws. This work had been dreamed of by Cicero and others, who were forced to believe it an impossible task, but Cæsar set about it with such practical sense and system that it assuredly would have been completed, had his life been spared to the usual limit. As it was, six centuries had to elapse before the glory of the work was earned by Justinian the imperial legislator.

One notable achievement was the reform of the calendar. The Roman year had been calculated on the basis of 354 days, with the intercalation or insertion every second year of a month of twenty-two and twenty-three days respectively; but another day had been added to the 354, so as to secure an odd or fortunate number, to meet which an intricate process, which only the scholars understood, was brought into use. The jumble became intolerable. Cæsar was a good astronomer, and with the aid of Sosigenes, the most eminent in the science, the Julian calendar was devised. This is still known by that name, and makes each year to consist of 365 days, with an additional day added to every fourth or leap year. Even this is not mathematically exact; and the slight

error, in the course of centuries, grew into an importance which required the correction made by Pope Gregory XIII., and put into effect in Rome, October 5-15, 1582. By this Gregorian calendar leap year is omitted at the close of each century whose figures are not divisible by 400. Thus it will be remembered that the year 1900 was not a leap year.

Spain, Portugal, and a part of Italy adopted the Gregorian calendar with Rome; France, in December, 1582, and the Catholic states of Germany in 1583. In Scotland it was adopted on January 1, 1600; and in the Protestant states of Germany in 1700. England and Ireland and the English colonies, however, kept the Julian calendar until 1752, when the change was made. Russia alone has retained the Julian system, its dates being now thirteen days behind ours.

Julius Cæsar was undoubtedly one of the greatest geniuses that ever lived. No general ever surpassed him in ability; he was a statesman, an orator, a mathematician, a historian, an architect, a jurist, and was pre-eminent in each capacity. His personality was impressive. Tall and dignified of presence, with a fair complexion and keen, expressive black eyes, he never wore a beard, and, as he grew bald, he showed that care for his looks which was almost a passion with him from youth. He wore, as we have stated, a laurel chaplet, which hid his baldness and was at the same time a badge of his military greatness. He was well worthy of the line applied to him by Shakespeare,—

“ The foremost man of all the world.”

Many of the designs of this remarkable genius were never carried to completion, for the reason that his life was cut off in its prime and before he had time to do more than form the far-reaching plans. His scheme of extending the pomerium of the city was completed by his successor. Other plans of his were even further delayed. Many years passed before the Pomptine marshes were drained. His scheme of changing the course of the Tiber, so as to enlarge the Campus Martius, was never followed out, nor did he cut through the Isthmus of Corinth.

He shone as a leader among the intellectual men of his time. While he was modest and affable in his intercourse, none talked or wrote better than he. His “Commentaries,” despite the great length of some of the sentences, remains as a monument of his extraordinary skill as a historian and writer. He was abstemious among the free livers, and Cato has said of him that, of all the revolutionists of his day, he alone took up his task with perfect soberness at all times. In this respect he was a marked contrast to Alexander.

Moreover, it is impossible to study the character of the man without giving him credit for nobility of purpose. He judged rightly, when he felt that the



ANTONY OFFERING TO CROWN CÆSAR



only safety of Rome lay in its government by a wise, firm, and discreet ruler, and certainly there was none in that age who so fully met the requirements of the position as himself. The blot upon the character of Cæsar is that he accepted the blind, sacrilegious idolatry of his people without protest, and that his private life was scandalous. He openly declared his unbelief in immortality, and lived defiantly with Cleopatra as his wife, though he never made her such.

But worldly ambition is never satisfied, and grows by what it feeds on. He became restless. The stirring excitements of military life and the incentive to put forth his best exertions were lacking, and the fact oppressed him. He became haughty and capricious, and, like Napoleon at St. Helena, dreamed of the glories of his past campaigns and longed to engage in more. Brooding over all this, he formed the plan of crushing the Parthians, conquering the barbarians of the North, and then attacking the Germans in the rear. In the closing months of the year B.C. 45, he ordered his legions to cross the Adriatic and meet at Illyricum, where he would speedily join them. He expected to be absent for a long time from Rome, and arranged for the succession of chief magistrates for the following two years. He entered on his fifth consulship on the 1st of January, B.C. 44, M. Antonius being his colleague.

At that time, Caius Octavius, the eighteen-year son of Cæsar's sister, was in camp at Apollonia, receiving instructions in war from the ablest teachers. He showed great ability, but was of delicate health. Cæsar let it be known that he intended to make Octavius his son by adoption, and to bequeath to him all those dignities which the Senate had declared hereditary in his family.

It was about this time that the title of *king* became associated with the name of Cæsar. His flatterers suggested it, and his enemies urged it upon him, thereby hoping to make him unpopular. One morning, it was found that some person, either a friend or enemy, had attached a laurel and a kingly diadem to the statue of Cæsar before the rostra. As soon as the tribunes saw it, they tore it down, the populace applauding. Cæsar joined in the applause, though one cannot help suspecting the genuineness of his feelings. Some time later, when returning from a festival, a number of men had been hired to hail him as king. There could be no mistaking the angry disapproval, and the listening imperator exclaimed indignantly, "I am no king, but Cæsar." On the 15th of February, while he was seated in his gilded chair before the rostra to preside over a festival, his faithful ally Antonius, now consul, approached and offered him a diadem, saying it was the gift of the Roman people. Faint applause followed, but when Cæsar thrust the diadem from him, the acclamations were enthusiastic. Then Antonius, fresh from a religious ceremony and thus expressing sacred authority, presented it a second time. The clear-headed

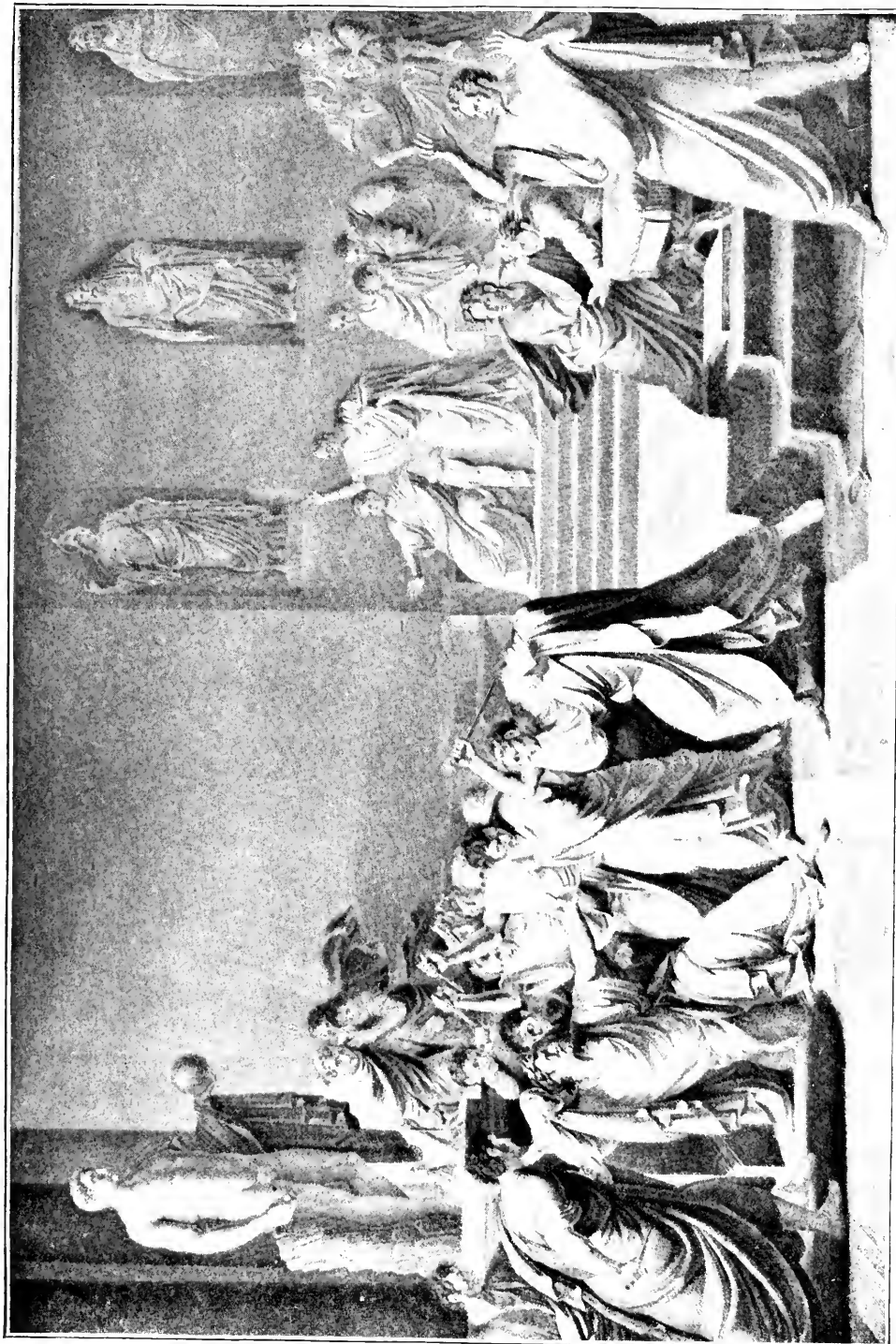
ruler had been quick to read the signs, and with considerable heat he replied, "I am not king; the only king of the Romans is Jupiter," whereupon he ordered the diadem to be removed and suspended in the temple in the Capitol.

Human nature has been the same in all ages, and no man can rise to exalted position without incurring the deadly envy of those who have failed to keep pace with him. There were many such in Rome. They met in secret, whispered and plotted, and finally formed a conspiracy for taking the life of the emperor. The persons concerned in this hideous crime were sixty or eighty in number, and among them were many who had received marked favors at the hands of Cæsar and professed the warmest devotion to him. The leader was Caius Longinus Cassius, who had lately been appointed prætor. At the breaking out of the civil war, he had sided with Pompey, but was pardoned by Cæsar, and besides being made prætor was promised the governorship of Syria in the following year. The more favors he received, the more malignant he seemed to become in his hatred of the benefactor. Associated with him were Decimus Brutus, Trebonius, Casca, Cimber and more, all of whom were under deep obligations to Cæsar for numerous favors.

These men knew they were taking frightful risks, for the crime they contemplated would shake Rome to its centre and resound through the coming ages. They needed a strong name to help them through, and fixed upon Marcus Junius Brutus, who had also been a partisan of Pompey, but made his submission to Cæsar after the battle of Pharsalia, and in the following year was appointed governor of Cisalpine Gaul. Brutus was a nephew of Cato, and claimed to trace his descent from a son of the famous Brutus who had founded the Republic, and whose other sons had perished by the axe of the executioner. His descendant was now made vain by the many favors shown him by Cæsar, who one day remarked that, of all Romans, Brutus was the most worthy to succeed him. Brutus accepted this as earnest, and it was easy for the conspirators by appealing to this, to procure his consent to become their leader in the dark counsels they often held together.

Cæsar received hints of what was going on. He had dismissed the guard appointed for him, and was, therefore, continually exposed to treacherous attack. When his friends remonstrated because of the fearless way in which he walked through the streets, he replied that it was better to die and have done with it, than to live in continual fear of dying. He scorned to take the least precautions, and since he had almost completed his preparations for leaving on his campaigns, his enemies determined to wait no longer. The Senate was convened for the Ides of March, the 15th day of the month, and it was agreed that on that day he should be struck down as he entered the Curia.

Cæsar is said to have shown some hesitation, due to the many warnings he



THE MURDER OF CÆSAR



had received, but he naturally shrank from appearing timid. He determined to go. On the way along the Forum to the theatre of Pompey, in the Campus, several persons pressed near to warn him of his peril. One man hastily shoved a paper into his hand and begged him to read it without an instant's delay. He paid no heed, but held the roll, when he reached the Senate House remarking with a smile to the augur Spurinna, "The Ides of March have come." "Yes," replied the other, "but they are not yet passed."

As he entered the hall, his enemies kept near him so as to hold his friends at a distance. Cæsar advanced to his seat, when Cimber immediately approached with a petition for the pardon of his brother. The others, as agreed upon, joined in the prayer with much importunity, seizing his hands and even attempting to embrace him. Cæsar gently repelled their attentions, but they persisted, and Cimber caught hold of his toga with both hands and snatched it over his arms. Then Casca, who was behind him, drew a dagger from under his cloak and reaching forward struck at Cæsar, but in the flurry merely grazed his shoulder. Cæsar saw the blow, and tried to seize the hilt of the dagger with one hand. Then Casca uttered the signal that had been agreed upon. This was the cry "Help!" Immediately the others swarmed forward, pushing and striving to get closer to their victim, and all striking vicious blows, even though a number were not within reach of him. Cæsar defended himself as best he could, and wounded one of his assailants with his stylus; but when he recognized the gleaming face of Brutus among the panting countenances and saw the upraised steel in his hand, as he fought to get near enough to strike, he exclaimed, "What! thou too, Brutus!" ("*Et tu, Brute!*"), and, drawing his robe over his face, made no further resistance. The assassins plunged their weapons into his body again and again, until at last, bleeding from twenty-three wounds, he sank down and breathed out his life at the feet of the statue of Pompey.

The awful crime was completed, and the assassins, flinging their gowns over their left arms, as shields, and brandishing aloft their dripping daggers in their right hands, marched out of the Curia to the Forum, calling aloud that they had killed a tyrant, and displaying a liberty cap on the head of a spear. The multitude were dazed and stupefied for the moment, but the signs were so ominous that the conspirators hunted out a place of refuge in the temple of Jupiter, on the Capitol.

In this place they were joined by others, and among them Cicero, who, though he had nothing to do with the conspiracy, did not condemn it, and advised that the Senate should be called together at once. Brutus was distrustful and determined to make another appeal to the populace. He entered the Forum the next day, and his speech was listened to coldly, even if with respect.

When, however, others followed in the same strain, the hearers broke out with such violence that the republicans were driven back to their quarters.

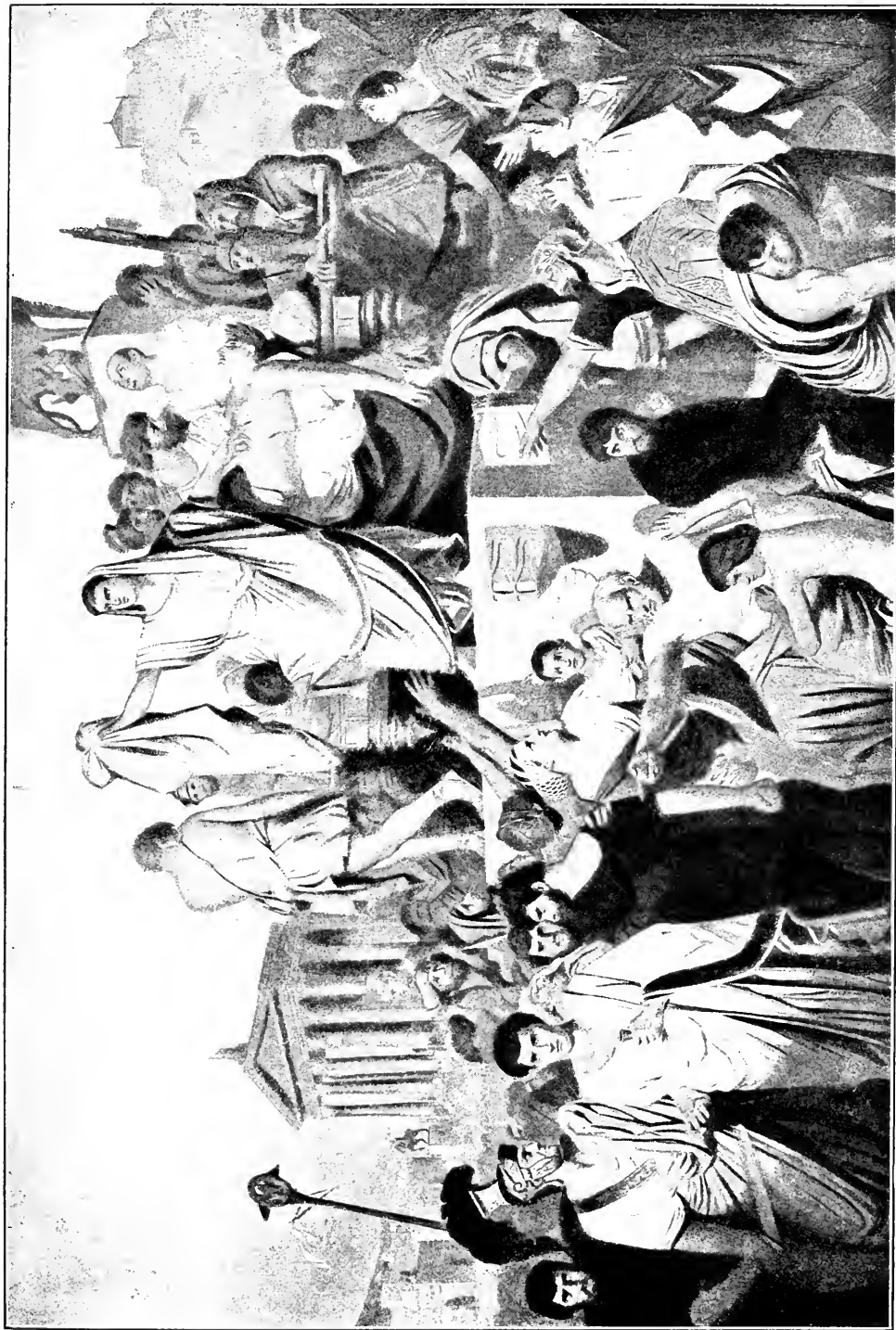
Meanwhile the consul Antonius had been active. He communicated secretly with Calpurnia, the widow of Cæsar, who seems to have been a woman of little force of character, and secured possession of her husband's immense treasures and also his will. Assisted by his two brothers—one of whom was a tribune and the other a prætor—Antonius opened, as consul, the national coffers in the temple of Ops, and drawing a large sum, secured the promise of support from Lepidus, who had been leader of the army during Cæsar's absence in Spain, and was his colleague in the consulate B.C. 46. Lepidus was weak of character, lacking both military ability and statesmanship.

Antonius, as the minister and favorite of Cæsar, was looked upon by many as his natural successor. Cicero alone opposed the conspirators' negotiations with him, for, though a brave man, Antonius was dissipated to the last degree. He was agreed upon as the proper man to act, and it was arranged that he should convene the Senate on March 17th. He selected as a place for the meeting the temple of Tellus, near the Forum, and filled it with armed soldiers. Since the assassins were afraid to leave the Capitol, the discussion took place in their absence. The majority favored declaring Cæsar a tyrant, but Antonius pointed out that this would invalidate all his acts and appointments. While the discussion was going on, Antonius went out and entered the Forum. He was received with acclamations, and Cicero showed that the only dignified course that could relieve them from their embarrassment was an amnesty which should confirm every acquired right and leave the deed of the conspirators to the judgment of posterity.

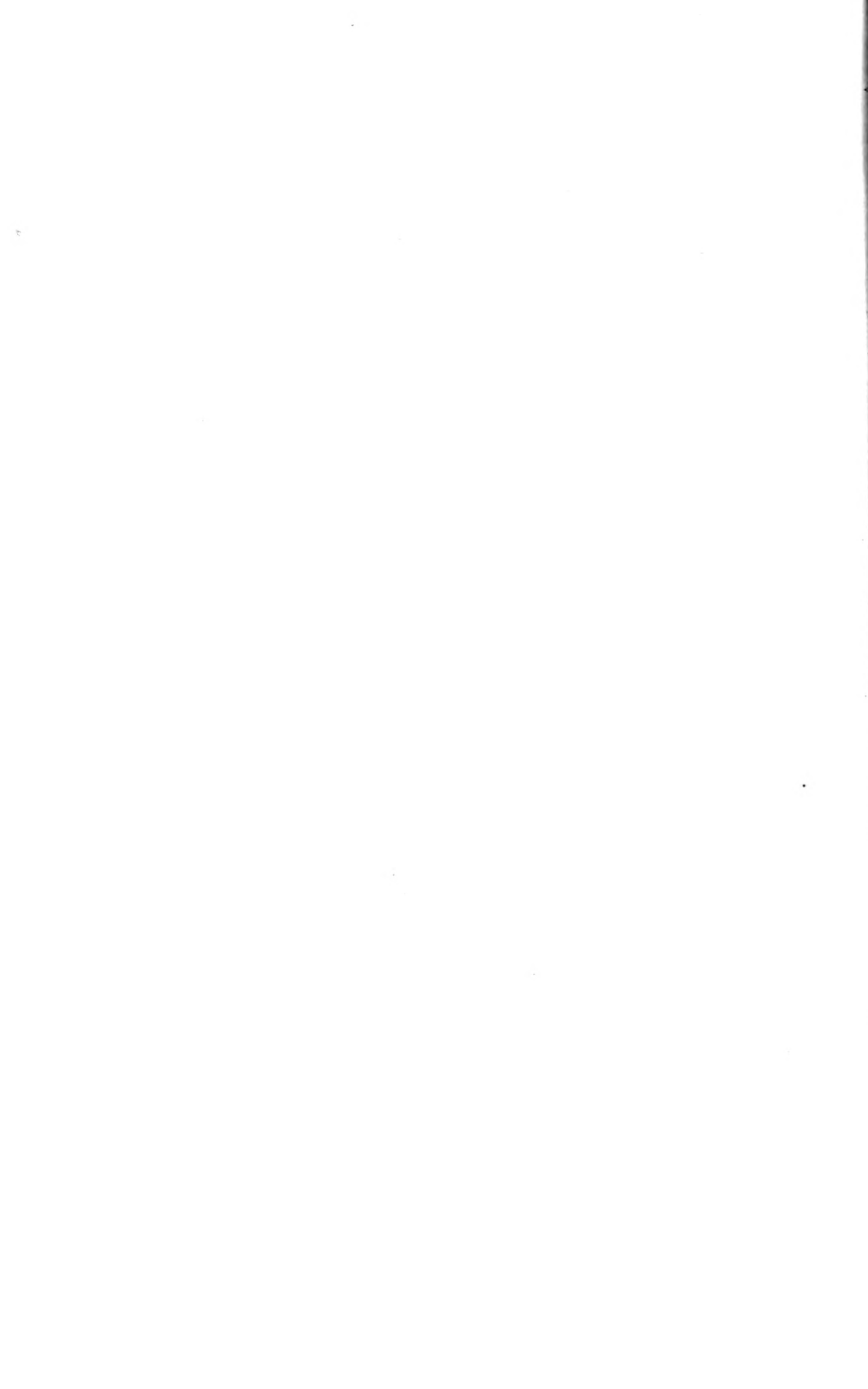
Cicero carried his point, and by his eloquence the next day he calmed the populace, who invited the conspirators to descend from the Capitol, Lepidus and Antonius sending their children as hostages, and one entertained Brutus and the other Cassius at supper. The following morning all parties met in the Curia, and Cæsar's assignment of provinces was confirmed. To Trebonius went Asia, to Cimber Bithynia, and to Decimus the Cisalpine, while Macedonia was to go to Brutus, and Syria to Cassius, when their terms of office at home expired.

Cæsar was dead but not buried. Inasmuch as his acts were valid, his will had to be accepted and his remains honored with a public funeral. Antony read to the people the last testament of their idol, by which it appeared that the youthful Octavius had been adopted as his son; that the Roman people had been endowed with his gardens on the bank of the Tiber, and he had bequeathed some twelve dollars to every citizen.

This liberality roused all to fury, which was kindled to the ungovernable



ANTONY'S ORATION OVER CÆSAR'S BODY

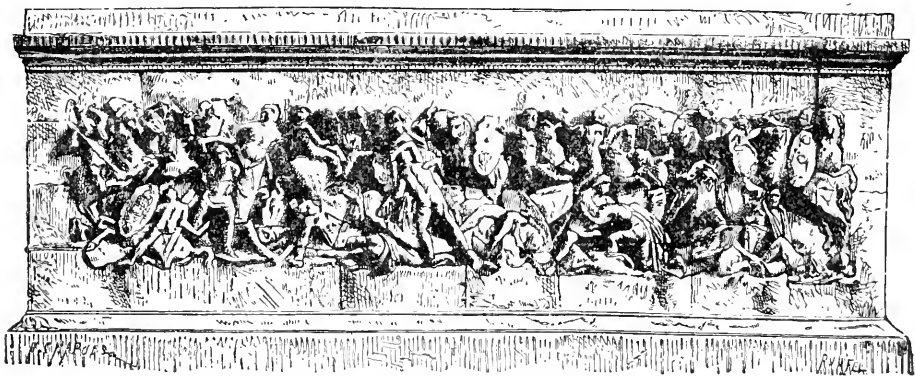


point by the funeral oration of Mark Antony. The body was laid out on a couch of gold and ivory, on a shrine gleaming with gold and erected before the rostra. At the head was hung the toga in which Cæsar had been slain, showing the rents made by the daggers of the assassins. The mangled remains were concealed, but in their place was displayed a waxen figure, which faithfully showed every one of the three-and-twenty wounds.

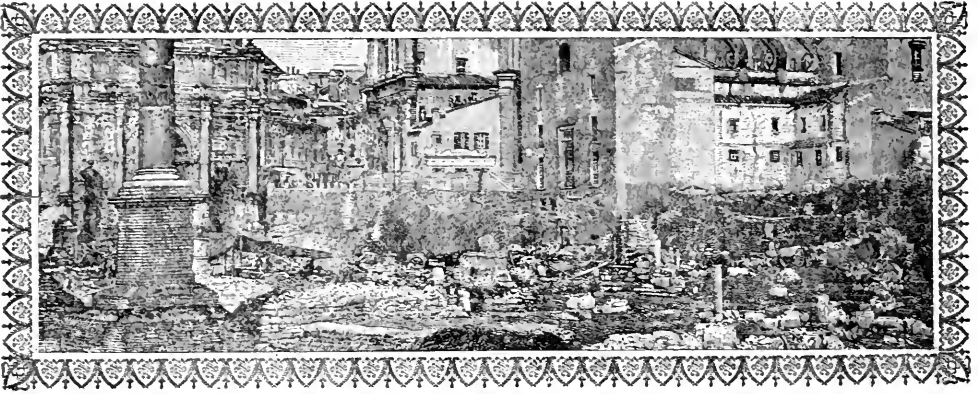
When the people were swept by grief and indignation, Mark Antony stepped forward, as the chief magistrate of the Republic. He did this with marvellous dramatic power. Then pointing to the bleeding corpse, and striding toward the Capitol, he proclaimed in a thrilling voice: "I at least am prepared to keep my vow to avenge the victim I could not save!"

The people were now beyond restraint, as the orator intended they should be. They would not allow the body to be carried outside of the city, but insisted that it should be burned within the walls. Benches, tables, and chairs were torn up and heaped before the pontiff's dwelling in the Forum, and the body placed upon it. The torch was applied by two youths, girt with swords and javelin in hand, while the people flung on more fuel, wherever it could be gathered, the veterans adding their arms, the matrons their ornaments, and the children their trinkets. It was a touching fact that among the most grief-stricken of the mourners were Gauls, Iberians, Africans, and Orientals, all of whom had loved Cæsar with no less fervency than did his own countrymen.

Cæsar had been the friend and champion of the common people. Attacking him unawares, his enemies had struck the fragile, human life from his body. Yet so great had been the spirit of the man, so enormous his influence, that even that dead body was sufficient to defeat the conspirators. The sudden, unquenchable rebellion that sprang up round his corpse, was Cæsar's last and greatest triumph.



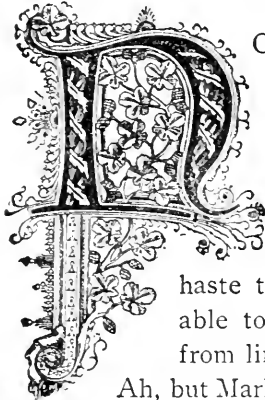
ANTIQUE BAS-RELIEF OF ROMAN VICTORY IN GAUL



RECENT EXCAVATIONS SHOWING THE FORUM ROMANUM

Chapter XXXVII

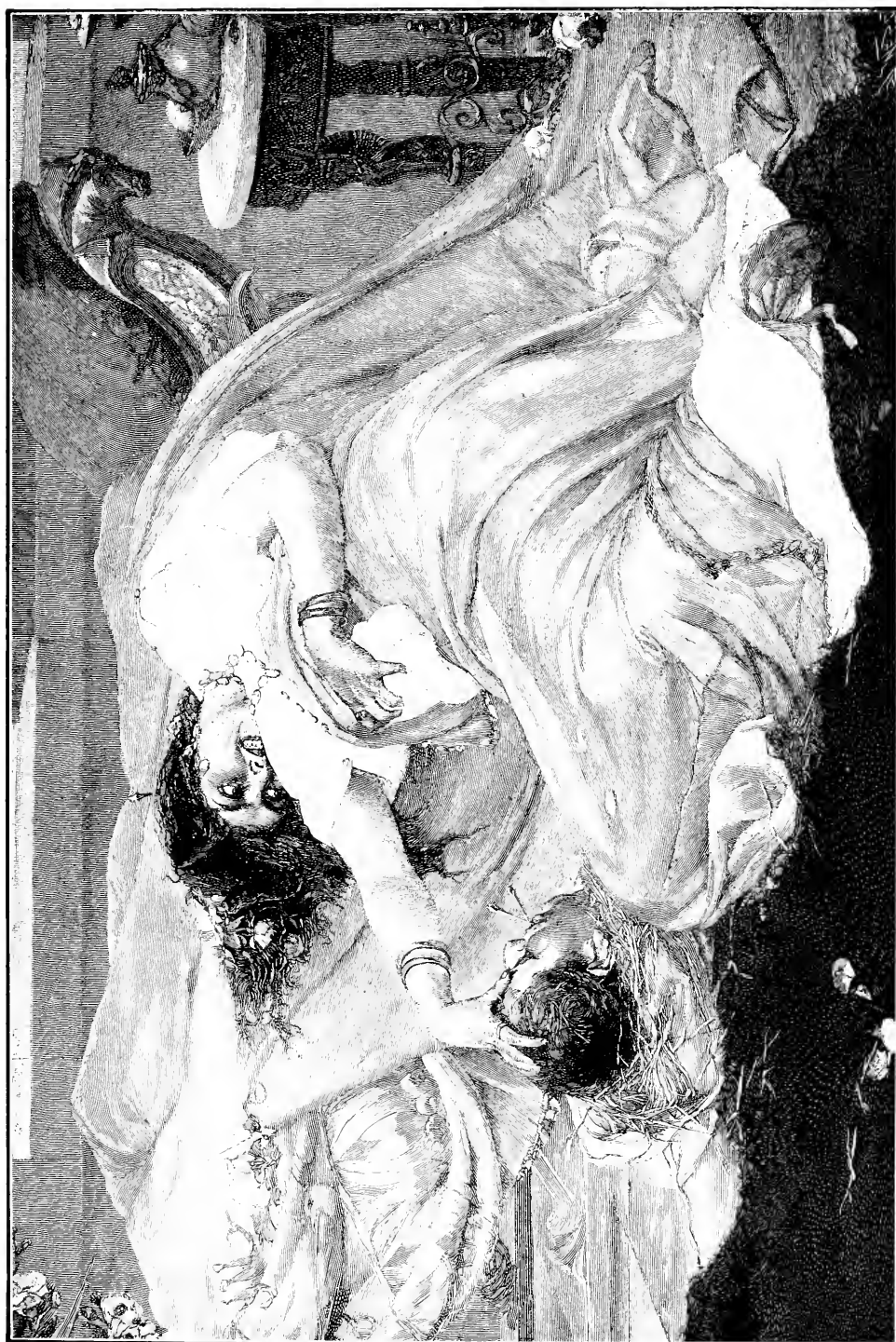
ANTONY AND OCTAVIUS—ROME BECOMES AN EMPIRE



Orator had ever attained more perfect success than did Mark Antony in that celebrated speech over Cæsar's body. The frenzied people rushed like madmen through the streets, with blazing brands, determined to set fire to the houses of the conspirators and slay the inmates. The blind attacks were repulsed for the time, but Brutus and Cassius and their associates made haste to get out of the city. Had the incensed populace been able to lay hands upon them, they would have been torn limb from limb.

Ah, but Mark Antony was sly! He interfered and stopped the disorder, and then set himself to win the good will of the Senate, which was needed to carry out his plans. He secured the passage of a resolution abolishing the office of Dictator, and it was never revived; and then, with a stern hand, he put down the rioting which broke out in many quarters. He even visited Brutus and Cassius in their hiding, and offered to guarantee their safety, but they wisely declined to enter the city. Their prætorial office required them to reside in Rome, but he obtained for the two a charge for supplying provisions which would justify their absence. In return Antony asked one small favor: since he, too, was in danger, he asked the Senate to grant him an armed body-guard. The Senate promptly did so, and he as promptly raised it to six thousand men and thus made himself safe.

Antony was for the moment as much Dictator as Cæsar had ever been. He secured the sanction of the Senate, not only for all the imperator had done, but for all that he might have planned to do. Having won over the secretary



FULVIA WITH THE HEAD OF CICERO



of the deceased, and secured all his papers, Antony carried out what schemes he liked, and when he lacked authority for them, he, with the help of the secretary, forged Cæsar's authority. It is unnecessary to say that with such boundless facilities at command, he did not neglect to "feather his own nest," and to secure enough funds to bribe senators, officers, and tributary provinces. He did not hesitate to break the engagements he had made with the conspirators, by taking from Brutus and Cassius the governments that had been promised them, and seizing Macedonia with the legions Cæsar had ordered to assemble at Apollonia. Beholding all this, Cicero sadly murmured: "The tyrant is dead, but the tyranny still lives."

Now, you will remember that Octavius, the young nephew of Cæsar, was at Apollonia preparing himself for the campaign in which he had expected to take part. When he learned the particulars of his uncle's assassination, and the letters from his mother made known that he was the heir to all that had been left, he was thrilled by the ambition that sprang to life within him, and determined to return to Rome in the face of every danger. His friends tried to dissuade him, but he had the fervent devotion of the soldiers, who burned to avenge the murder of their idolized chief. Nothing could restrain the young man's resolution, and, when he landed on the coast of Apulia, copies of the will and the decrees of the Senate were shown to him. He immediately assumed the title of Caius Julius Cæsar Octavianus, and offered himself before the troops at Brundisium as the adopted son of the great imperator. He was received with the wildest demonstrations, and the veterans who crowded around drew their swords and clamored to be led against all who dared to oppose the will of him who, being dead, yet spoke in the same trumpet tones as of yore.

Octavius, in spite of his years, was prudent, even while impetuous. Instead of appealing to force he addressed the Senate in temperate language, claiming that, as a private citizen, he had the right to the inheritance left him by Cæsar. On his way to Rome, he visited the despondent Cicero, who was staying near Cumæ, and succeeded in convincing the orator of his loyal and wise views.

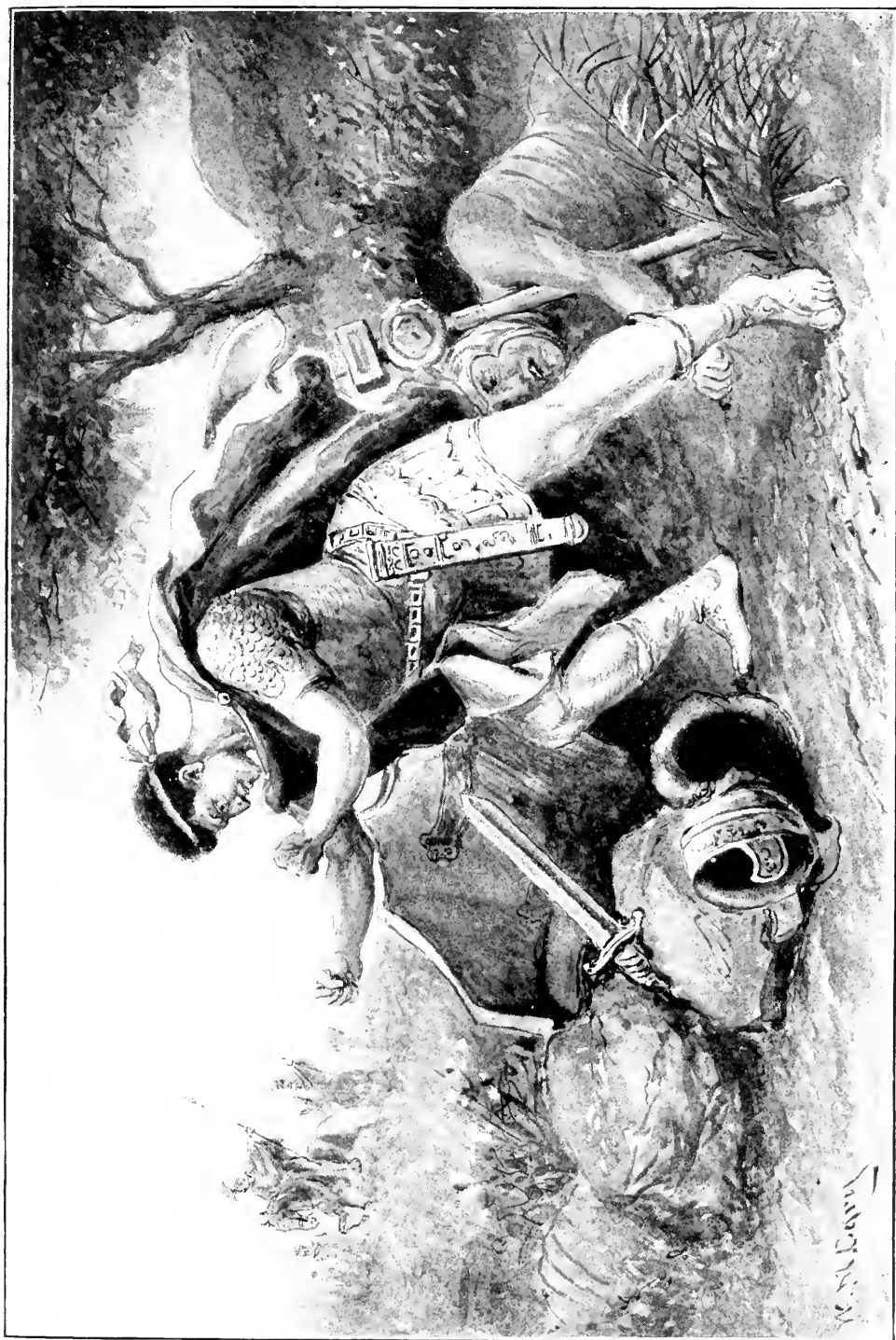
Octavius entered Rome in April, and, despite the remonstrance of his mother and stepfather, went before the prætor and declared himself the son and heir of the Dictator. Mounting the tribune, he addressed the people, pledging to pay the sums bequeathed to them by his illustrious parent. He made many friends and won over a large number of enemies. Antony had no fear at first of this stripling, but the news that reached him led him to return to Rome about the middle of May. When he and Octavius met, the latter professed friendship for him, but at the same time upbraided the consul for his failure to punish the assassins. Then the daring youth demanded the treasures

of his father; Antony replied that they had all been spent; that it was public money, and that the will under which Octavius claimed the funds would have been set aside by the Senate, but for the interference of Antony.

Octavius now sold the remnant of Cæsar's effects, all of his own, and borrowed from friends sufficient with which to pay every obligation of his father. Naturally the people were grateful, and the popularity of the young man rapidly increased. Antony saw that the most foolish thing he could do was to despise this competitor, who had won the affection of his countrymen.

At the same time, the conduct of the conspirators was timid. Cicero attended their conferences and strove to animate them with his hopefulness. Brutus resolved to quit Italy and like Cassius summon the patriots to arms in Greece and Macedonia. Cicero entered Rome and was delighted with the warmth of his reception. The day after his arrival, Antony convened the Senate. Cicero was afraid to appear, and Antony made a bitter attack on him. Stung by the insult, he came before the Senate and made a terrific assault upon the tyrant's policy. The several speeches which Cicero uttered against the consul in the course of the following month are known by the name of *Philippics*, in allusion to the harangues of Demosthenes against the tyrant of Macedonia. Octavius let the two wrangle, while he carefully undermined the strength of Antony. The latter fled from Rome and raised the standard of civil war. There was promise of the most sanguinary struggles between the leaders and their partisans, when Octavius awoke to the fact that his own safety depended upon his coming to an understanding with Antony. Word was sent to Antony by the young man that he had no wish to injure him, and Octavius refrained from preventing the junction of the consul's forces with Lepidus in the Transalpine. This gave to Antony a force of more than twenty legions, while Octavius, with less than half as many, and in the face of the prohibition of the Senate, marched his troops to the gates of Rome. Then the people elected him to the consulship. He cited the murderers of Cæsar to appear before the tribunals, and in their absence judgment was passed upon them.

Octavius was now in a position to treat with Mark Antony on equal terms. As an entering wedge, he caused the Senate to repeal the decrees against him and Lepidus. This was in the latter part of September, and, about a month later, Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus held their memorable meeting on a small island in the Rhenus, and not far from Benonia. They parleyed during three days, when an agreement was reached by which Octavius was to resign the consulship in favor of Ventidius, an officer of Antony's army, and the three chiefs should associate themselves together under a second Triumvirate, for the establishment of the commonwealth. They were to rule the city, the consuls, and the laws, claiming the consular power in common, with the right of



SUICIDE OF BRUTUS



appointing all the magistrates. Whatever they decreed should be binding without first obtaining the consent of the Senate or the people. This Second Triumvirate, formed in B.C. 43, also divided among its members the provinces around Italy. Antony was to have the two Gauls; Lepidus the Spains, with the Narbonensis, while Octavius secured Africa and the islands. Italy, the heart of empire, they were to retain in common, while the division of the eastern provinces was postponed until after Brutus and Cassius should be driven out of them. Octavius and Antony, with twenty legions each, were to take charge of the conduct of the war, while Lepidus remained to protect their interests in Rome.

Having formed their far-reaching scheme, the three agreed that the first necessary precaution was to leave no enemies in their rear. All from whom danger threatened must be crushed beyond the possibility of doing harm. Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus entered the city on three successive days, each at the head of a single legion. The troops occupied the temples and towers and their banners waved from the Forum. The farce of a plebiscitum was gone through, and on November 28th the Triumvirate was proclaimed. Instead of a massacre like Sulla's, they decreed a formal proscription. Each man had his list of chief citizens before him, and, sitting down, picked out the names of those whose deaths would give him special happiness.

Now, since every one was certain to want the sacrifice of the relatives of the others, they made a ghastly agreement among themselves to the effect that each, by giving up a relative, would be entitled to proscribe a kinsman of his colleagues. As a result, among the first names on the fatal list were a brother of Lepidus, an uncle of Antony, and a cousin of Octavius. The scenes that followed were too dreadful for description. It is recorded that three hundred senators, two thousand knights, and many thousands of citizens were put to death. Many escaped by fleeing to Macedonia and others to Africa, while more found refuge on the vessels of Sextus Pompeius that were cruising off Africa. Some bought their lives with bribes.

Antony demanded the death of Cicero, whose blistering philippics still rankled in his memory, and Octavius, to his eternal shame, consented. Cicero was staying at the time with his brother at his Tusculan villa. As soon as they heard of the proscription, they fled to Astura, another villa, on a small island off the coast of Antium, whither they intended to embark for Macedonia. In the pursuit the brother was overtaken and killed, but Cicero gained the sea, set sail, and landed several times, distressed in body and mind and caring little what became of him. The last time he went ashore near Formiæ, he was warned of the danger of delay. "Let me die here, in my fatherland," he said mournfully, but his slaves placed the man, who was suffer-

ing great bodily pain, upon a litter, and moved as rapidly as they could toward the sea-coast.

Hardly had they left the house, when an officer, whose life Cicero had once saved, appeared and pounded on the door. A man pointed out the course taken by the fugitives, and he and his small force ran after them. Cicero saw them coming up and noted that they were in less number than his own party, who prepared to defend him.

But he would not permit it. He ordered the slaves to set down the litter, and, fixing his eyes calmly on his enemies, he bared his throat to their swords. Many of the spectators covered their faces with their hands, and the leader hesitated and bungled, until at last he pulled himself together and then all was quickly over. The head of the orator was sent as a gracious present to Antony, whose wife Fulvia, remembering how nearly she and her husband had been overthrown by that bitter tongue, thrust long pins through it, taunting the dead man and crying that she had given the final answer to his orations.

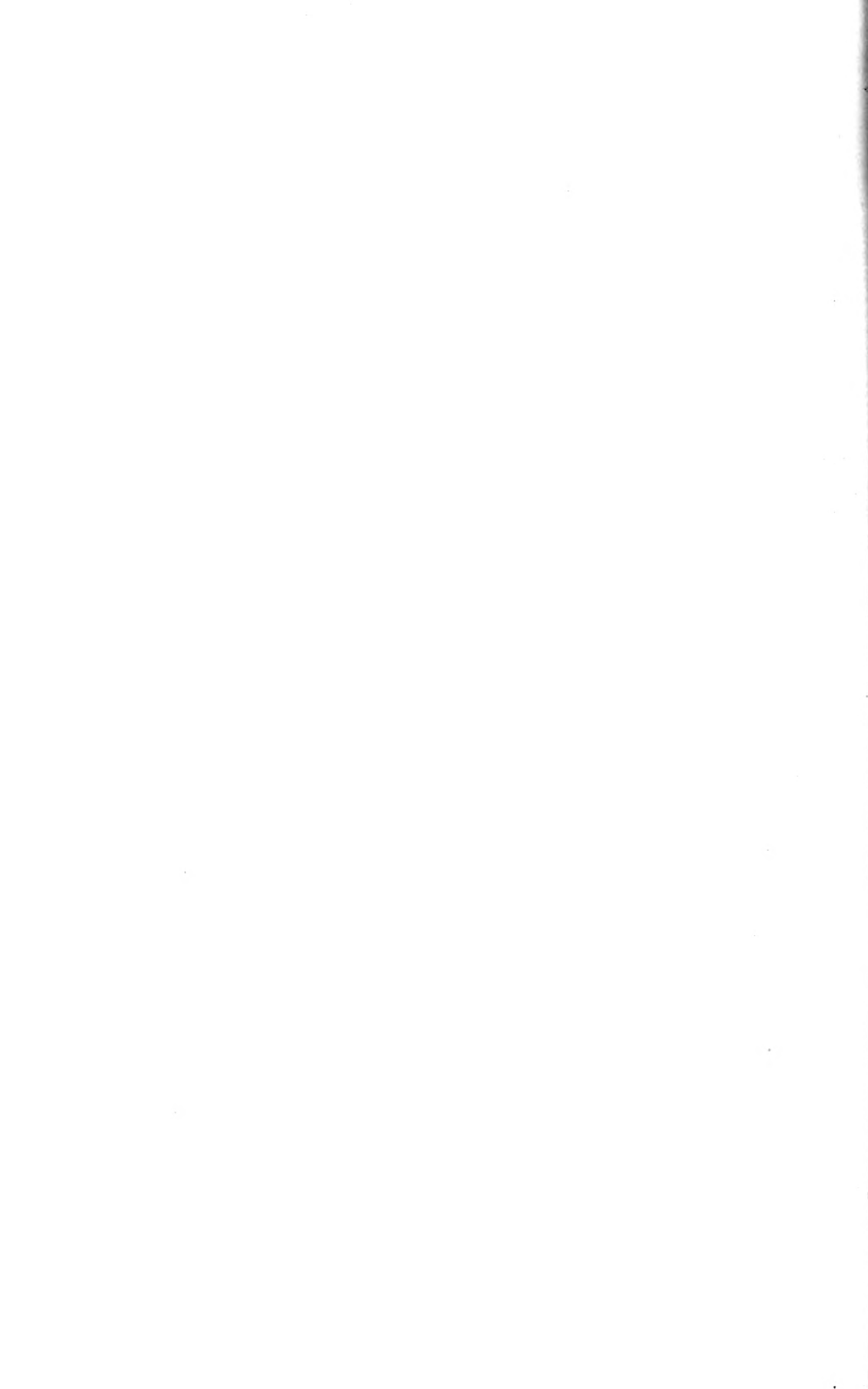
The Second Triumvirate had crushed its enemies at home; it had still to destroy the republican forces. Brutus and Cassius, knowing they could not sustain themselves in Italy, had retired to the East. When Brutus appeared before Athens, the citizens erected his statue by the side of those of Harmodius and Aristogiton, and many of the younger men enlisted in his ranks. Horace, the future poet, was made a tribune, and numerous veterans also joined the patriot forces. The kings and rulers of Macedonia were quick to declare themselves on the same side, one of the adherents being a brother of Antony.

Cassius had gone to his promised government of Syria, where he was held in high esteem, because of the courage he had displayed in the conquest of the Parthians, after the fall of Crassus. He devastated the country and then prepared to pass over into Macedonia. The legend is that Brutus, watching in his tent at night, saw a fearful apparition, which being addressed replied: "I am thy evil spirit; thou shalt see me again at Philippi." When he and Cassius encamped on an eminence, twelve miles east of Philippi, their forces numbered probably 100,000 men. Those which Octavius and Antony brought against them were fewer, but in a better state of discipline. In the battle Brutus opposed Octavius; Cassius, Antony. Octavius was ill, and at the first shock his division yielded, but Antony was successful. Cassius fell back, and was left almost alone and unaware of the success of his colleague. Observing a body of horsemen approaching, he was panic-stricken, and, believing them the enemy, threw himself on the sword of a freedman and died. The messenger sent by Brutus with news of his triumph, arrived just a moment too late. It was a drawn battle, and each side withdrew, glad of a respite.

Brutus found it difficult to hold his legions in hand, and, yielding to his



THE FIRST MEETING OF ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



impatience, he renewed the battle twenty days later on the same field. The fight was well contested, but the Cæsarians under Octavius broke the ranks of their enemies, and attacked them in their camp. Brutus held an anxious position throughout the night on a neighboring hill. When daylight came, his remaining men refused to renew the fight, and in despair he ended his life with his own sword. The remnant of the shattered republican armies was carried off by the fleet which had attended their movements.

The decisive victory having been gained, the victors made a new partition of the spoils. Octavius took Spain and Numidia; Antony, Gaul beyond the Alps; and Lepidus the province of Africa. But the division was hardly made when the possessors began to quarrel over it. Lepidus was feeble, and of such insignificance that his share was soon taken from him, after which nothing was more certain than that Octavius and Antony would soon come to strife over their portions, and each would intrigue against the other. Octavius was still suffering in health, and chose to seek repose by returning to the balmy climate of Italy, and undertaking the task of placing the veterans on the estates of the natives. The gross Antony stayed in the East, indulging in the lowest dissipation.

He ordered Cleopatra to meet him at Cilicia, on a charge of intrigue with his enemy Cassius. It is said that the wit and piquancy of this remarkable woman were more effective than her dazzling beauty, and none knew better how to use her gifts than she. Sailing for Tarsus, she glided up the Cydnus in a gilded vessel, with purple sails and silver oars, to the sound of flutes and pipes. Under an awning, spangled with gold, she reclined in the garb of Venus, surrounded by Cupids, Graces, and Nereids, while Antony appeared in the character of Bacchus. Impressed by her splendid equipage, he invited her to land and sit at his banquet, but with the air of a queen she summoned him to attend upon her.

That meeting sealed his fate. He was utterly enthralled. Under the spell of the arch temptress, he forgot wife, Rome, and every duty, and only asked the bliss of becoming her slave and adorer; and, inasmuch as that was the object for which she played from the beginning, she made sure of retaining her sway over him.

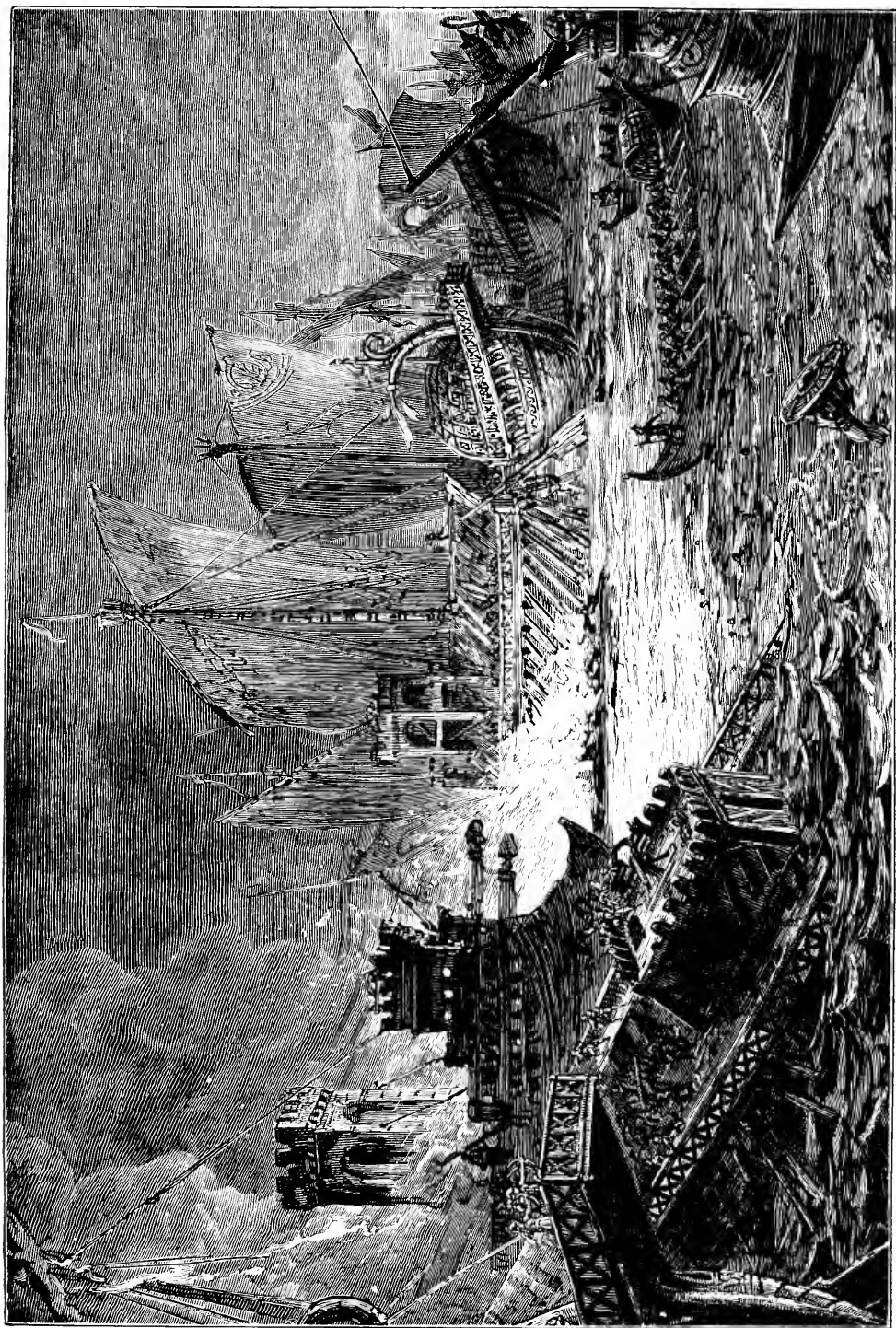
In the middle of the summer B.C. 36, Antony had gathered 100,000 men on the Euphrates with the intention of completing the conquest of the Parthians. His alliance with Cleopatra had delayed him so long, that he advanced too rapidly, and, on reaching Praaspa, three hundred miles beyond the Tigris, he found himself without any artillery with which to conduct a siege. He, therefore, settled to an attempt at the reduction of the city by blockade, but the Parthian horsemen cut off his supplies and a number of his Armenian.

allies deserted. This compelled him to retreat, and for twenty-seven days his men were subjected to incredible sufferings. Not until they had crossed the Araxes did the Parthians cease their attacks. Antony still hurried his wearied soldiers, intent only on rejoining Cleopatra at the earliest moment. She had come to Syria to meet him, and, caring nothing for honor or duty, he returned with her to the dissipations of the Egyptian capital, not hesitating in his shamelessness to announce his recent campaign as a victory. It suited Octavius to maintain the appearance at least of friendship, and he did not dispute the claim.

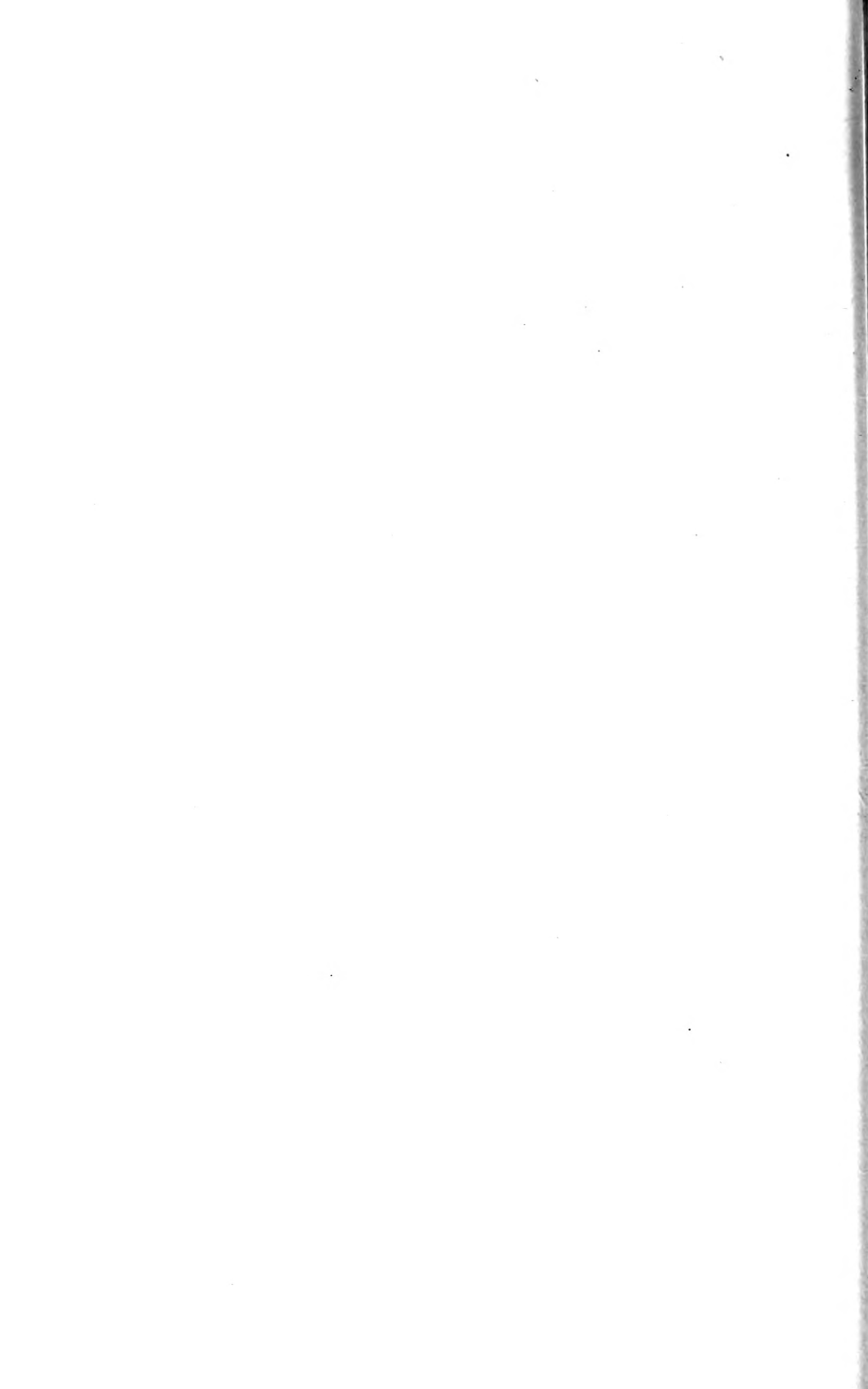
Antony's second wife, the faithful Octavia, hoping to save her husband from the thralldom of Cleopatra, obtained the consent of her brother Octavius to rejoin Antony. He had returned to Syria, and was preparing for a new expedition, when he learned that his wife had arrived in Athens. He sent her orders to come no further. She could not mistake the meaning of the message, but asked leave to send forward the presents she brought with her, which consisted of clothing for the soldiers, money, and equipments, including 2,000 picked men as a body-guard for the emperor. Then the "Serpent of the Nile" exerted all her devilish arts, and the fool Antony fled with her to Alexandria. Octavia, with the serene dignity of wounded womanhood, resigned her unworthy husband to the fate which he richly deserved.

Some modern courts have illustrated the depths of debauchery of which men and women are capable, but none have surpassed the court of Cleopatra, whose dominion over Mark Antony was so complete that he seemed unable to live except in her presence. It was as if nature had displayed the utmost achievements of which she is capable in the creation of this woman. While her portraits do not show a superlative degree of beauty, yet she must have possessed it to a remarkable extent, and her magnetism of manner was resistless. She was a fascinating singer and musician, spoke several languages, and was past-mistress in all the arts and artifices of her sex. None knew better how to capture and to retain her dominion over such a coarse wretch as Antony. What strange stories have come down to us of that extraordinary couple! When he dropped a line into the water, trained divers by her orders slipped unperceived underneath and fastened live fish to the hook; she dissolved a pearl of princely value in a cup of vinegar, and drank it to his health.

The rumors of these orgies caused resentment in Rome, where the tact and wisdom of Octavius steadily added to his popularity. One of the chief supporters of Antony became so nauseated that he appeared in the Senate and openly declared his abhorrence of his late master. Then he went to Octavius and revealed the testament of Antony, which reeked with treason. It declared the child of Cleopatra and Cæsar the heir of the Dictator, and ratified Antony's



THE SEA-FIGHT OF ACTIUM



drunken gifts of provinces to favorites, finally directing that his body should be entombed with Cleopatra's in the mausoleum of the Ptolemies. All this hideous wickedness being known, every one was ready to believe the story that Antony when drunk had given his pledge to Cleopatra to sacrifice the West to her ambition and to remove to Alexandria the government of the world.

Octavius, while refraining from declaring Antony a public enemy, proclaimed war against Egypt, and did not renew the terms of the Triumvirate which had expired, but directed the Senate to annul the appointment of Antony as consul, assuming it himself at the opening of B.C. 31.

Antony still had friends, and they now begged him to wrench himself free from Cleopatra. He replied by divorcing his legitimate wife, thus breaking the last legal tie that bound him to his country. He could not wholly close his eyes to his peril, however, and showed some of his old-time vigor in preparing to resist Octavius, who was equally energetic in preparations against him.

The forces of Antony are given at 100,000 infantry and 12,000 horse, while his fleet numbered 500 large war-galleys. Octavius had 20,000 less, and only 150 smaller vessels, which on that account were more manageable. The desertion of many of his troops awakened distrust in the mind of Antony, who became suspicious of Cleopatra herself and compelled her to taste all viands before he partook of them. At last the two great armies gathered in front of each other on the shores of the gulf of Ambracia, the narrow channel between being occupied by the fleet of Antony.

This field of war was ill-chosen, for it was confined and unhealthful, and Antony wished to remove his forces to the plains of Thessaly; but Cleopatra, fearing for her own way of retreat, dissuaded him. Distrusting the issue of the battle, he secretly prepared to lead his fleet into the open waters of the Leucadian bay, so as to break through the enemy's line, and escape to Egypt, leaving the army to do the best it could to retreat into Asia.

The wind was so high for several days that the rough waters would not permit the ships of either side to move; but it fell, and, on September 2d, B.C. 31, at noon, while the galleys of Antony lay becalmed at the entrance to the strait, a gentle breeze sprang up, so that the immense armament moved out to sea.

It immediately became apparent that the ships were greatly handicapped by their bulkiness, which held them from moving with the nimbleness of their opponents. They hurled huge stones from their wooden towers and reached out enormous iron claws to grapple their assailants, which dodged and eluded them like a party of hounds in front of a wounded bear. How curiously the account of this naval battle reads when compared with one of our modern contests on the water! The Cæsarean rowers shot forward and backed with great agility,

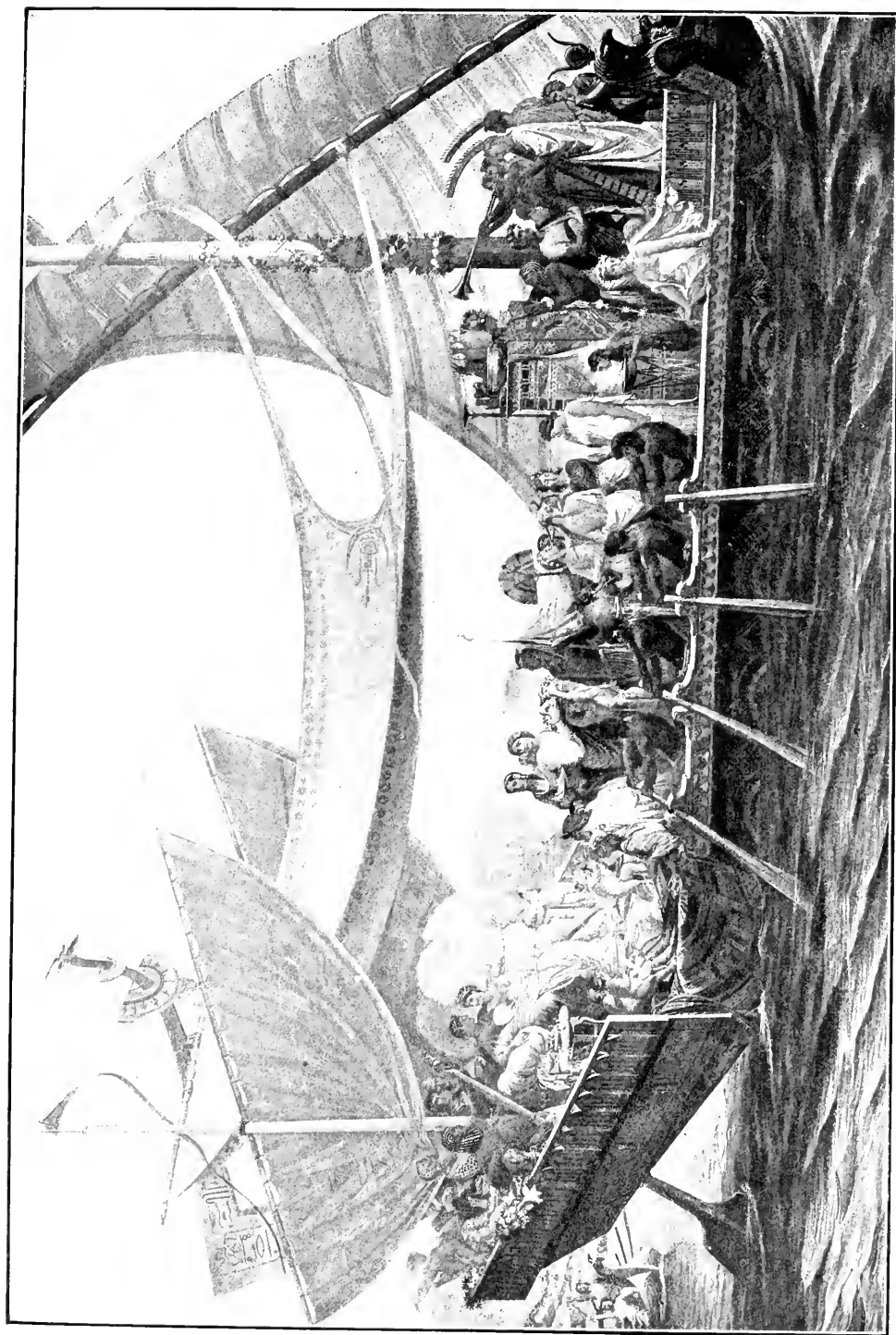
or swept away the banks of the enemy's oars, under cover of showers of arrows, circling about the awkward masses and helping one another against boarding or grappling. It was a school of whales fighting sharks, but the result was indecisive, for although the whales were wounded, the sharks did not disable them.

Then suddenly took place a shameful thing. Cleopatra's galley, anchored in the rear, hoisted its sails and sped away, followed by the Egyptian squadron of sixty barks. Antony caught sight of the signal, and, leaping into a boat, was rowed rapidly in their wake. Many of the crews, enraged at the desertion, tore down their turrets, flung them into the sea to lighten their craft, and hastened after him, but enough remained to put up a brave fight. Then the Cæsareans, unable otherwise to destroy them, hurled blazing torches among the ships, which, catching fire, burned to the water's edge, and sank one after the other. Thus ended the great sea-fight of Actium. Three hundred galleys fell into the victor's hands, but the army on shore was still unharmed. It was not until its commander abandoned it and sought the camp of Octavius, that the legions surrendered.

Antony and Cleopatra had fled in the same vessel. Proceeding direct to Alexandria, she sailed into the harbor, her galley decked with laurels through fear of a revolt of the people. Antony had remained at Parætonium to demand the surrender of the small Roman garrison stationed there, but was repulsed, and learned of the fate of his army at Actium. In his despair, he was ready to kill himself, but his attendants prevented and took him to Alexandria, where he found Cleopatra preparing for defence. Defections broke out on every hand, and she proposed to fly into far-away Arabia. She commenced the transport of her galleys from the Nile to the Red Sea, but some were destroyed by the barbarians on the coast, and she abandoned the project. Then the distracted woman thought she could seek a refuge in Spain and raise a revolt against Octavius. This wild scheme was also given up, and Antony shut himself up in a tower on the sea-coast; but Cleopatra was not ready to yield, and showed her boy dressed as a man to the people that they might feel they were governed by him and not by a woman.

Still hopelessly captivated, Antony sneaked back to his royal mistress, and the two plunged into reckless orgies till the moment should come for both to die together. It is said that at this time the woman made many careful experiments of the different kinds of poison on slaves and criminals, and was finally convinced that the bite of an asp afforded the most painless method of taking one's departure from life.

Meanwhile, she and Antony applied to Octavius for clemency. He disdained to make any answer to Antony, but told Cleopatra that if she would kill or drive away her paramour, he would grant her reasonable terms. Octavius



THE LAST FEAST OF CLEOPATRA

was playing with his victims like a cat with mice. He meant to have her kingdom, but was determined to carry the detested woman herself to Rome and exhibit her in his triumph. Cunning agents of his suggested to her that Octavius was still a young man, and she no doubt could exert the same power over him that had taken Antony captive. It was not strange that she should believe this, for her past experience warranted such belief. She encouraged Antony to prepare for the last struggle, and all the time was secretly contriving to disarm and betray him. The forces of Octavius drew nearer. Pelusium was captured, but Antony gained the advantage in a skirmish before the walls of Alexandria, and was on the point of seizing the moment for a flight to sea, when he saw his own vessels, won away by Cleopatra, pass over to the enemy. Almost at the same moment, his cohorts, seduced by the same treachery, deserted him.

Cleopatra had shut herself up in a tower, built for her mausoleum, but fearing that the man whom she had ruined would do her violence, had word sent to him that she had committed suicide. This was the final blow to Antony, who with the aid of his freedman Eros inflicted a mortal wound upon himself. Immediately after, he learned that he had been tricked, and that the queen was unharmed. He caused himself to be carried to the foot of the tower, where, with the assistance of two women, her only attendants, he was drawn up, and breathed his last in her arms.

By this time, Octavius had entered Alexandria and sent an officer to bring Cleopatra to him. She refused to admit the messenger, but he scaled the tower undiscovered and entered. She snatched up a poniard to strike herself, but the man caught her arm and assured her that his master would treat her kindly. She listened for some minutes, and then allowed herself to be led to the palace, where she resumed her state, and was recognized as a sovereign by her victor.

Then Octavius called upon her. Never in all her wonderful experience did she so exert herself to capture one of the sterner sex; but Octavius had nerved himself for the meeting, and for the first time the charmer found she had no power to charm. He talked with coolness and self-possession, demanded that she should give him a list of her treasures, and then, bidding her to be of good heart, left her.

Cleopatra was chagrined at her failure, but she did not despair, till she learned that Octavius was determined to take her as a captive to Rome. She then retired to the mausoleum where the body of Antony still lay, crowned the tomb with flowers, and was found the next morning dead on her couch, her two women attendants expiring at her side. Although the common account makes Cleopatra die of the bite of an asp, brought to her in a basket of figs, the truth concerning her end will never be known with certainty. As we have learned in Egypt's story, there were no wounds discovered on her body, and it may be

that she perished from some self-administered subtle poison. At the triumph of Octavius, her image was carried on a bier, the arms encircled by two serpents, and this aided the popular rumor as to the means of her death. The child which she had borne to Julius Cæsar was put to death by Octavius, who could brook the existence of no such dangerous rival, but the children of Antony were spared, though deprived of the royal succession. The dynasty of the Ptolemies ended, and Egypt became a Roman province (B.C. 30).

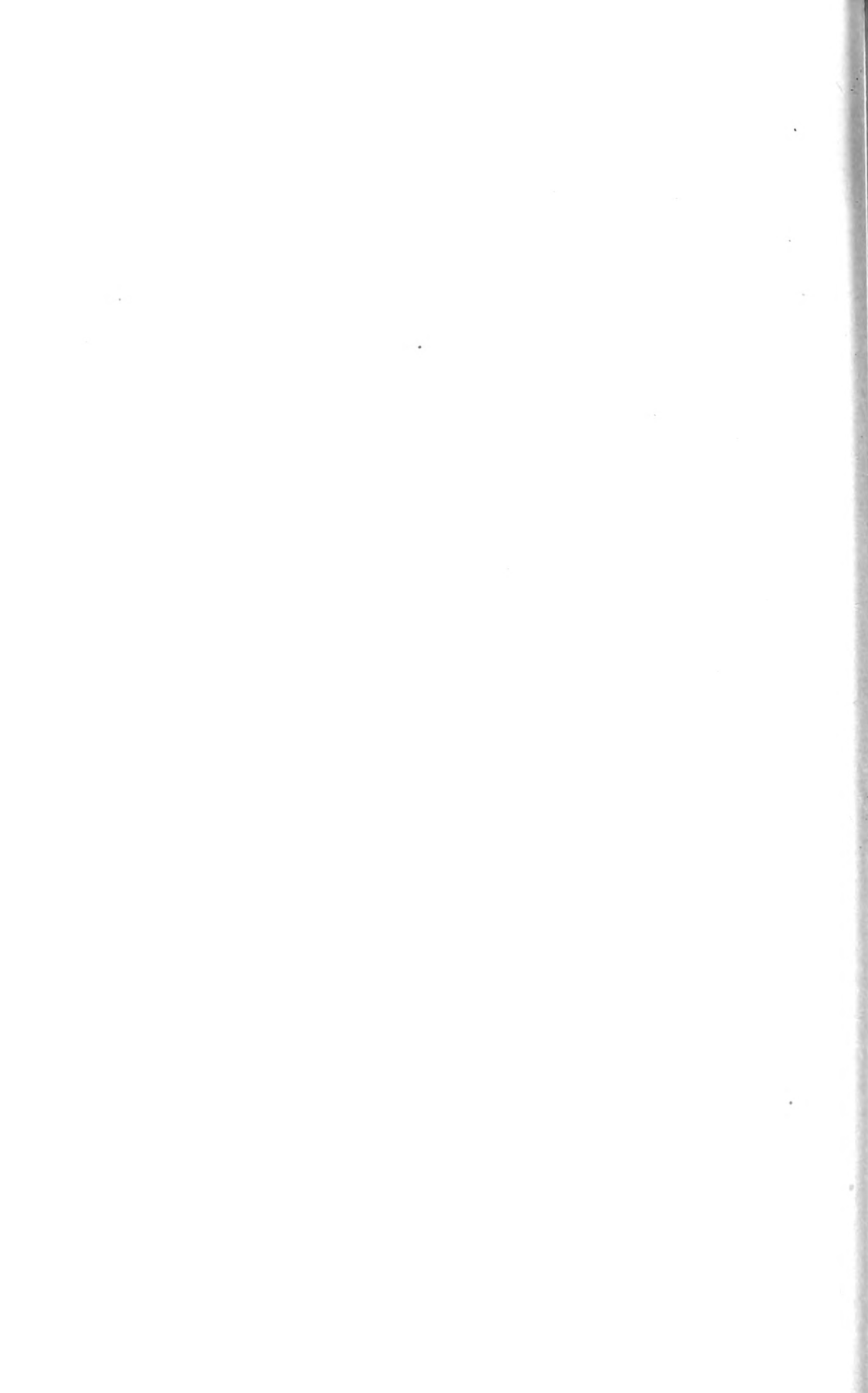
The death of Antony closes the dreadful period of civil strife. The commonwealth was exhausted and Octavius was supreme. With masterly ability, he regulated his new province, and then made his tour through the Eastern dominions, dispossessing his enemies and rewarding his allies and friends. When everything was settled, he went to Samos, where he spent the winter in pleasant retirement. He reached Rome in the middle of the summer of B.C. 29, and was received with acclamations of joy. With a wisdom worthy of his adopted father, he recognized the authority of the Senate and claimed to have wielded delegated powers only. He had laid aside the functions of the Triumvirate, and it was as a simple consul, commissioned by the state, that he had conquered at Actium and won the province of Egypt, while his achievements in Greece and Asia still awaited confirmation by the Senate. So modest and loyal did his conduct appear, that his popularity was like that of the great emperor whose name he inherited.

To him was awarded the glory of a triple triumph, at the conclusion of which, according to the laws of the free state, he as emperor must disband his army, but he overcame the necessity by allowing the subservient Senate to give him the permanent title of Emperor, as it had been conferred upon Julius Cæsar, and to prefix it to his name. He was thus made lifelong commander of the national forces. This accomplished the all-important result of securing to him the support of the army, which was the real strength of the country. He acknowledged the Senate as the representative of the public will, but caused himself to be vested with the powers of the censorship, which, you will remember, gave him authority to revise the list of senators. This right he exercised with discretion and wisdom. It will be recalled that Julius Cæsar degraded the body by adding to it many men of low degree, including obnoxious foreigners. Octavius restored the old number of six hundred, and kept strictly to the requirement of property qualification. He placed himself at the head as *Princeps*, which, while it implied no substantial power, was looked upon as the highest honorary office. This civic dignity was always held for life.

While he was thus gathering these powers to himself, he prudently waived all formal recognition of his sovereign status. He refrained from reviving the dictatorship, and permitted no one to hail him with the title of "King." Still



RULERS OF THE EARLY EMPIRE



he craved a title, and consulted with his trusted friends. Some suggested the name of Quirinus or Romulus, but the one was a god and the other had perhaps been slain as a tyrant. Finally the name "Augustus" was proposed, and it seemed to "fit" the requirements exactly. It had not been borne by a previous ruler, but as an adjective it possessed a noble meaning. The rites of the temples and their gods were "august," and the word itself came from "auguries" by which the divine will was revealed. And so the name of Octavius was dropped, and the lord of Rome stood forth as Augustus Cæsar.

This man was thirty-six years old when he became master of the Roman world, though there was no open establishment of a monarchical government. He aimed to maintain, so far as possible, the old law, to defend his country from foreign aggressions, and to make it as truly great as was within the compass of human endeavor. The example of Julius Cæsar was ever before him, and, since the first Cæsar had been assassinated for grasping at the name of king, the second avoided his error. Remembering, too, that the great emperor lightly regarded religion, Augustus strove to revive the faith of Rome. The decaying temples were repaired, the priesthoods renewed, and the earlier usages of the Republic restored. Augustus did not allow his impulses to lead him astray. He saw with vivid clearness, and the grandest political work ever accomplished by a single man was his, in the establishment of the Roman Empire.

In reflecting upon the ease with which the Romans "passed under the yoke," as may be said, it must be remembered that they had been carried close to the verge of exhaustion by the century of civil strife. Many of the nobler families of Rome had been nearly or quite wiped out, and the survivors were weary of the seemingly endless warring of factions. So many mongrels had mixed their blood with that of the Romans that the pure strain was vitiated. In short, the people were in just the mood, and just the condition, just the epoch had arrived when they needed a single, stern ruler. And since that must be, it was surely fortunate that their sovereign should be Augustus.

He is described as a model in his personal traits and habits. He avoided the personal familiarity with which Julius Cæsar was accustomed to address his legionaries. The elder loved to speak of his soldiers as "comrades," the younger referred to them as his "soldiers" only. While he encouraged the magnificence of his nobles, his own life was of striking simplicity. His home on the Palatine Hill was modest in size and in ornament. While his dress was that of a plain senator, he took no little pride in calling attention to the fact that it was woven by his wife and the maidens in her apartment. When he walked the streets, it was as a private citizen, with only the ordinary retinue of attendants. If he met an acquaintance, he saluted him courteously, taking him

by the hand or leaning on his shoulder, in a way that was pleasing to every one to whom he showed the delicate attention.

He willingly responded to the summons to attend as a witness the suits in which any of his friends engaged, and on occasions of domestic interest he appeared at their houses. He was abstemious in eating and drinking, and was said to have been the last to arrive at the table and the first to leave. He had few guests, and they were generally selected for their social qualities. The discreditable stories sometimes told of him referred to his earlier years, when his habits were open to criticism.

One striking fact regarding the reign of Augustus was the friendship which he secured from the poets. It was Horace who taught others to accept the new order of things with contentment, while Virgil wreathed the empire of the Cæsars in the halo of a legendary but glorious antiquity. The *Æneid* proved that Octavius was a direct descendant of the goddess Venus and a worthy rival of Hercules. Thus spake the giants among the poets, but there were minor singers as well, who called upon their countrymen to remember in their prayers him who had restored order and brought universal felicity. The citizens were urged in the temples and in their own homes to thank the gods for all their prosperity, and to join with the gods themselves the hallowed name of *Æneas*, the patron of the Julian race. Then, too, when they rose from their evening meal, the last duty of the day was to call with a libation for a blessing on themselves and on Augustus, whom they called "the father of his country."

No prouder title than this could be conferred upon any Roman. It had been associated in private with their hero, and finally the Senate, echoing the voice of the nation, conferred it on him publicly and with all solemnity. That he was deeply touched was shown in his tremulous response:

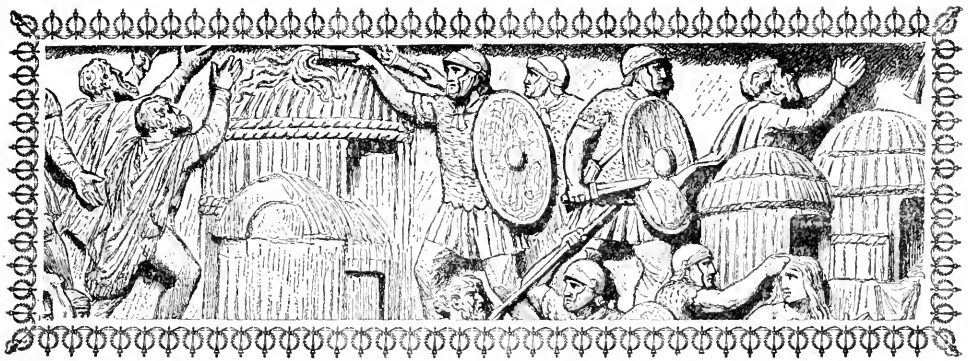
"Conscript fathers, my wishes are now fulfilled, my vows are accomplished. I have nothing more to ask of the Immortals, but that I may retain to my dying day the unanimous approval you now bestow upon me."



COINS STRUCK BY ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA



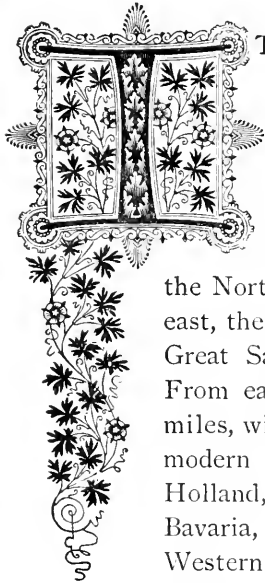
THE AUGUSTAN AGE



ROMANS BURNING A GERMAN VILLAGE

CHAPTER XXXVIII

“THE GRANDEUR THAT WAS ROME”



ITALY, the centre of the Roman Empire, comprising the whole peninsula from the Alps to the Messina Strait, was divided into eleven regions, governed directly by the prætor of the city. The rest of the empire was apportioned between the emperor and the Senate. The extent of the great territory may be given as follows: The boundary on the north was the British Channel, the North Sea, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Black Sea; on the east, the Euphrates and the Desert of Syria; on the south the Great Sahara of Africa; and on the west the Atlantic Ocean. From east to west the extent of this domain was about 2,700 miles, with an average breadth of 1,000 miles. It embraced the modern countries of France, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Western Holland, Rhenish Prussia, portions of Baden, Wurtemberg and Bavaria, all of Switzerland, Italy, the Tyrol, Austria proper, Western Hungary, Croatia, Slavonia, Servia, Turkey in Europe, Greece, Asia Minor, Syria, Palestine, Idumæa, Egypt, the Cyrenaica, Tripoli, Tunis, Algeria, and most of Morocco.

Outside of Italy, the empire was divided into twenty-seven provinces, of which the Western numbered fourteen; the Eastern, eight; and the Southern, five. Within this area were three distinct civilizations: the *Latin*, which embraced the countries from the Atlantic to the Adriatic; the *Greek*, from the Adriatic to Mount Taurus; and the *Oriental*, around Egypt and the Euphrates.

The empire was admirably policed. Peace was so clearly to the interest of the people of the inland shores that the Mediterranean provinces held scarcely

the shadow of a garrison. Each state and town could be trusted to govern itself. There were hardly even defenders of Italy and Rome. Augustus' personal safety was confided to a few body-guards, though during the reign of his successor the battalions were gathered in camp at the gates of the city. The legions forming the standing army of the empire were placed on the frontiers or among the restless provinces. There were three legions in the Spanish peninsula, eight on the banks of the Rhine, two in Africa, two in Egypt, four on the line of the Euphrates, four on the Danube, while two were held in reserve in Dalmatia, where in a contingency they could be readily summoned to Rome. Each of these twenty-five legions contained 6,100 foot and 720 horse, with little variation in their strength for the following three hundred years. The entire military force of the empire, including the cohorts in the capital, was about 350,000 men.

Within this mighty area there were, during the age of Augustus, probably one hundred millions of human beings, of whom one-half were in a condition of slavery. Of the remainder, only a small proportion were Roman citizens, living in Italy, enjoying political independence and having a share in the government. The different lands and their inhabitants were governed by Roman legates, half of whom were appointed by Augustus and the other half by the Senate, and they held supreme military command. Following the wise custom which prevailed from the first, the provinces were allowed to have their own municipal constitutions and officers.

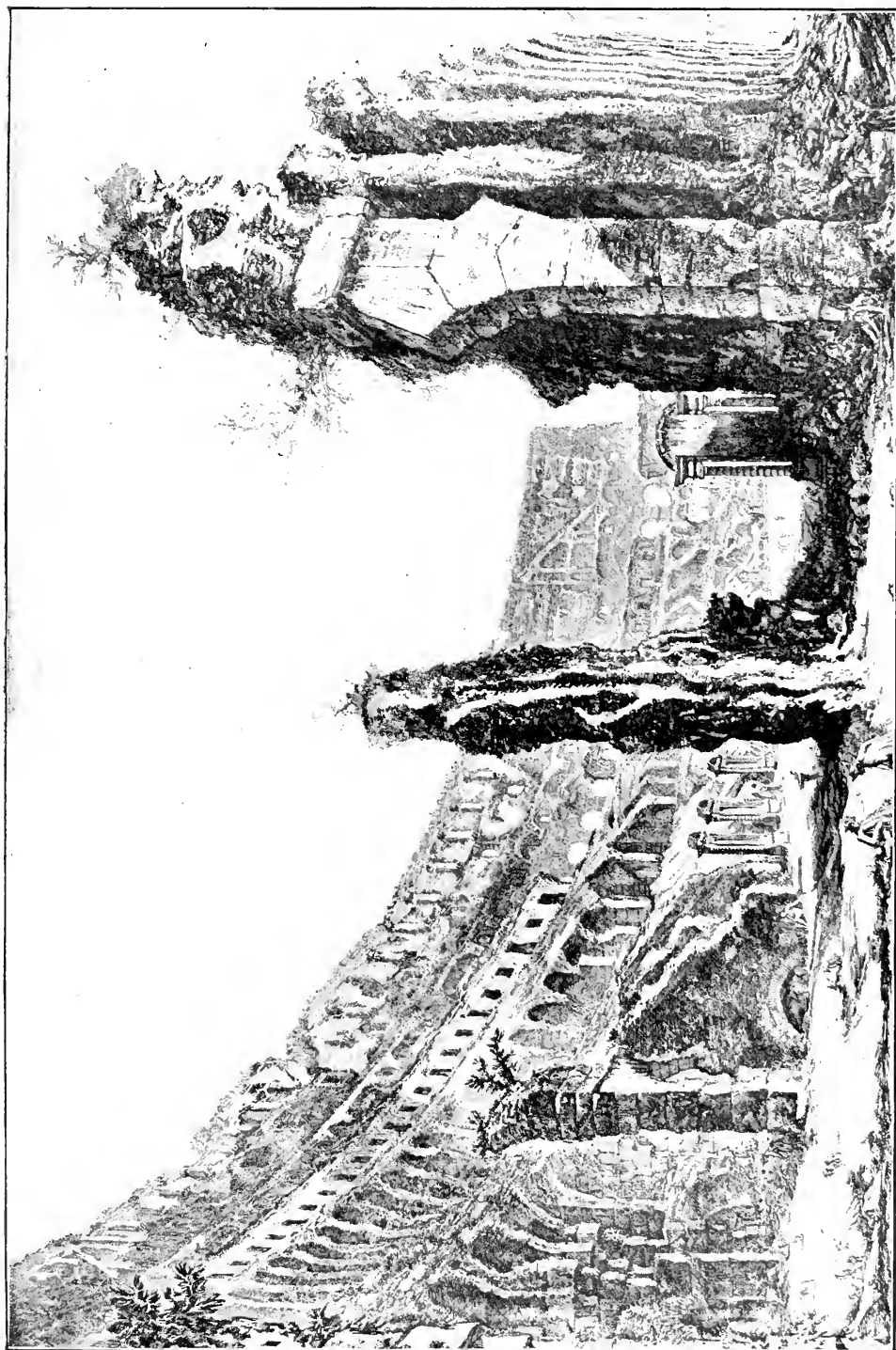
Throughout the district of Latin civilization, embracing the peninsula of Italy and all Western Europe, as well as the North African provinces, the Latin language took firm root, and the whole civilization became Roman.

Greek civilization included Greece and all those regions of Europe and Asia which had been Hellenized by Grecian colonists or by the Macedonian conquerors. Politically their condition was changed, but they remained Greek in language, manners, and customs.

Oriental civilization prevailed in all the Eastern provinces, particularly Egypt and Syria. The people there retained their own languages and religious ideas, and never became Latinized.

Augustus was the first ruler to appoint a regular and permanent naval force. Three powerful armaments were maintained, and, although we have no account of their taking part in regular warfare, they policed the seas, drove away pirates, secured the free carriage of grain from the provinces to Rome, and convoyed the vessels that brought tribute from the East or the West.

Rome was the metropolis of the Roman Empire, and at the height of its prosperity probably contained a population of more than two millions. The circumference of that portion inclosed by walls was about twenty miles, but



THE RUINS OF THE COLOSSEUM



there were numerous populous suburbs. The walls were pierced for thirty gates. Under Augustus Rome grew into a magnificent city, and he was able to boast that he found it brick and left it marble.

Among the most notable buildings was the Colosseum, as the ruins of the Flavian Amphitheatre are called. It could seat 100,000 spectators, while the Circus Maximus, which was reserved for races, shows, and public games, accommodated 200,000 persons. The Emperor erected theaters and public baths, as did his successors, as if to lead the people to forget in their enjoyments the loss of their liberty.

We have learned of the Forum, which stood in the valley between the Palatine and Capitoline hills. It was the great market and place for public assembly, and was early decorated with statues of illustrious citizens, which were probably of wood rather than stone. The Comitium was an open platform raised a few steps above the Forum, and, being a meeting-place of the patricians, was furnished with a hall or curia. Opposite to this upon a platform was the rostrum or pulpit from which the orators addressed the patricians. The Forum was surrounded with temples, public offices, and halls for the administration of justice. There too was the famous Temple of Janus, built of bronze by the earliest kings, when the custom was established of closing its gates during peace, but so continuous were the wars of the Romans that during a period of eight centuries the gates were shut only three times.

The Campus Martius was the favorite exercise-ground of the young nobles; on it the elections of magistrates, reviews of troops, and the registration of citizens were held. It was surrounded by a number of fine residences, with ornamental trees and shrubs planted in different parts, and provided with porticoes so that the exercises could be continued in bad weather.

The Pantheon is the only ancient edifice in Rome that has been perfectly preserved, being now known as the Church of Santa Maria Rotonda. It was erected by Agrippa, the son-in-law of Augustus. It is lighted through one aperture, in the centre of the magnificent dome, and was dedicated to all the gods.

The aqueducts of Rome were among its most remarkable structures. Pure water was brought from great distances through these channels, that were supported by massive arches, some of them more than a hundred feet high. Under the different emperors, twenty of these prodigious structures were raised, and they brought to the city an abundance of the purest water for all purposes. Innumerable fountains were thus supplied, many being of great architectural beauty.

The imperial city became in many respects the grandest exhibition the world has ever known of the genius and enterprise of man. Nowhere else

were constructed such immense circuses. These were seven in number, and in addition there were two amphitheatres, five regular theatres, and four hundred and twenty temples. The public baths numbered sixteen, were built of marble, and were the perfection of convenience and luxury, while to these were to be added the triumphal arches, obelisks, public halls, columns, porticoes, and palaces without number.

Speaking now for the whole period of the Empire, let us give some attention to the Roman manners and customs, the account of which we gather from Collier's "Domestic Life in Imperial Rome."

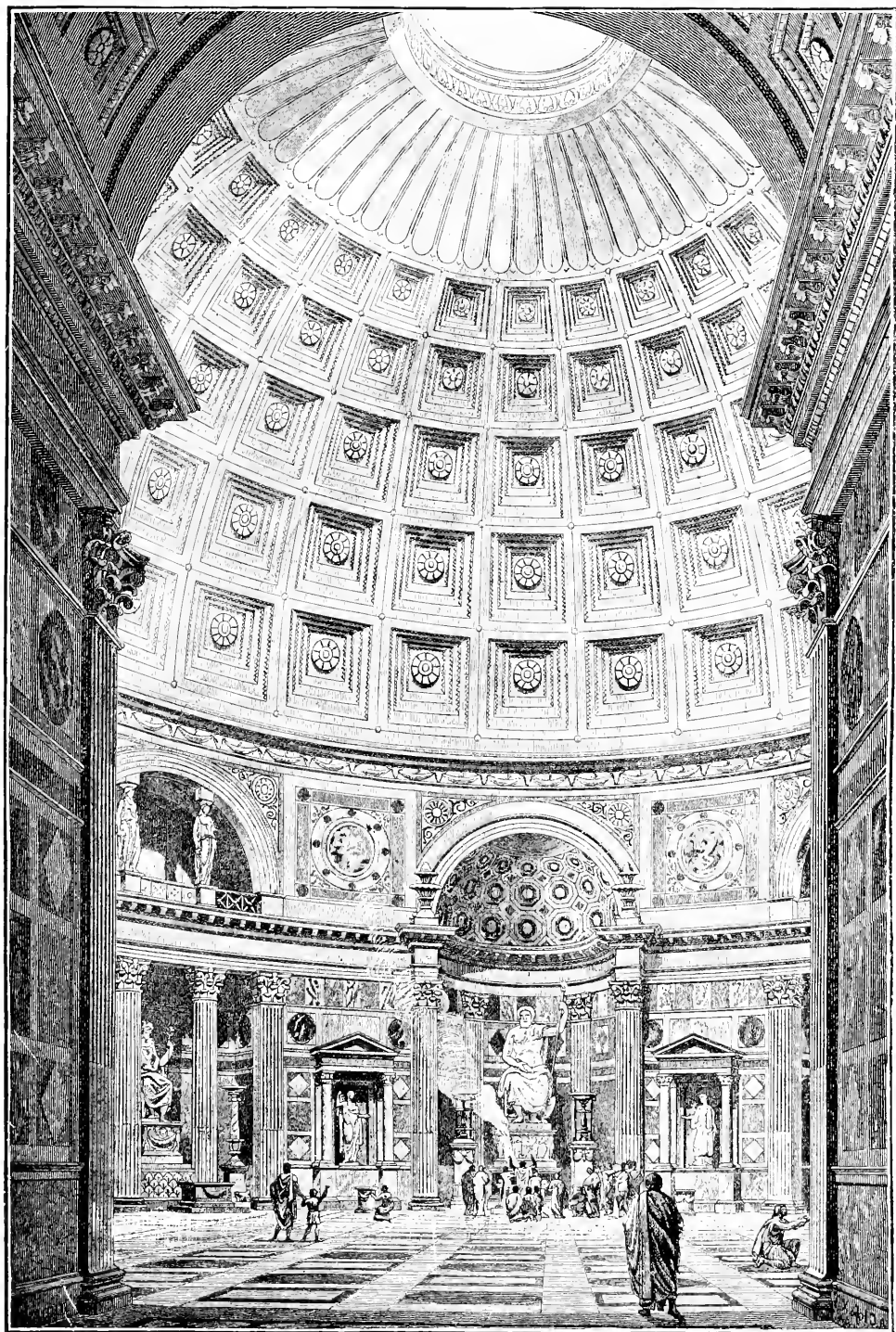
The best-known garment of the Romans was the *toga*, made of pure white wool, and in its shape resembling the segment of a circle. Narrow at first, it was folded so that one arm rested in it as in a sling, but afterward it was draped in broad, flowing folds round the breast and left arm, leaving the right nearly bare. In later times it was not worn on the street, its place being taken by a mantle of warm colored cloth, called the *pallium* or *lacerna*, but it continued to be the Roman full dress, and when the emperor visited the theatre, all present were expected to wear it.

No Roman covered his head, except when on a journey, or when he wished to escape notice, at which times he wore a dark-colored hood, that was fastened to the *lacerna*. When in the house, *solææ* were strapped to the bare feet, but outside, the *calceus*, closely resembling our shoe, was worn. Every Roman of rank wore on the fourth finger of the left hand a massive signet-ring, while the fops loaded every finger with jewels.

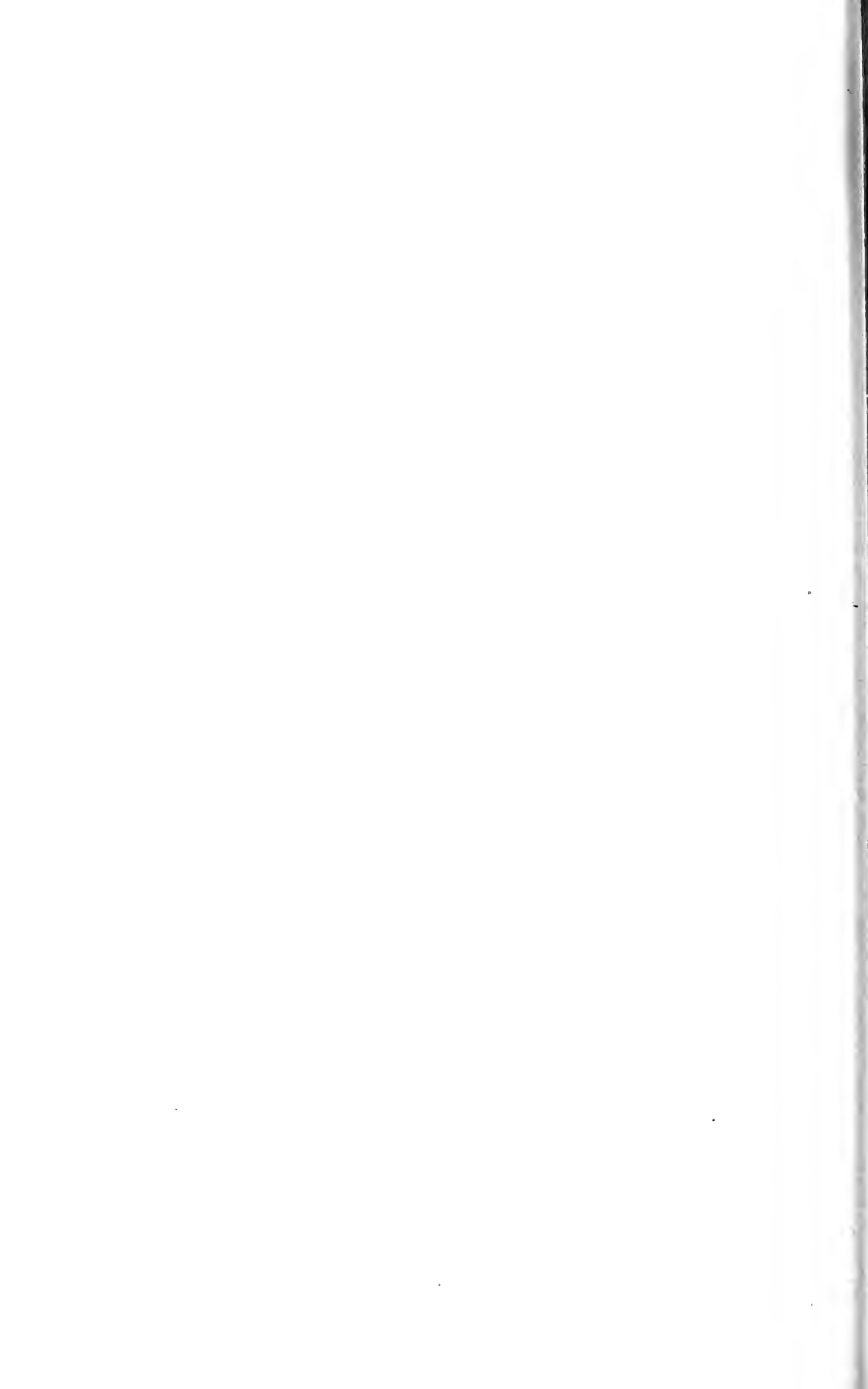
The dress of the Roman women consisted of three parts,—an inner tunic, the *stola*, and the *palla*. The *stola* was the distinctive dress of Roman matrons, and was a tunic with short sleeves, girt round the waist, and ending in a deep flounce which swept the instep. The *palla* was a gay-colored mantle that was worn out-of-doors. It was often bright-blue, sprinkled with golden stars. The most brilliant colors were chosen, so that it will be seen that an assembly of Roman belles in full dress, gleaming with scarlet and yellow, purple and pale green, made a picture whose beauty is not surpassed in our own times. The hair was encircled with a garland of roses, fastened with a gold pin, and pearls and gold adorned the neck and arms.

The chief food of the early Romans was bread and pot herbs; but as prosperity increased, they lost their abstemious habits, and every species of luxury was introduced. When the days of the decline came, the ambition and enjoyment of the rulers, nobles, and wealthy citizens was to gormandize on the richest of viands and the choicest of wines, and there is no surer sign of the decay of a nation or people than when they yield to such gross indulgences.

As with us, the Roman meals were three daily. The *jentaculum* was taken



INTERIOR OF THE PANTHEON (*Restored*)



soon after rising, and consisted of bread, dried grapes or olives, cheese, and perhaps milk and eggs. The *prandium* was the midday meal, when the Roman partook of fish, eggs, and dishes cold, or warmed up from the supper of the night before. Wine was generally drunk, though sparingly. The *cæna* was the principal meal of the day, and corresponded to our modern dinner. Instead of opening with soup as is our custom, eggs, fish, and light vegetables, such as lettuces and radishes, served with palatable sauces, were first eaten and were intended to whet the appetite for what followed. This consisted of the bewildering courses, known as *fercula*, which, among other delicacies, included fish, turbot, sturgeon and red mullet, peacock, pheasant, woodcock, thrush, and the fig-pecker. Venison was popular, and young pork a favorite. When the feaster was through with these, he tackled the dessert of pastry and fruit.

At the table, the Romans did not seat themselves as we do, but low couches were arranged in the form *triclinium*, which made three sides of a square, the open space being left for the convenience of the slaves in removing the dishes. The middle bench was the place of honor. Afterward, round tables came into fashion and the semicircular couches were used. Table-cloths were not employed, but each guest brought a linen bib or napkin, called *mappa*, which he wore over the breast. Knives and forks were unknown, their place being taken by two kinds of spoon,—one, *cochlear*, small and pointed at the end of the handle; the other, *lingula*, larger and of no clearly defined shape. Modern usage has greatly improved on the oil lamps that were used at the late meals. Like the table utensils, they were of fine material and beautiful pattern, but the thick smoke blackened the wall and ceiling, and the pungent oil soaked the table.

During the feast short dresses of bright material were worn instead of the toga. Chaplets were handed round before the drinking began, and were made of roses, myrtle, violets, ivy, and sometimes parsley. The hair of the guests was anointed with fragrant unguents by the slaves, before these chaplets were put on. The drink was mainly wine. Previous to being brought on the table, this was strained through a metal sieve or linen bag filled with snow, and was known as black or white, according to its color. The Falernian, of which we often read, and which was celebrated by Horace, was of a bright amber tint. The diners also drank *mulsum*, a mixture of new wine with honey, and *caldæ*, made of warm water, wine, and spice.

The Romans were fond of their baths. In the rugged days, nothing suited them better than a cold plunge in the Tiber, which tingled the blood and braced the iron muscles, but this gave place under the Empire to the luxurious system of warm and vapor bathing, sometimes repeated six or eight times a day, with greatly enervating results. The bathers spent hours lolling in the baths and gossiping to their hearts' content.

The Romans found their amusements in the theatre, with its comedies and tragedies, the circus, and the amphitheatre. At the circus, which was really a race-course, they made bets on their favorite horses or charioteers, while in the amphitheatre they revelled in the bloody combats of the gladiators, of which we shall learn more hereafter.

The Roman books were rolls of papyrus, or parchment, written upon with a reed pen, dipped in sepia or lamp-black. The edges were rubbed smooth and blackened; the back of the sheet was often stained yellow, while the ends of the stick on which it was rolled were adorned with knobs of ivory or gilt wood. From the form of the book we have the word *volume*, meaning "a roll." Letters were etched with a sharp-pointed iron, called a *stylus*, on thin wooden tablets coated with wax, and from the instrument employed, we have our word *style*. The letters were then tied up with a linen thread, the knot being sealed with wax and stamped with a ring.

There were three forms of marriage, of which the highest was called *confarreatio*. The bride attired in a white robe with purple fringe, and covered with a brilliant yellow veil, was escorted by torchlight to her future home. A cake was carried in front of her, and she bore a distaff and a spindle with wool. When she reached the flower-wreathed portal, she was lifted over the threshold that she might not risk a stumble, which was an omen of evil. Next, her husband brought fire and water, which she touched, and then, seated on a sheepskin, she received the keys of the house, the ceremony closing with a marriage supper.

The household work was done by slaves. They were few at first, but, as time passed, it was thought a disgrace for a citizen not to have a slave for every separate kind of work. Thus one managed the purse, another the cellar, another the bedrooms, another the kitchen, while there were slaves to attend their masters when they walked abroad. The wealthiest Romans had their readers, secretaries, and physicians, and for amusement there were musicians, dancers, buffoons, and idiots. In the slave-market the unfortunate were bought and sold like cattle, but the beautiful females were disposed of privately and brought prices which often reached several thousand dollars.

The principal apartments of a first-class Roman house were on the ground-floor. Passing through the unroofed vestibule, generally between rows of pleasing statues, one entered the dwelling through a doorway ornamented with ivory, tortoise-shell, and gold, looking down on the word *Salve* (welcome) worked in mosaic marble. He then passed into the *atrium*, or large central reception-room, which was separated from its wings by lines of pillars. Here were placed the ancestral images and the family fireplace, dedicated to the *Lares* or tutelar deities of the house. Beyond lay a large saloon called the



FAMOUS ROMAN WRITERS



petrisyle, whose floor was usually a mosaic of colored marble, tiles, or glass, with the walls covered or painted, with gilt and colored stucco-work on the ceilings and with the window-frames filled with talc or glass. There were bright gardens on the roof, and within the house would be found ivory bedsteads, with quilts of purple and gold; tables of rare and precious wood; sideboards of gold and silver, bearing plate, amber vases, beakers of Corinthian bronze, and exquisitely beautiful glass vessels from Alexandria.

You will bear in mind that these descriptions apply only to the homes of the wealthy, who, with all their extravagance and luxury, lacked many of the comforts found to-day in the humblest modern homes. It followed that the poorer Romans had even less in the way of convenience, and were obliged to get on as best they could.

It was not until the time of Augustus that the literature of Rome became really noteworthy. He gave the Empire the peace and settled condition which enable literature to flourish. A brilliant galaxy of writers consequently gathered round him, and his reign constitutes the world-famous "Augustan age" of literature.

Ennius, called the father of Roman poetry, had lived over a century and a half before, and marks the beginning of Latin literature. He was a native of Calabria, enjoyed the esteem of the most eminent men, among them Scipio Africanus, and attained the honor of Roman citizenship. His poems were highly regarded by Cicero, Horace, and Virgil, and his memory was lovingly cherished by his countrymen.

Plautus was a contemporary of Ennius, and a great comic poet. He produced numerous plays, a few of which have descended to us. His work was immensely popular, for he displayed liveliness, humor, rapid action, and great skill in the construction of his plots. His plays have served as models in some respects for Shakespeare, Molière, Dryden, Addison, and others.

Terentius, the most famous of the comic poets, was a native of Carthage, but was purchased by a Roman senator, who manumitted him because of his handsome person, winning ways, and remarkable talents. His first play was immediately successful, and the author became a favorite among the leading citizens of Rome, and an intimate of the younger Scipio. Six of his comedies have come down to us, and they possess great educational value, for they share with the works of Cicero and Cæsar the honor of being written in the purest Latin.

Cato the elder, or Cato the Censor, as he is called to distinguish him from Cato of Utica, was elected consul, and displayed such remarkable genius in quelling an insurrection in Spain (B.C. 206) that he was honored with a triumph. In B.C. 184, he was elected censor, and was so rigid in the discharge of

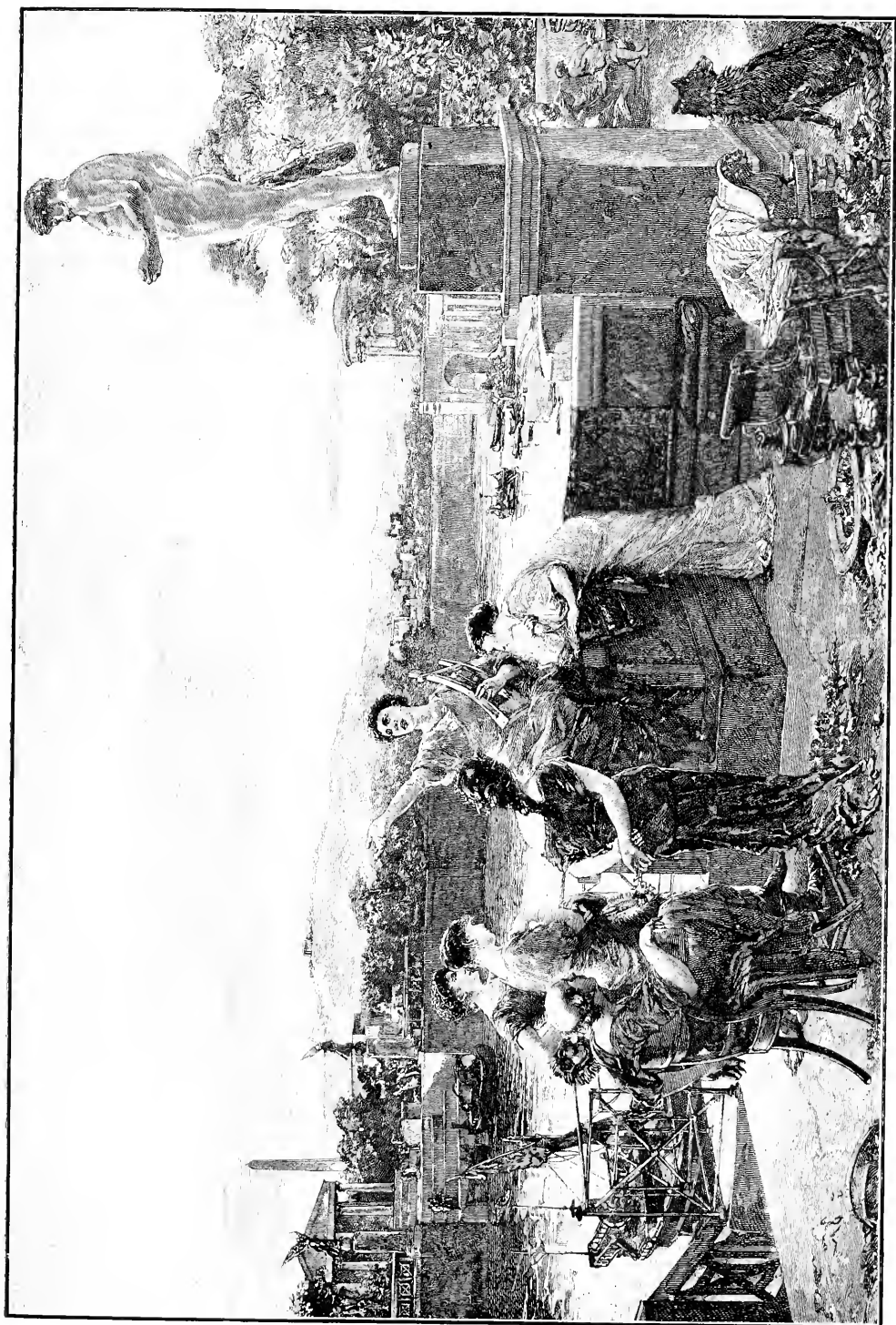
his duties that the epithet *Censorius* was applied to him as his surname. He was fanatical in his views, but displayed the highest moral heroism in combating the evils around him. You will remember that it was he who ended every address in the Senate with the exclamation that Carthage must be destroyed. His implacable enmity was caused by what he conceived to be an insult put upon him in the year B.C. 175, when he was sent to Carthage to negotiate concerning the differences between the Carthaginians and the Numidian king, Masinissa. In his eightieth year his second wife bore him a son, who became the grandfather of Cato of Utica. The elder was the author of a number of literary works, but unfortunately his greatest historical production, the "Origines," has been lost, though there have been preserved many fragments of his orations.

These writers with Cicero constitute the entire list of illustrious literary Romans previous to the "Augustan age." Returning to that brilliant period we encounter Virgil, Horace, Sallust, Catullus, and a score of others.

Virgil ranks second only to Homer as an epic poet. He was born on October 15th, B.C. 70, at Andes, a village not far from Mantua. The last and greatest of his works is the "Æneid," which occupied the latter years of his life. Meeting Augustus at Athens on his triumphal return from the East, the poet was persuaded to go back to Rome with him, but he was seized with illness on the road and died in his fifty-second year.

Horace was born in a part of the modern kingdom of Naples, on the 8th of December, B.C. 65. We have learned that when Brutus went to Greece he made Horace a tribune, and he served with the republicans until the "end of all things" came at Philippi, when he made his submission and returned to Rome. Highly accomplished in Greek and Roman literature, he set his genius to the mastering of two great tasks,—the naturalization in Latin of the Greek lyric spirit and the perfect development of the old Roman satire. He attained an artistic success in both objects, and became one of the most influential writers of the world, who will be recognized as such throughout all coming generations. He became the friend of Virgil, and, while still a young man, was introduced to the great Etruscan noble Mæcenas, the intimate friend of Augustus, who endowed him with an estate and honored and encouraged him in every possible way. Horace showed a manly gratitude, and complimented the Emperor on those features of his reign which were worthy. Horace was the author of numerous odes, satires, poems, and epistles, and was witty, good-natured, and one of the most vivacious of song-writers.

Sallust was born B.C. 86 in the Sabine country, and, though a plebeian, rose to distinction, first as a quæstor and afterward as a tribune of the people. His private life was immoral. He was a devoted friend of Cæsar, who in B.C. 47 made him a prætor-elect and thus restored him to the rank of which he had



CATULLUS SINGING AT HIS VILLA



been deprived. The following year he was made governor of Numidia, where he ruled badly and greatly oppressed the people. The immense fortune which he dishonestly acquired enabled him to retire from political life, and devote his whole time to literary work. His reputation rests upon his historical productions, the principal of which were his history of the conspiracy of Catiline and the Jugurthine War. His writings are powerful and animated, and the speeches which he puts into the mouths of his chief characters are strong and effective. He was the first Roman to write what is now accepted as history.

Lucretius was born in the opening years of the first century before Christ, but comparatively nothing is known of his personal history, one account making him die of poison swallowed because of his infatuation with a woman. The great work on which his fame rests is the "*De Rerum Naturâ*," a philosophical didactic poem in six books. His great aim was to free his countrymen from the trammels of superstition. "Regarded merely as a literary composition, the work named stands unrivalled among didactic poems. The clearness and fulness with which the most minute facts of physical science, and the most subtle philosophical speculations, are unfolded and explained; the life and interest which are thrown into discussions in themselves repulsive to the bulk of mankind; the beauty, richness, and variety of the episodes which are interwoven with the subject-matter of the poem, combined with the majestic verse in which the whole is clothed, render the '*De Rerum Naturâ*,' as a work of art, one of the most perfect which antiquity has bequeathed to us."

Catullus was born at Verona, B.C. 87. His father was an intimate friend of Julius Cæsar, but the son wrote savage attacks upon the great politician. His poems are one hundred and sixteen in number, chiefly consisting of lyrics and epigrams, and have been justly admired for their exquisite grace and beauty of style, though many are tainted with gross indecency. He was equally successful in the higher style of writing, especially in his odes, of which only four have been preserved. He resided in his country villa, surrounded by aristocratic friends, and was one of the staunchest supporters of the senatorial party.

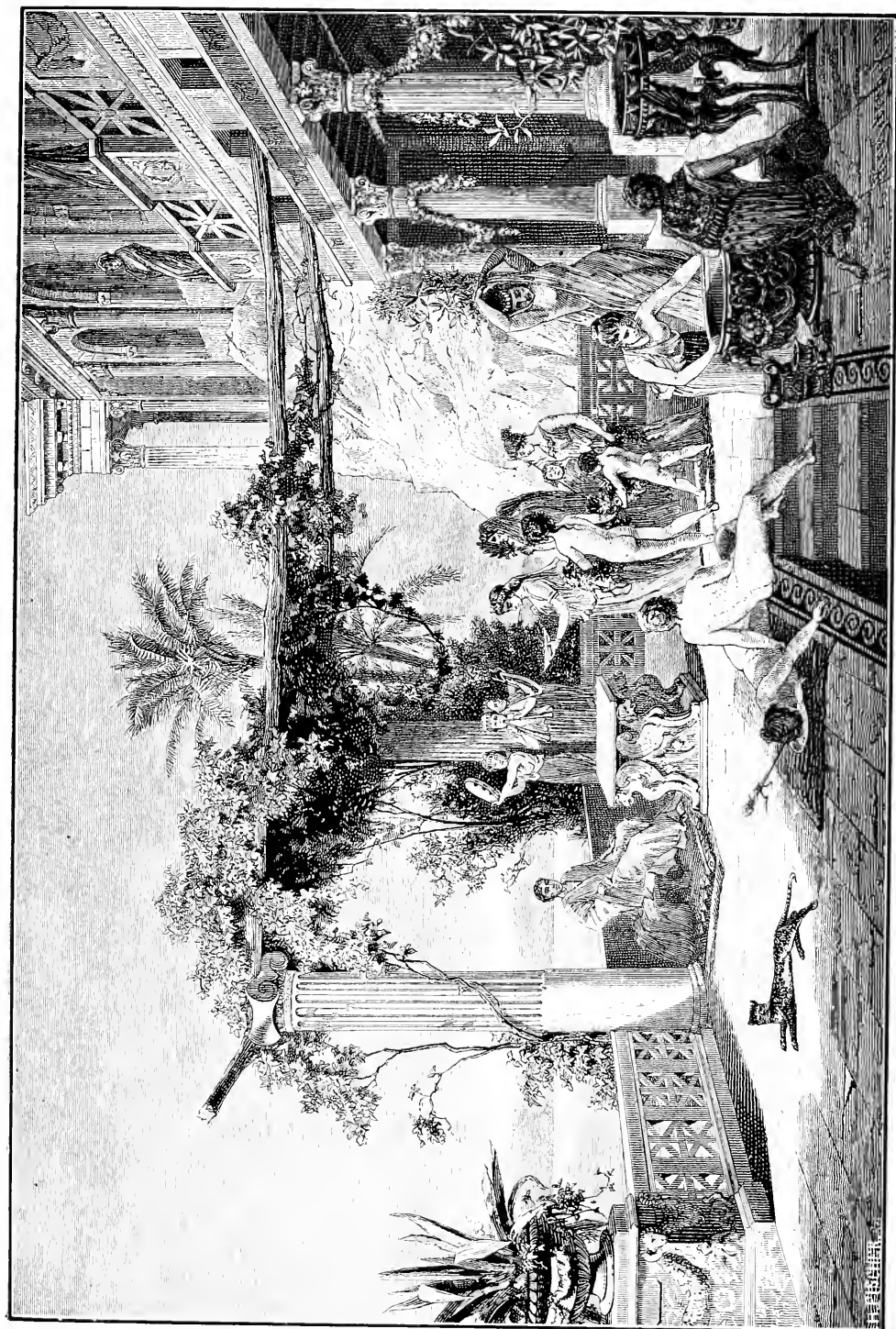
Of the life of Livy, the renowned historian, we know little except that he was born early in the latter half of the century before Christ. He lived to his eightieth year, and, having been born under the Republic, died under the Emperor Tiberius. The great history by which he is remembered was probably written shortly before the birth of the Saviour. His fame was such that a Spaniard travelled from Gades to Rome to see him. His work ranks as one of the masterpieces of human composition. Originally, his Roman history was comprised in one hundred and forty-two books, divided into decades, but only thirty books and a part of five more exist.

"In classing Livy in his proper place among the greatest historians of the

ancient and modern world, we must not think of him as a critical or antiquarian writer—a writer of scrupulously calm judgment and diligent research. He is pre-eminently a man of beautiful genius, with an unrivalled talent for narration, who takes up the history of his country in the spirit of an artist, and makes a free use of the materials lying handiest, for the creation of a work full of grace, color, harmony, and a dignified ease. Professor Ramsay has remarked, that he treats the old tribunes just as if they were on a level with the demagogues of the worst period; and Niebuhr censures the errors of the same kind into which his Pompeian and aristocratic prepossessions betray him. But this tendency, if it was ever harmful, is harmless now, and was closely connected with that love of ancient Roman institutions and ancient Roman times which at once inspired his genius, and was a part of it. And the value of his history is incalculable, even in the mutilated state in which we have it, as a picture of what the great Roman traditions were to the Romans in their most cultivated period."

Ovid was born B.C. 43, at Sulmo, in the country of the Peligni. Although he was educated for the law, his poetical genius drew him aside. Acquiring considerable property through the death of his father, he went to Athens and mastered the Greek language. He was gay, indolent, and licentious, and, probably because of his disgraceful intrigues, he was ordered by the emperor to leave Rome in the year A.D. 9, for Tomi, near the delta of the Danube and on the limit of the Empire. Augustus refused to shorten his term of exile, and Ovid died in the lonely place in his sixtieth year. It was there that he composed most of his poems to while away the dismal hours. He possessed a masterly style of composition, a vigorous fancy, a fine eye for color, a very musical versification, and, despite an occasional slovenliness of style, he has been a favorite of the poets from the time of Milton to the present. A large number of his works have come down to us, but more have been lost, the one best known to antiquity being his tragedy "Medea."

Other famous writers follow, after the Augustan age. Pliny the Elder was born in the north of Italy in A.D. 23. He went to Rome when quite young, and his high birth and ample means secured him every advantage in education and advancement. He served in Germany as the commander of a troop of cavalry, but spent the greater part of the reign of Nero in authorship, producing a number of miscellaneous works. In the year 79, he was stationed off Misenum, in command of the Roman fleet, when the great eruption of Vesuvius occurred which buried Herculaneum and Pompeii. Eager to examine the phenomenon more closely, he landed at Stabiae, and was suffocated by the noxious fumes. His nephew, Pliny the Younger, attributed this misfortune to his corpulent and asthmatic habit, since none of his companions perished. Of Pliny's numerous works, only his "Historia Naturalis" has come down to us. It has



TIBERIUS AT CAPRI



many faults, lacking scientific merit and philosophical arrangement, but it is a monument of industry and research, and supplies us with details on a variety of subjects which could be obtained in no other way.

Juvenal, the satirist, was a native of Aquinum, a Volscian town. The date of his birth is unknown, but he wrote during the time of Domitian (81-96 A.D.) and lived many years later. The sixteen of his satires which still survive hold the first rank in satirical literature, and are invaluable as pictures of the Roman life of the Empire.

Tacitus is remembered as receiving marks of favor from the emperors Vespasian, Titus, and Domitian, but there is no record of the date and place of his birth, nor of the time of his death, which was in the early part of the second century. He was one of the greatest of historians. In love of truth and integrity of purpose none surpassed him, and he possessed a remarkable conciseness of phrase and the power of saying much and implying more in one or two strokes of expression.

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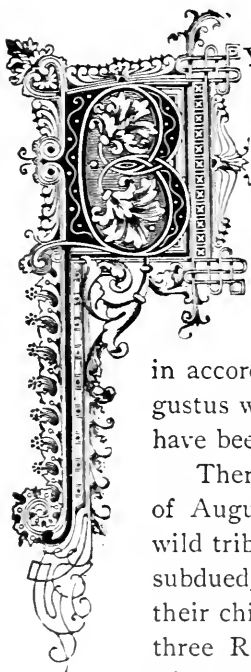
ANCIENT CAMEO REPRESENTING THE APOTHEOSIS OF AUGUSTUS



SPOILS OF JERUSALEM—FROM THE COLUMN OF TRAJAN

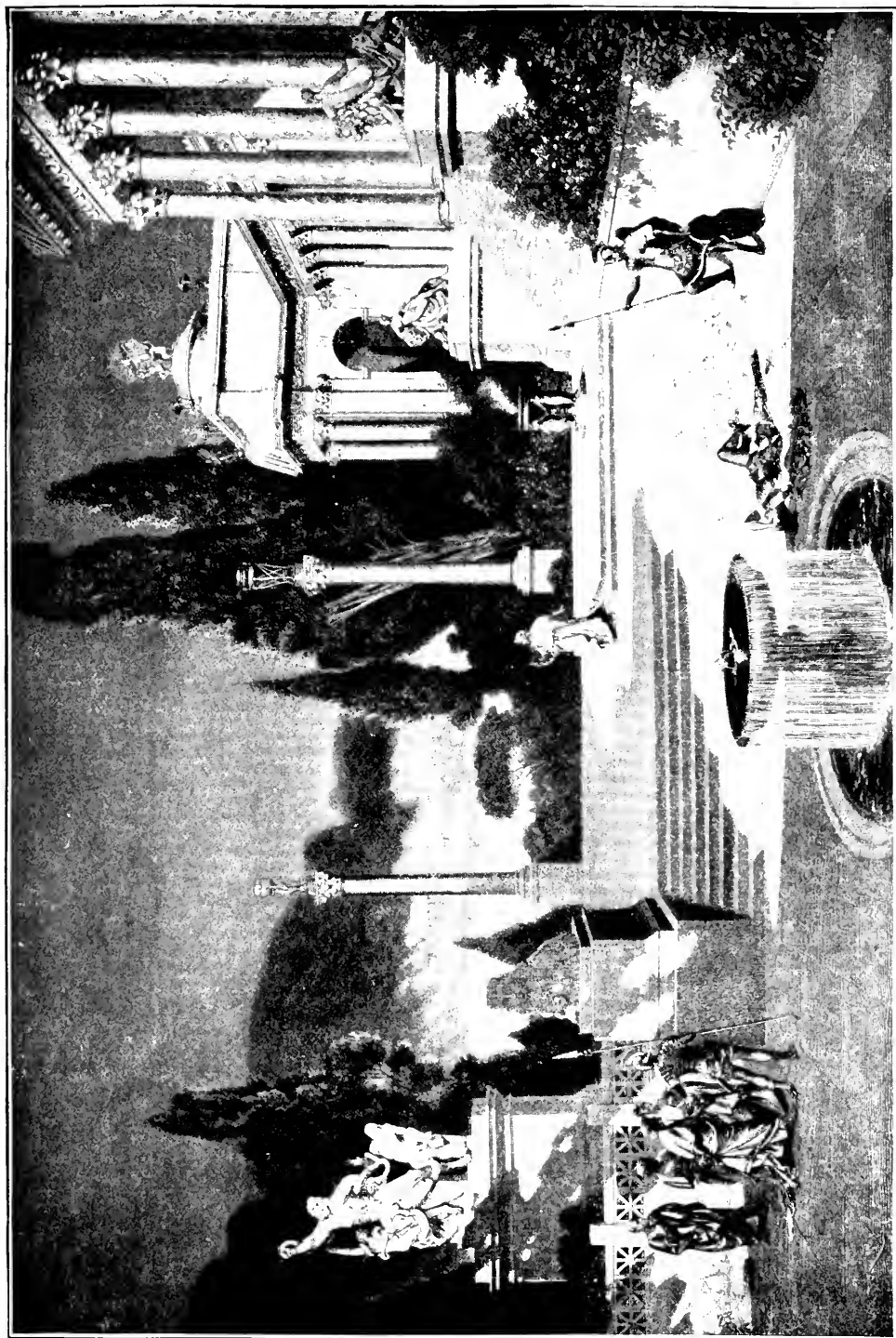
Chapter XXXIX

THE EMPERORS' PERIOD OF POWER



BY far the most impressive event of the reign of Augustus was the birth of the Saviour at the little village of Bethlehem, in Judea,—an event that marked the most momentous crisis in the spiritual history of the world. Although early tradition assigned this to the year 753 of Rome, it really occurred four years earlier, as has been explained in the Introduction. This human appearance of Christ took place at the time when there was general peace throughout the earth, and was, therefore, in accordance with Scripture prophecy. The government of Augustus was tranquil, and there were no civil wars, though there may have been some unrest on the frontiers.

There was, indeed, only one serious war during the forty years of Augustus' supreme power. This was with the Germans, the wild tribes which Cæsar had defeated. They had never been fully subdued, and in the year B.C. 9 they rose in sudden rebellion under their chief Hermann, or, as the Romans called him, Arminius. The three Roman legions along the Rhine were commanded by Varus, who proved both reckless and incompetent. He marched his entire force into the wild German forests where they were surrounded by the rebels, and, after three days of savage fighting, exterminated. Great was the consternation at Rome. Augustus beat his head against the wall, crying, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions." The people feared the Germans would imitate the ancient Gauls and make a terrible raid upon Rome. But the Ger-



NERO SINGING WHILE ROME BURNS



mans were busy quarrelling among themselves ; fresh legions were hastily raised, and the danger passed away.

Augustus died in A.D. 14, and was succeeded by his step-son, Tiberius Claudius Nero, known as Tiberius, who was born B.C. 42. Jesus Christ was crucified in the nineteenth year of this reign. It was at Antioch, in Syria, where Saul and Barnabas taught the faith, that the believers first received the name of "Christians." Then began those wonderful missionary journeys of the Apostles, which carried the gospel through Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, and Rome became the capital of Christendom. Silently but irresistibly the true faith spread, first among the Jews, then among the Greeks, or eastern, and the Latin, or western, Gentiles, until it became the one true and accepted religion throughout the civilized world.

When Tiberius ascended the throne, his manliness and moderation gave promise of a prosperous reign, but he was jealous from the first of his popular nephew Germanicus, who was intrusted with important commands in Dalmatia and Pannonia, and raised to the consulate before he was thirty years of age. Two years later he repressed a terrible revolt of the Germanic legions, who wished to salute him as emperor. In a campaign against the Germans, he ousted Hermann their chief, A.D. 16, recaptured the eagles lost by Varus, and earned for himself the surname of *Germanicus*. Tiberius summoned him home, and he returned as a victorious general. The Senate awarded him a magnificent triumph, in which Thusnelda, wife of Arminius, preceded his car with her children. Germanicus died in A.D. 19, from poison, as he declared, and then Tiberius revealed himself as moody and irresolute, with scarcely a trace of affection or sympathy.

He became a tyrant. The number and amount of taxes were increased, all power was taken from the people and Senate. Prosecutions for high treason were based on mere words or even looks that gave displeasure to the Emperor, who found thus a convenient method of ridding himself of those who displeased him. As years advanced, he abandoned the real government of the empire to Ælius Sejanus, commander of the Prætorian Guards, and wallowed in licentious excesses at his villa in Capri, until, worn out by debauchery, he ended his infamous life in the year 37, his death being hastened either by poison or suffocation.

There were many Roman emperors whose history is not worth the telling. Some held the throne but a short time, and others played an insignificant part in the annals of the Empire. We add the list, with the dates of their reigns, and in the following pages will recall the most important events connected with their rule.

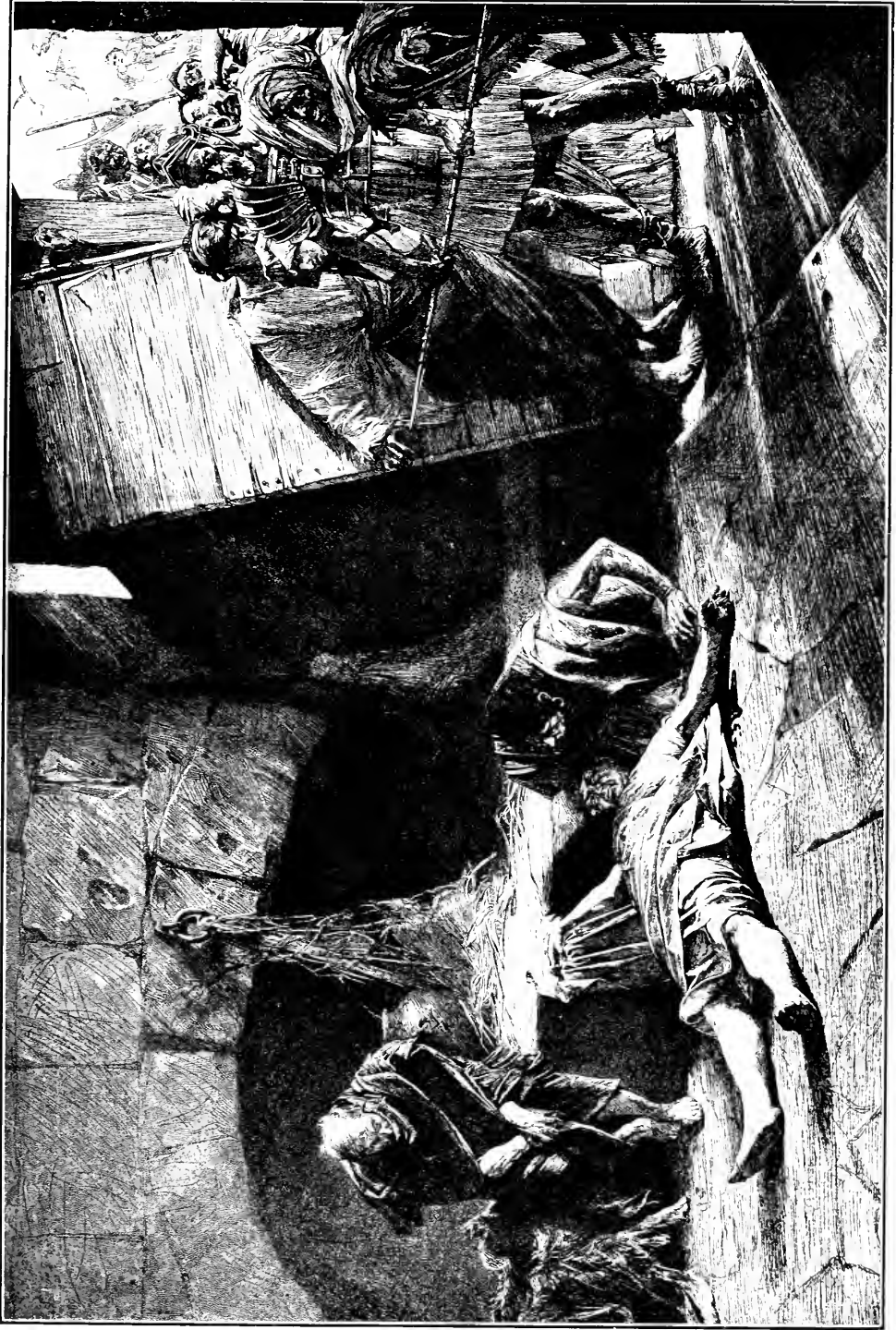
Caius Cæsar, or Caligula, as he is more generally known, was in his twenty-

fifth year when he became emperor. He was suspected of helping the death of Tiberius, who had appointed him his heir. He was another of the diabolical miscreants produced by licentiousness and debauchery. It took him just one year to expend the three million dollars left by Tiberius, and he confiscated and murdered and banished until it is only charitable to believe he was afflicted with insanity. He enlivened his feasts by having those whom he disliked tortured in his presence, and once expressed the wish that all the Roman people had but one neck that he might decapitate Rome at a single blow. He stabled his favorite horse in the palace, fed him at a marble manger with gilded oats (how disgusted the animal must have been!), and afterward raised him to the consulship. As a climax to his foolery, he declared himself a god and had temples erected and sacrifices offered to his family. The people stood all this and much more with incredible patience, but finally formed a conspiracy and removed him by assassination from the earth which he had cumbered too long.

Claudius I., fortunately for himself, was suspected of imbecility, else Caligula would have "removed" him. As it was, he might have done well had he not in A.D. 42, when terrified by hearing of a conspiracy against his life, abandoned himself wholly to the will of his ferocious wife Messalina, who robbed and slew with a mercilessness worthy of the former emperor. Abroad, however, the Roman armies were victorious. Mauritania became a Roman province, progress was made in Germany, and the conquest of Britain was begun. The experience of Claudius in the matrimonial line was discouraging. Messalina was executed for her crimes, after which he married Agrippina, who poisoned him in 54, so as to make sure of the succession of her son Nero. After the death of Claudius, he was deified, though the sacrilege surely could not have benefited him much.

And now comes another of those infamous wretches, with which an all-wise Ruler finds it expedient to chastise mankind at certain intervals. This was Nero, whose full name was Nero Claudius Cæsar Drusus Germanicus. He began his reign well, and but for the baleful influence of his mother, Agrippina, might have continued in the good way, under the tutelage of Seneca the philosopher. He soon yielded, however, to temptation or to his natural inclinations, and plunged headlong into tyranny, extravagance, and every species of debauchery that human ingenuity could devise. Falling out with his mother, he caused her to be assassinated to please one of his mistresses, the wife of Otho, afterward emperor. To marry this woman Nero had put to death his own wife; now his mother followed, and the servile Senate actually issued an address congratulating the matricide on her death.

The rebellion which broke out in Britain under Queen Boadicea was sup-



THE DEATH OF NERO

pressed in 61, but the war against the Parthians the next year was unsuccessful. In July, 64, occurred the great conflagration in Rome, by which two-thirds of the city was reduced to ashes. It is recorded that while the conflagration was raging, Nero watched it from a turret in his palace, singing verses to the music of his lyre, and it is the general belief that it was his hand that kindled the flames. Sated with every known indulgence, he had set out to discover some new kind of enjoyment.

Could his guilt have been established, the populace would have wreaked quick vengeance upon him. The cowardly miscreant was scared, and strove to turn aside the suspicion whose whispers had reached his ears. He traversed the stricken streets with hypocritical expressions of sympathy, and gave away all the money he could steal to help the sufferers; but seeing the necessity of directing distrust toward some one, he cunningly chose the new sect known as Christians, who had become numerous and active in Rome. Scores were arrested, and he condemned them to be burned. Many were wrapped in pitched cloth and set up in his own gardens, which were illuminated by the awful human "torches." It was not the Emperor's pity, but that of the refuse of the city, which finally brought the horrible spectacles to an end. Among the victims of these tortures were probably St. Paul, St. Peter, and Seneca.

Nero was guilty of atrocities that cannot even be hinted at. Suspecting Seneca and the poet Lucian of conspiring against him, he took the lives of both. One day, because he felt out of sorts, he kicked his wife to death. Being refused by another lady, he had her slain by way of teaching her a lesson, and then secured another wife by killing an obstinate husband.

The blow which brought Nero low, came from an unexpected quarter. In the year 68, the Gallic and Spanish legions revolted, and the Prætorian Guards followed, all animated by the purpose of making Galba, one of their commanders, Emperor. Their approach to the city heartened the Senate and terrified Nero, whose frame shivered and whose teeth rattled with terror. He fled at night to the villa of one of his freedmen, learning which the Senate proclaimed him a public enemy. Being warned that his death by torture had been ordered, and hearing the sound of the approaching hoof-beats of the guard, he at last mustered enough courage to place a sword to his breast and order his slave to drive it home.

Galba entered Rome on January 1st, 69, and was accepted as Emperor with the right to assume the title of Cæsar. He was a simple soldier and nothing more. Among those who accompanied him was Otho, whom Nero had robbed of his wife. He found the troops discontented with Galba's parsimony and strict discipline, and succeeded in working them up to the point of revolt, when Galba was slain and Otho succeeded him.

His reign, however, was to be brief, for Vitellius had been proclaimed Emperor by his troops almost on the same day that Galba reached Rome. This was in Gaul, and came about because, through his liberality, he had made himself extremely popular with the soldiers. He was drunk all the way to Rome, whither most of his military supporters had preceded him. Arrived there, having routed the forces of Otho on the road, his first act was to deify Nero. After that sacrilege, there was nothing too base for him, and he became such a vile debauchee that he was unable even to act the tyrant. The administration was mostly in the hands of the freedman Asiaticus, though P. Sabinus, brother of Vespasian, was high in authority. Their government was marked by moderation. The legions of Pannonia and Illyricum proclaimed Vespasian Emperor, and advanced into Italy under Antonius Primus. Several battles were fought, and Rome was desolated by violence and bloodshed, till the troops of Primus entered the city. Vitellius was found wandering about his palace in a state of drunken terror, and when he appeared on the streets was pounded to death by the angry mob. His head was carried about Rome, and his body thrown into the Tiber.

Vespasian had left his son Titus to prosecute the siege of Jerusalem, and was joyfully received in Rome, where he set vigorously to work in restoring order. He was a fine soldier, held the troops under firm discipline, improved the finances, co-operated with the Senate, and, best of all, set a good example by his own conduct to his subjects. He was simple in his habits, indifferent to flattery, good-humored and easy of access. Although parsimonious in his private life, he was lavish in embellishing the city with public works, and was a liberal patron of the arts and sciences. He reigned ten years, and died in the sixty-ninth year of his age.

Titus was the eldest son of Vespasian, and through his careful training had become an accomplished scholar and an adept in manly exercises. He was an admirable soldier, and the task which his father left him, of prosecuting the siege of Jerusalem, had been carried through with success. His victory caused the utmost joy in Rome, when the news reached the city. He laid the trophies of victory at his father's feet, and the two were given the honor (A.D. 71) of a joint triumph. Becoming the colleague of his parent in the Empire, Titus made an unfavorable impression by his immoral and cruel conduct. He caused persons whom he suspected of enmity to be put to death, and his liaison with Berenice, daughter of Herod Agrippa, gave great offence to the Romans.

When, however, Titus became emperor, he agreeably disappointed every one. He immediately stopped all persecutions for treasonable words and looks; repaired the ancient and venerated structures of Rome; built new ones, among them the Colosseum and the baths which bear his name, and delighted the



VITELLIUS TORN BY THE MOB



populace by games which lasted one hundred days. The splendid beneficence of his reign was sorely needed, for in 79 occurred the appalling eruption of Vesuvius which destroyed Herculaneum and Pompeii and many other towns and villages. Herculaneum stood in the Campagna, close to the Bay of Naples. It is not known when it was founded, but its inhabitants took an active part in the social and civil wars of Rome. It was completely buried under a shower of ashes, over which a stream of lava flowed and afterward hardened. The configuration of the coast was so changed that the city was entirely lost for sixteen centuries, when an accident led to the discovery of its ruins in 1713. Twenty-five years later a systematic course of excavation was begun. The interesting relics of antiquity, so far as they were capable of removal, were taken to Naples, and are now deposited, along with other relics from Pompeii, in a large museum attached to the royal palace. They include not only frescoes, statues, and works of art, but articles of household furniture, such as tripods, lamps, chandeliers, basins, mirrors, musical or surgical instruments, and even cooking utensils. Excavations have been resumed of late years with the most interesting results.

Pompeii was about twelve miles southeast from Naples, in the plain at the foot of Mount Vesuvius, and was one of the fashionable provincial cities of the Roman Empire. Though most of the citizens escaped during the incessant bombardment of lava stones, a large number must have perished, as is proved by the finding of the skeletons of soldiers on guard, and citizens apparently overtaken by death in the midst of their usual employments. As in the case of Herculaneum, the discovery of Pompeii in 1750 was accidental, but the excavations have brought to light a living picture of a Roman city more than eighteen hundred years ago, with all its departments of domestic and public life, the worship of the gods, the shows of the arena, architecture, painting, and sculpture, and in short all the appliances of comfort and luxury as they existed in a wealthy community of those remote days.

The year following the destruction of these cities, a three-days' fire in Rome reduced to ashes the Capitol, Augustus' library, Pompey's theatre, and numerous houses, while on the heels of the conflagration came a dreadful pestilence. Titus did everything in his power for the homeless sufferers, even to the despoiling of his palaces of their ornaments to obtain money, and he schemed and planned to find occupation for them. He became the idol of his subjects, the "love and delight of the human race," but at the beginning of the third year of his reign he suddenly fell ill and died, September 13th, 81, his younger brother Domitian being suspected by some of having poisoned him.

Be that as it may, Domitian came to the throne in 81, and ruled till 96. At first, he passed many good laws, governed the provinces carefully, and ad-

ministered justice, but the failure of his campaigns against the Dacians and the Marcomanni (87) soured his whole nature. He became ferocious in his suspicions, jealousy, and hatred; and through murder and banishment, it is said, deprived Rome of nearly all of the citizens conspicuous for their learning, talent, or wealth. He held the army to him by greatly increasing its pay, and won the favor of the people by extravagant gifts and gladiatorial games and shows, in some of which he took part. His cruelties finally became so intolerable that his wife Domitia joined in a conspiracy against him, and he perished from the dagger on the 18th of September, 96.

The Senate immediately elected M. Nerva as his successor, though he was past three-score years of age. He had twice held the honor of the consulship before his election, and displayed great wisdom and moderation. The taxes were lessened, and the administration of justice improved, but his advanced age rendered him unable to repress the insolence of the Prætorian Guards, and he adopted M. Ulpian Trajanus, known as Trajan, who succeeded him on his death, January 27th, 98.

Trajan began his administration by the usual largess to the soldiers, extending the same to the Roman citizens and their families, and he made large provision out of the imperial treasury for the upbringing of the children of poor freemen in Rome and other Italian towns. It was in the year 101 that Rome beheld, for the first time, its Emperor leading forth its legions in person upon their career of conquest. Trajan then set out on his first campaign against the Dacians, who had compelled Rome since the time of Domitian to pay them tribute. The struggle was long and severe, but was completely successful (104-105), and Dacia became a royal province. This was the first conquest since the death of Augustus, and was celebrated on Trajan's return to Rome by a triumph and splendid games which lasted for four months.

Trajan's appetite for foreign conquest was whetted by his success, and in 106 he again set out for the East. Landing in Syria, he moved northward, receiving the submission of numerous princes on the way, and occupying Armenia, which he made a province of the Empire. Though he was busy for the succeeding seven years, we have no clear record of what he did. Once more he went to Syria in 115, his objective point being the Parthian empire. Its capital hardly offered the semblance of resistance, and he descended the Tigris subduing the tribes on both banks, and being the first and only Roman general to navigate the Persian Gulf. When he returned, he found it necessary to re-conquer Mesopotamia, North Syria, and Arabia, and he did it more thoroughly than before. By this time he was in a sad bodily condition from dropsy and paralysis, and, while on the return to Italy, died at Selinus, in Cilicia, in August, 117.



VESPASIAN PLANNING THE COLOSSEUM



Although so much of Trajan's reign was taken up with his military campaigns, his administration of civil affairs was admirable. Equal justice was secured to all; the imperial finances were greatly improved, and speculation on the part of public officers was severely punished. One of the fads of the Roman emperors was the improvement and beautifying of Rome, and none did more thorough work in that respect than Trajan. The Empire was traversed in all directions by military routes; canals and bridges were built, new towns arose, the Via Appia was restored, the Pontine Marshes partially drained, the "Forum Trajani" erected, and the harbor of Civita Vecchia constructed. A striking proof of the sincerity of this Emperor's labors to improve the condition of his subjects was shown in the wish, which it became the fashion formally to utter, on the accession of each of his successors: "May he be happier than Augustus, better than Trajan."

Trajan died childless, and his successor was P. Ælius Hadrianus, or Hadrian, the son of Trajan's cousin. He had not only displayed great ability in the various high offices he filled, but he was a favorite of the empress. Trajan had the right to name his heir, and when the empress announced that it was Hadrian, the citizens and Senate accepted him without murmur.

The Empire at this time was in a critical condition. There were insurrections in Egypt, Palestine, and Syria; the barbarian hordes were swarming into Mœsia in the east and Muritania in the west, and the turbulent Parthians had once more asserted their independence and administered several defeats to the imperial forces.

Looking calmly at the situation which confronted him, Hadrian was convinced that a peaceful policy was the true one. He decided to limit the Roman boundaries in the East, and concluded a peace with the Parthians by which he surrendered all the country beyond the Euphrates to them. Returning to Rome in 118, he treated the people liberally, but suppressed with relentless severity a patrician conspiracy against his life. He then, by means of large gifts, induced the Roxolani, who are the modern Russians, to retire from Mœsia which they had invaded.

The year 119 saw the beginning of Hadrian's remarkable journey, most of which he is said to have performed on foot. He visited Gaul, Germany, Britain, Spain, Mauritania, Egypt, Greece, and Asia Minor. In Britain, he built the wall which extends from the Solway to the Tyne, and did not return to Rome until after seven years, when he received the title of *Pater Patriæ*. He was so fond of the city of Athens that he spent the years 132 and 133 there. Making another visit to Syria, he came back to Italy, and passed the remainder of his life around Rome, dying July 10th, 138, at Baïæ.

The vigor and thoroughness with which Hadrian reorganized and disciplined

the army remove all thought that his peaceful policy was attributable to fear or weakness. He did more than any emperor to consolidate the monarchical system of Rome. He divided Italy into four parts, each under a consul, to whom was entrusted the administration of justice. Among the numerous splendid edifices he erected was the mausoleum called the *Moles Hadriani*, the Ælian bridge leading to it, and the splendid villa at Tibur. He also laid the foundation of several cities, the most important of which was Adrianopolis. He placed a high value on Greek literature, and was a lover and patron of the fine arts.

Hadrian adopted as his heir T. Aurelius Antoninus, of excellent abilities and in middle life. Him Hadrian required to select two heirs, M. Annius, his own sister's son, and Lucius Verus, the child of his late comrade. Antoninus Pius (the Senate having added the latter name) had served Hadrian as proconsul in Asia, where the gentle wisdom of his rule gave him a higher reputation than any of his predecessors. He inherited great wealth and made one of the best emperors who ever ruled imperial Rome. He was simple, temperate, and kind, his highest object being that of benefiting his people, who looked up to him as in the truest sense the father of his country. His mild hand partly stayed the persecution of the Christians which was continued during his reign. Fond of peace, the only important war in which he engaged was against Britain, where the Roman power was extended. He also built a wall between the Forth and the Clyde, as a check against the predatory tribes of the north. He was so widely known for his integrity and justice that he was often employed to arbitrate in the affairs of foreign states. To his wisdom, kindness, and unvarying courtesy was due the freedom of his vast empire from insurrections, violence, conspiracies, and bloodshed. It may be said in brief that he furnished a model for those who came after him, though, sad to say, few were able to measure up to his splendid standard. He died in 161, and was succeeded by Marcus Annius, called Aurelius, who, as we have learned, had been selected as his heir at the command of Hadrian.

Aurelius had been made consul in 140, and, up to his accession to the throne, he discharged the duties with faithfulness and ability. He and the Emperor had been the closest of friends. Aurelius, on becoming Emperor, showed his chivalry of character by voluntarily sharing the government with young Lucius Verus, who from that time bore the title of Lucius Aurelius Verus. Such a ruler as Aurelius was sure to win the respect and love of his subjects, but Lucius, when sent to take part in the Parthian War, remained in Antioch, sunk in debasing pleasures, leaving his officers to prosecute the struggle, and at the close he returned home and enjoyed the triumph to which he had no claim. The troops brought a pestilence, which, together with appalling



THE DESTRUCTION OF HERCULANEUM



inundations and earthquakes, laid much of the city in ruins, and destroyed the granaries where the supplies of corn were kept. A formidable insurrection had long been fomenting in the German provinces; the Britons were on the point of revolt, and the Catti (the Suevi of Julius Cæsar, who lived in the country nearly corresponding to the present Hesse) were ready to devastate the Rhenish provinces.

The manifold calamities that had fallen and still threatened to fall so terrified the Romans that, to allay them, Marcus determined to go forth to war himself. For a time Marcus and Lucius were completely successful. The Marcomanni and the other rebellious tribes, living between Illyria and the sources of the Danube, were compelled to sue for peace in 168, the year preceding the death of Lucius. The contest was renewed in 170, and, with little intermission, lasted throughout the life of the Emperor. Marcus carried on the campaign with amazing vigor and skill, and nearly annihilated the Marcomanni and the Jazyges.

Connected with this war was a victory so unprecedented that some historians accept it as a miracle. According to Dion Cassius, the Romans were perishing of thirst and heat, on a summer day in 174, when, without warning, the flaming sky was darkened by a black cloud from which the cooling rain descended in torrents. The feverish soldiers abandoned themselves to the life-giving draughts, when the barbarians assailed them with furious energy, and assuredly would have annihilated them, had not a storm of hail and fire descended upon the assailants alone, and scattered them in headlong terror. So profound indeed was the dread inspired that the Germanic tribes hastened from all directions to make their submission and to beg for mercy.

This astounding occurrence could hardly be believed were it not established by every soldier of a large army, and by Aurelius himself, who was incapable of falsehood. It certainly was one of the strangest incidents in history.

At this juncture, a new outbreak occurred in the East, brought about by the shocking treachery of the Emperor's own wife. This wicked woman urged to rebellion the governor, Avidius Cassius, a descendant of the Cassius who had slain Cæsar. The Emperor, though in poor health, was obliged to leave Pannonia with the least possible delay. Cassius seized the whole of Asia Minor, but was slain by his own soldiers. Marcus Aurelius expressed his sorrow that the fates had thus deprived him of the happiness of pardoning the man who had conspired against his happiness. He exhibited the same magnanimity on his arrival in the East, where he refused to read the papers of Cassius, and ordered them to be burned, so that he might not be led to suspect any one of being a traitor. He treated the provinces with such gentleness that he won their love and disarmed them of all enmity. While he was thus engaged,

his disloyal wife died in an obscure village, and the husband paid her every honor.

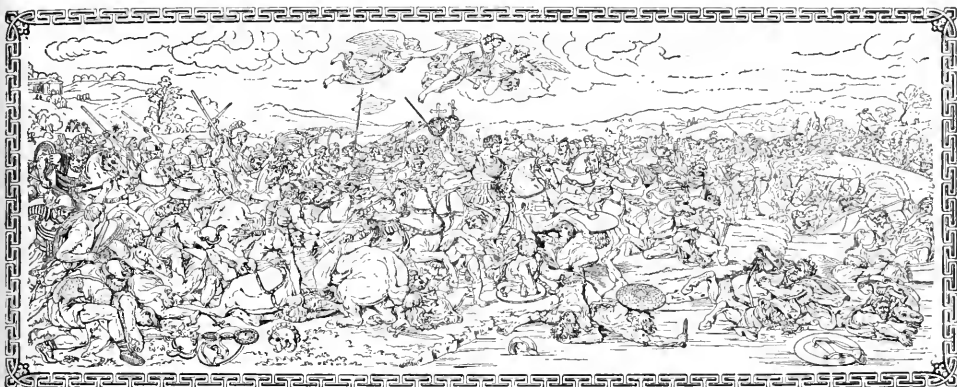
On his way back to Rome, he visited Lower Egypt and Greece, and by his noble efforts in behalf of his subjects won their profound gratitude. In Athens he founded chairs of philosophy for each of the four chief sects—Platonic, Stoic, Peripatetic, and Epicurean. Reaching Italy, he celebrated his bloodless triumph on the 23d of December, 176. Fresh disturbances having broken out in Germany, he went thither in the following autumn and was again successful. But his weak constitution by this time was shattered by the hardships, sufferings, and anxiety he had borne so long. He died either at Vienna or at Sirmium, on March 17th, 180.



JUPITER BRINGING RAIN TO THE ROMAN ARMY



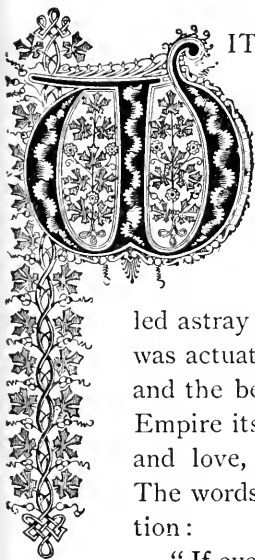
THE LATER ROMAN EMPERORS



VICTORY OF CONSTANTINE OVER MAXENTIUS

Chapter XL

THE GROWTH OF CHRISTIANITY

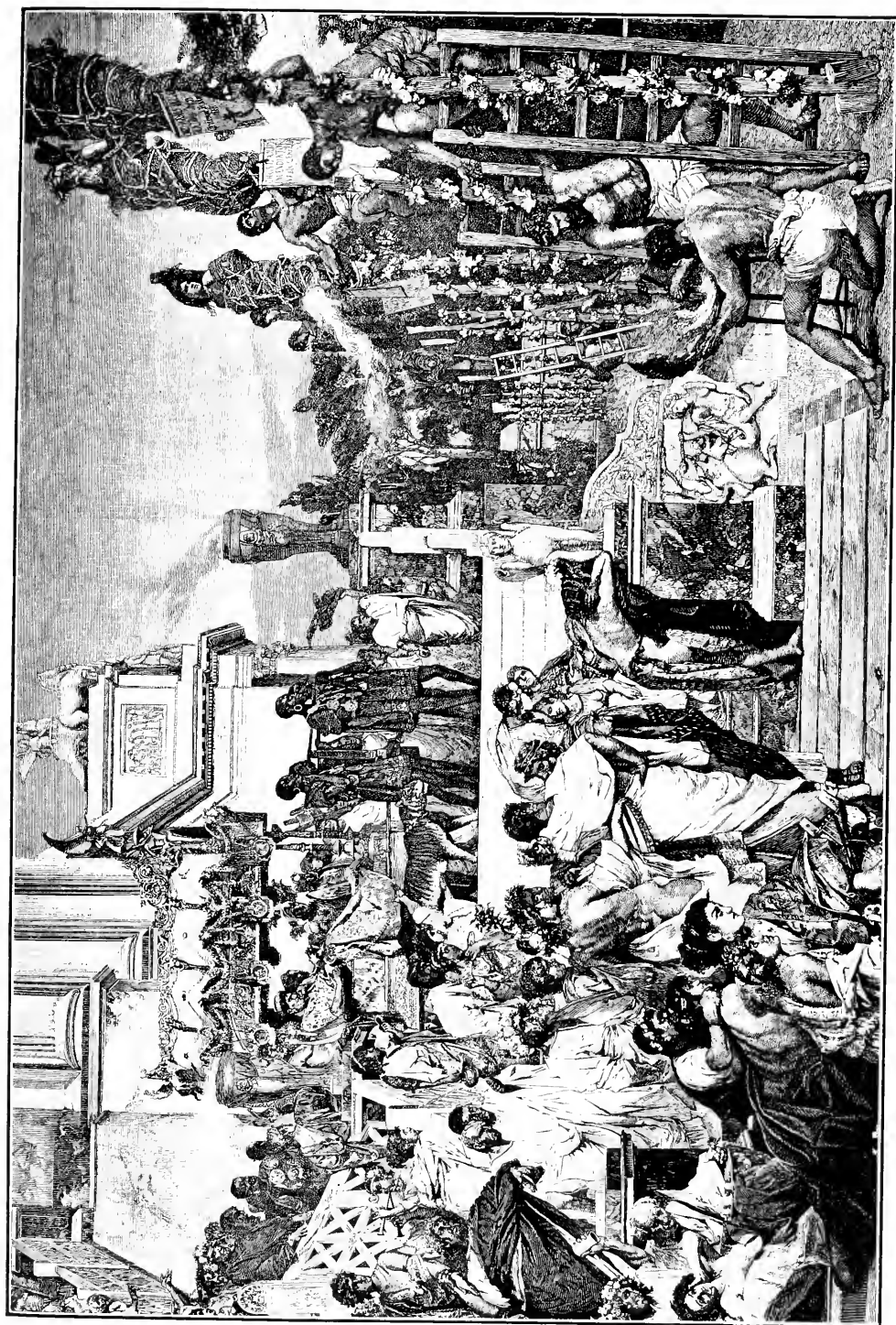


WITH all that has been said of that extraordinary man and emperor, Marcus Aurelius, justice requires mention of a feature of his character which the reader probably has not suspected,—that is, his hostility to Christianity. He was a persecutor of the new religion, and must have known of the cruelties perpetrated upon the believers. There have been many explanations of his course, the generally accepted one being that he was led astray by evil counsellors, but the more probable cause is that he was actuated by his earnestness in the heathen faith of his ancestors, and the belief that the new doctrine threatened to undermine the Empire itself. He did not comprehend the religion of gentleness and love, and thought it his duty to extirpate the dangerous sect. The words of John Stuart Mill on this point are worthy of quotation:

“ If ever any one possessed of power had grounds for thinking himself the best and most enlightened among his contemporaries, it was the Emperor Marcus Aurelius. Absolutely monarch of the whole civilized world, he preserved through life not only the most unblemished justice, but, what was less to be expected from his stoical breeding, the tenderest heart. The few failings which are to be attributed to him were all on the side of indulgence; while his writings, the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly, if they differ at all, from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian, in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of

the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. Placed at the summit of all the previous attainments of humanity, with an open, unfettered intellect, and a character which led him, of himself, to embody in his moral writings the Christian ideal, he yet failed to see Christianity was to be a good and not an evil in the world, with his duties to which he was so deeply penetrated. Existing society he knew to be in a deplorable state. But such as it was, he saw, or thought he saw, that it was held together, and prevented from being worse, by belief and reverence of the received divinities. As a ruler of mankind, he deemed it his duty not to suffer society to fall in pieces, and saw not how, if its existing ties were removed, any others could be formed which would again knit it together. The new religion aimed openly at dissolving these ties; unless, therefore, it was his duty to adopt that religion, it seemed to be his duty to put it down. Inasmuch, then, as the theology of Christianity did not appear to him true, or of divine origin; inasmuch as this strange history of a crucified God was not credible to him, and a system which purported to rest entirely upon a foundation to him so wholly unbelievable, could not be foreseen by him to be that renovating agency which, after all abatements, it has in fact proved to be; the gentlest and most amiable of philosophers and rulers, under a solemn sense of duty, authorized the persecution of Christianity. To my mind, this is one of the most tragical facts in all history. It is a bitter thought, how different a thing the Christianity of the world might have been if the Christian faith had been adopted as the religion of the Empire, under the auspices of Marcus Aurelius, instead of those of Constantine. But it would be equally unjust to him, and false to truth, to deny, that no one plea which can be urged for punishing anti-christian teaching was wanting to Marcus Aurelius for punishing, as he did, the propagation of Christianity. No Christian more firmly believes that atheism is false, and tends to the dissolution of society, than Marcus Aurelius believed the same things of Christianity; he who, of all men then living, might have been thought the most capable of appreciating it. Unless any one who approves of punishment for the promulgation of opinions, flatters himself that he is a wiser and better man than Marcus Aurelius—more deeply versed in the wisdom of his time—more elevated in his intellect above it—more earnest in his search for truth—let him abstain from that assumption of the joint infallibility of himself and the multitude, which the great Aurelius made with so unfortunate a result."

The foregoing extract may introduce one of the most important facts connected with the history of the Roman Empire: that is, the spread of Christianity within its confines. The variety of peoples had a variety of religions, but all, with the exception of the Jews, were pagans and polytheists, or believers in many gods. Such was the spiritual state of the myriads of human beings,



NERO WATCHING THE TORTURED CHRISTIANS



when Christ was born in an obscure corner of the dominion of Augustus, and when the seed was sown whose harvest no man could foresee or dream of in his wildest imaginings.

The propagation of the new faith was marked by ferocious persecutions. We have learned of the first one, which was that by the fiendish Nero, who aimed to turn suspicion against the Christians as the incendiaries of Rome, in order to hide his own guilt. Tacitus, the great Roman historian, who was born under Nero, says of this diabolical infamy: "Some were nailed on crosses, others sewn up in the skins of wild beasts and exposed to the fury of dogs; others again smeared over with combustible materials were used as torches to illuminate the darkness of the night. The gardens of Nero were destined for the melancholy spectacle, which was accompanied with a horse-race, and honored with the presence of the Emperor, who mingled with the populace in the dress and attitude of a charioteer."

Now it may be asked why the Romans, who permitted innumerable religions to flourish within their Empire, concentrated their furious persecutions upon the Christians. The main cause was the proselyting ardor of the Christians themselves. The believer in that faith was taught as one of its basic duties that he must not selfishly absorb it unto himself, but do all he could to persuade his brethren to share it with him. Its very nature, therefore, made it aggressive, while the numerous pagan faiths were passive. Christianity did what no other faith did. It boldly taught that all the gods of the Romans were false, and that it was a sin to bow down to them. Not only that, but it did its utmost to lead all others to think the same. The early Christians held their meetings secretly and at night, and this was looked upon with disfavor by the authorities, who saw the germs of danger in the practice. But, as has been said, the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the church, and as we progress in the history of the Roman Empire, this truth will manifest itself again and again.

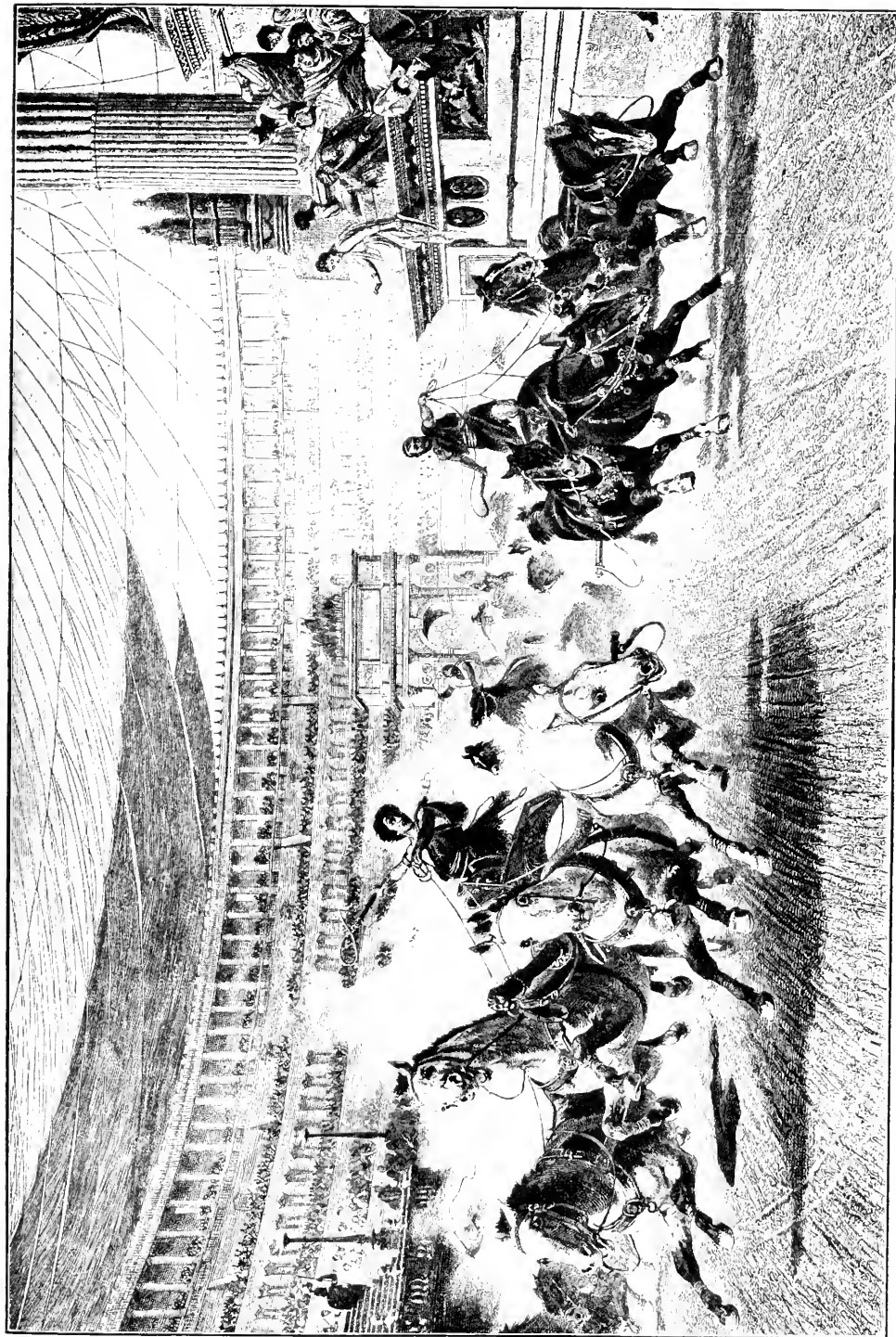
The reader has gone sufficiently far through these pages to note another fact: the real power of the Empire lay in the soldiery who stood behind the throne. We have learned of the insolence of the Prætorian Guards, who dared to insult an emperor to his face, and who did not hesitate to make and unmake sovereigns at will, with the Senate always ready to record and accept the decree of the soldiers. Inasmuch as each new ruler signaled his accession to the throne by distributing largesses, it followed that the more emperors there were, the greater would be the gifts distributed. So the troops became addicted to deposing emperors and selecting new ones. The man fixed upon for the purple was usually a favorite general, and as there were plenty of them, it followed that Rome sometimes had several emperors at the same time. No man dared aspire to the crown without the backing of the soldiers.

The only accession of territory by Rome during the first century of the Christian era was Britain. In the words of Gibbon: "After a war of about forty years, undertaken by the most stupid (Claudius), maintained by the most dissolute (Nero), and terminated by the most timid (Domitian) of all the emperors, the greater part of the island of Britain submitted to the Roman yoke." We remember the addition of the province of Dacia by Trajan in the early part of the second century.

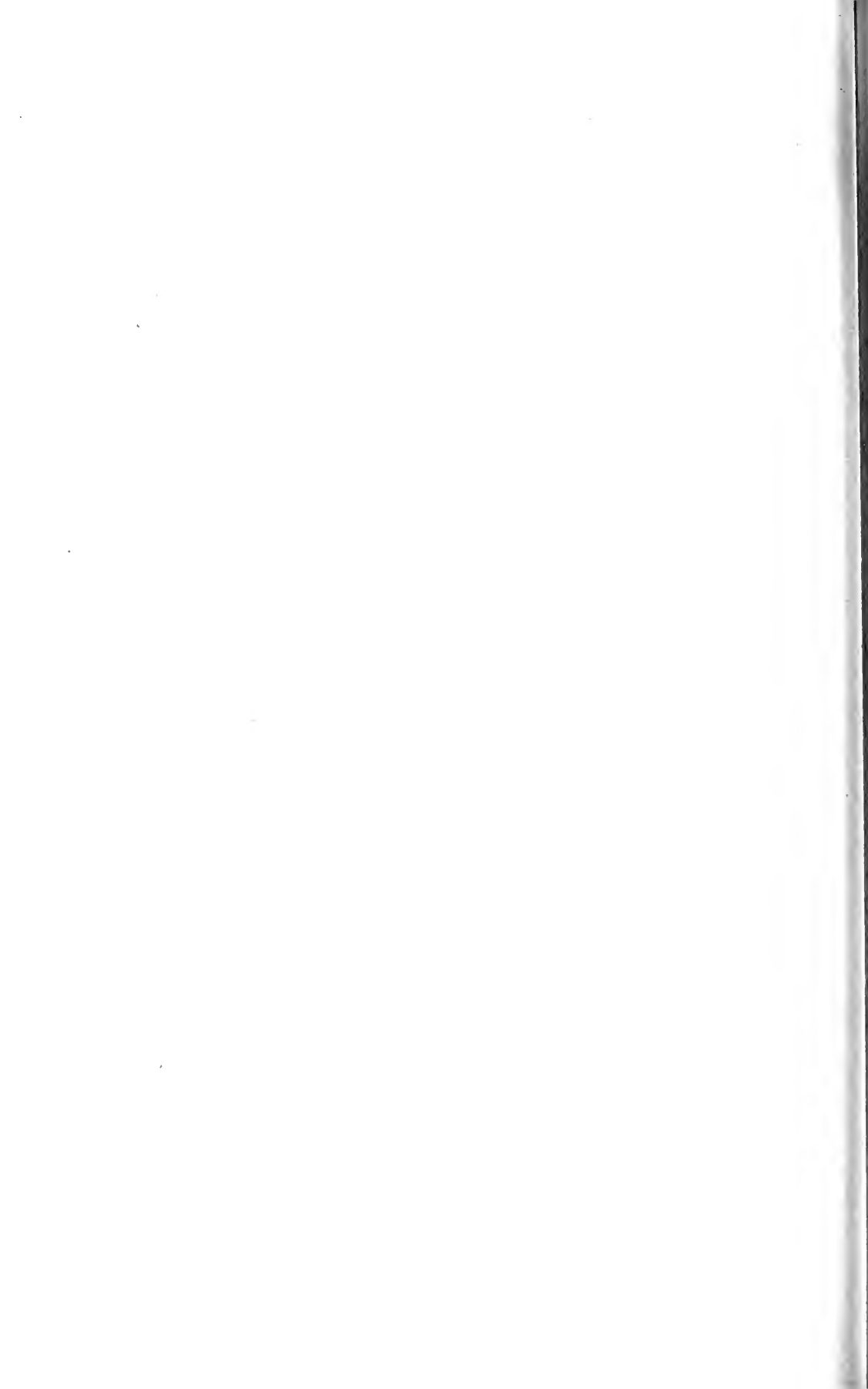
One cruel amusement of the Romans was their gladiatorial fights, which date from their earliest history. The popularity of these increased, till the time came when magistrates, public officers, and candidates for the popular suffrage gave shows to the people, which consisted mainly of the bloody and generally fatal encounters; but no earlier leaders equalled the emperors in providing the people with the fearful exhibitions. In one given by Julius Cæsar, three hundred and twenty couples engaged in combat. In the terrific display offered by Trajan, lasting one hundred and twenty-three days, ten thousand gladiators were exhibited at once, and two thousand fought with and killed one another, or contended with wild beasts for the amusement of the seventy thousand spectators in the Colosseum, who included every grade of society from the highest to the lowest.

Sinewy, athletic slaves were brought from all parts of the dominions and trained for the combats, as horses have been trained in later times for races. There were so many gladiators during the conspiracy of Catiline that they were deemed dangerous to the public safety, and the proposal was made to distribute them among the different garrisons. The exhibitions became so numerous that efforts were made to limit the number of gladiators. Cicero advocated a law forbidding any one giving a show for one or two years before becoming a candidate for public office, and Augustus prohibited more than two shows a year, or the giving of one by a person worth less than twenty thousand dollars; but the passion was so strong that it was impossible to keep the terrible exhibitions within moderate limits.

A gladiatorial show was announced by pictures and show-bills, after the fashion of modern theatrical plays. All the trained contestants were sworn to fight to the death, and the display of cowardice was followed by fatal tortures. The fighting at first was with wooden swords, which soon gave place to steel weapons. When one of the combatants had disarmed his opponent, he placed his foot on his body, and looked at the Emperor, if present, or to the people, for the signal of life or death. If they raised their thumbs, he was spared; if they turned them down, he was slain. The gladiator who conquered was rewarded with a palm and in some cases with his freedom. At first the gladiators were slaves, but afterward freemen and even knights entered the arena.



THE GAMES OF TRAJAN - A CHARIOT RACE



In the time of Nero senators and knights fought, and under Domitian women appeared as combatants. The gladiatorial contests were prohibited by Constantine in 325, but it was not till nearly two centuries later, under Theodoric, that they were finally abolished.

The decline of the mighty Empire was thus begun through the sapping of Roman manliness; the process continued to the final crash. Commodus (180–192) was the legitimate son and heir of Marcus Aurelius, and under him the worst days of Caligula and Nero were revived. He brought the Macedonian war, inherited from his father, to an end by a dishonorable peace, and abandoned himself to the most degrading debauchery. Seven hundred and fifty times he posed as a gladiator in the arena. He had arranged to enter a specially splendid festival as a gladiator on the 1st of January, 193, but was murdered the night preceding, and the Senate by resolution declared his memory dishonored. The honorable and vigorous Senator P. Helvidius Pertinax spent three months in bringing order out of chaos. His ability made him feared by the Prætorians, and they murdered him. They then openly offered the empire to the highest bidder, and set a pretender on the throne. At the same time three other claimants were advanced by three other bodies of troops.

L. Septimius Severus (193–211), commander on the Danube, was the first to enter Rome, where by his energy and address he won over the Senate. It required four years of vigorous fighting to dispose of his competitors, and he then became supreme. The Parthians having supported one of his opponents, he waged successful war against them and succeeded even in gaining a new province in Mesopotamia. He was finally compelled to take the field against the turbulent tribes of Britain, and died at the present city of York in February, 211.

M. Aurelius Antoninus Caracalla (211–217), son of Severus, was another miscreant, who, impatient to obtain the throne, made an attempt on his father's life. He lost no time in killing his brother and fellow-emperor Geta, with all who supported him, twenty thousand in number. He found means for his extravagance and excesses, in robbing his subjects. A monument of his lavishness as a builder is the immense ruins of the famous "Baths of Caracalla," in Rome. An important political act of his reign was the bestowment of Roman citizenship on all municipalities of the Empire,—a step necessary in order to obtain new taxes for filling his treasury. He showed feebleness in his wars on the frontiers of the Rhine and the Danube, and against the Parthians. He showed his savage cruelty at Alexandria in Egypt. He had entered that city in triumphal procession; but in the midst of all the pomp the "Emperor of the World" fell back in his chariot and slumbered in drunken stupor. The young men of the city laughed and made a jest of this, whereon Caracalla

sent his troops out through the streets for six successive days on a general massacre.

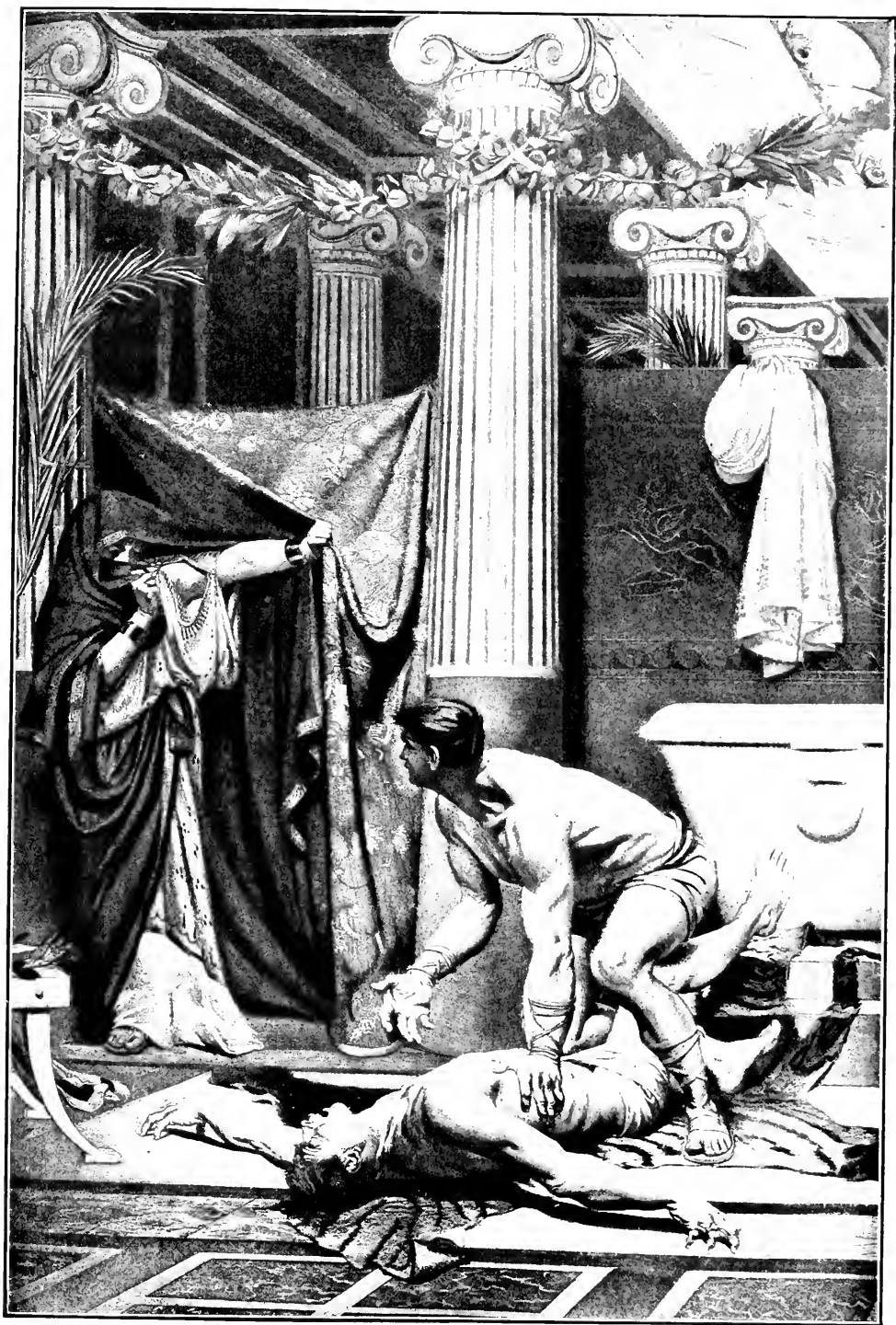
While engaged in a last campaign against Parthia, he was murdered by order of Macrinus, his prefect of the guard, who wore the purple for a brief while, until the Syrian troops raised to the throne Elagabalus, who was a distant relative of the house of Severus, and only fourteen years old. The soldiers endured this degenerate youth for nearly four years, and then murdered him and his mother.

Alexander Severus (222-235), a cousin of the wretch who had been murdered, was too young to carry on the government alone, and it remained for the time in the hands of his grandmother, Mæsa. The young Emperor meant well, but was too weak by nature to impress himself upon those troublous times. His wars brought no credit to the Roman Empire, and he vainly combated the assaults on the Roman possessions in Asia made by the new Persian empire. Equally fruitless were his campaigns against the Germans, which he next undertook. His attempts at discipline angered the legions, and when Maximinus, a popular general, presented himself as a rival emperor, the soldiers slew Alexander and went over to Maximinus in a body.

Thus passed away the last of the descendants of Severus, and the decline of the Empire grew more rapid. Rome became the scene of anarchy, violence, and bloodshed, for the struggle was fierce and continuous among those bitten with the madness of ruthless ambition. Our list contains the names of all these imperators, some of whom held their power for only a few weeks or months. Gordianus (238-244), prosecuted a successful campaign against the Persians, and compelled them to give back Mesopotamia, but he was slain before the close of the war by his prefect of the guards, Philippus (244-249), who fell in battle with a rival, Decius.

Valerian (253-260) braced all his energies against the tide that was sweeping everything to destruction, but was unable to stay it, and was carried with the resistless current. The territory between the Limes and Rhine was lost; the Saxons plundered the coasts; the Goths were edging into Greece; the Franks and Alemanni tramped through Gaul, and Valerian himself was taken prisoner by the Persians and died in captivity. Clardius II. (268-270) started well, but had only fairly done so when he died.

Aurelian (270-275), a famous general, roused the hope of his countrymen by his skill and patriotism. He repelled the Alemanni and Goths, and restored for a brief while the unity of the Empire. He conquered a Gallic usurper and destroyed Zenobia's kingdom of Palmyra. Zenobia was a beautiful Arab queen. Her husband founded an empire in the Asian deserts, and defeated both the Persians and the Romans. After his death Zenobia maintained and



THE DEATH OF COMMODUS



even increased the power of her empire. Great men rallied round her, and for a moment it seemed that Rome had found a rival. Aurelian, however, besieged and mastered her capital after a struggle heroic on both sides; and the proud and beautiful queen was led as his captive in a Roman triumph. Aurelian's home government was firm and wise, and the circumvallation of Rome, still largely preserved, is a monument of his public spirit and enterprise. While fighting against the Persians, he was murdered near Byzantium in 275.

Probus (276–282) was, like Aurelian, of Illyrian descent, and was commander of the Syrian troops. He displayed brilliant ability in driving back the Germans, and restored the old frontier of the Limes. He was wise in inducing thousands of Germans to settle on Roman soil, where they were encouraged in vine-growing and the tillage of the land. He also took many of them into the army, and treated the Senate with consideration, but he was doomed to share the fate of so many of his predecessors, for the soldiers, angered by his goodness and strictness, put him to death. From the swirl of strife and bloodshed finally emerged Diocletian (284–305), who introduces a new era in the history of the monarchy.

The first years of his administration were so disturbed by the aggressions of the barbarians that he took a colleague, Maximian, who, under the title of Augustus, became joint emperor in 286. Diocletian retained for himself the government of the eastern empire and gave the western to Maximian, but the attacks became more threatening and Diocletian divided the kingdom again. In 292, Constantius Chlorus and Galerius were proclaimed as Cæsars, and the fourfold partition was appropriated as follows: Diocletian the East, with Nicomedia as his seat of government; Maximian, Italy and Africa, with Milan as his residence; Constantius, Britain, Gaul, and Spain, with Treves as his capital; Galerius, Illyricum and the valley of the Danube, with Sirmium as his headquarters. Diocletian seldom took the field, so that most of the fighting fell to his colleagues. Among the reconquests was that of Britain, which in 296 was restored to the Empire. In addition, the Persians were defeated and compelled to submit in 298, and the northern barbarians were driven beyond the frontiers. Diocletian's tempestuous rule lasted for twenty-one years, when he abdicated his throne, forcing his colleague Maximian, much against his will, to do the same at Milan. Two years before his abdication, he was instigated by his colleague Galerius, his son-in-law, to that bloody persecution of the Christians which has made his rule memorable in history.

The Emperor issued an edict commanding all Christian churches to be demolished, all copies of the sacred Scriptures to be burned, and every Christian to be degraded from honor and rank. Hardly had this proclamation been posted up, when a Christian noble stepped forward and tore it down. He made

no attempt to conceal his act, and being arrested was roasted to death. A fire broke out in the palace, but, since it was quickly extinguished, there is cause for belief that it was kindled to furnish a pretext for persecuting the Christians. They suffered every conceivable torture, and the flames of persecution raged everywhere in the Empire except in Gaul, Britain, and Spain, where Constantius ruled. Diocletian and Maximian abdicating as we have shown, Galerius gave unrestrained indulgence to his infernal hatred of the Christians. "With little rest, for eight years," says a writer, "the whip and the rack, the tigers, the hooks of steel, and the red-hot beds continued to do their deadly work. And then in 311, when life was fading from his dying eye, Galerius published an edict permitting Christians to worship God in their own way."

Christianity from its divine nature is deathless, and no persecution or human enmity can stay its advances. Galerius, its fiendish foe, was dead, and now came the wonderful occurrence of a Roman Emperor professing Christianity. While Constantine Chlorus was fighting in Britain, he died, and the soldiers proclaimed his son Constantine Emperor. This was easy enough, and in accordance with the usual fashion, but the first step the new Emperor had to take by way of self-preservation was to overcome five rivals.

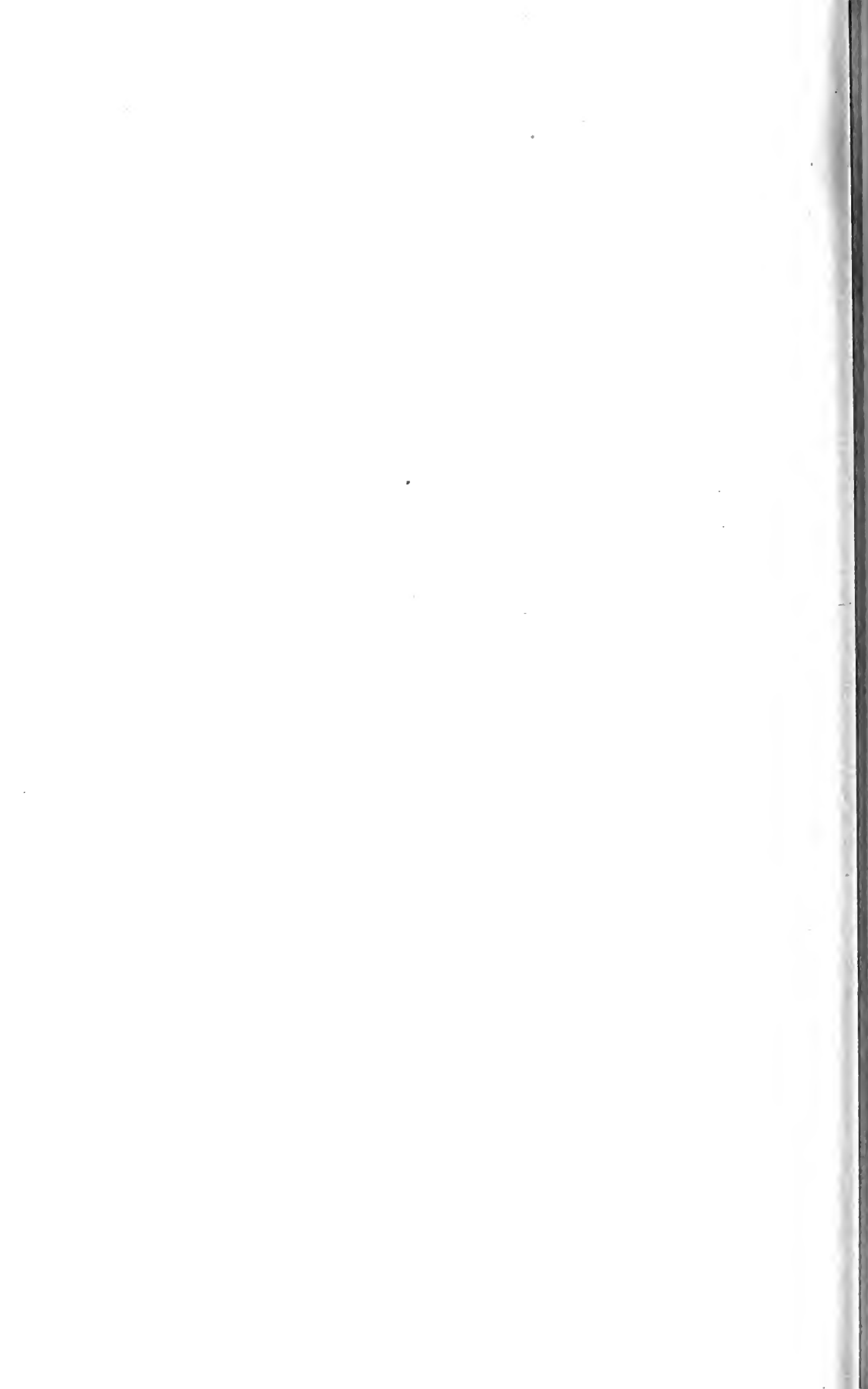
In the prosecution of this stupendous task, he was on his way in 312 to attack his rival Maxentius near Rome, when, so he declared, he saw with his own eyes the form of a flaming cross in the heavens, standing out above the sun and inscribed with the words: *In hoc vince*—By this conquer. In the battle which shortly followed, Maxentius was overthrown, and like Saul of Tarsus, who saw the great light on the way to Damascus, Constantine resolved to accept the new faith and become a Christian.

It is said by the early church historians that on the night following this vision, the Saviour appeared to Constantine in a dream, and commanded him to frame a similar standard, and to march under it with the assurance of victory. Thus originated the famous *Labarum*, or standard of the cross, displayed by the Christian emperors in their campaigns. The X in the top of the *Labarum* represents the cross, and is the initial of the Greek word for Christ.

While the personal conduct of Constantine in many instances was shockingly contrary to the spirit of Christianity, for he was cruel and licentious, it cannot be denied that he dealt prodigious blows in favor of the new faith. His first act was the issuance of the Edict of Milan, which brought peace to the sorely harried Christian church. In 324, he defeated the last of his rivals, and made Christianity the religion of the state. He sent out circular letters to his subjects, whom he exhorted to embrace the divine truth of Christianity. His example could not fail to have tremendous influence, and thousands did as he asked them. It is estimated that during his reign a twentieth part of the



CARACALLA'S ENTRANCE INTO ALEXANDRIA



population were professing Christians. Instead of persecuting paganism in its turn, Constantine assailed it with ridicule and neglect. With the public money he repaired the old churches and built new ones, so that it came about that in all the leading cities the strange sight was presented of the pagan temples being surpassed in splendor by the new places of worship. The Christian clergy were no longer required to pay taxes, and Sunday was proclaimed a day of rest. Finally, Constantine removed the seat of government to Byzantium, which henceforth became known as Constantinople, in his honor, and was essentially a Christian city.

A notable result of the crushing of political aspiration had been the turning of the thoughts of the ablest intellects to the grand problems of the Christian faith. The theological writers, both in Latin and Greek, are known as the "Christian Fathers," the principal of whom were as follows:

Tertullian, the son of a proconsular centurion, was born in Carthage in 160. He was brought up a heathen, but was converted by a Christian wife. He possessed a fine education, and was well versed in Roman law, in ancient philosophy, history, and poetry; but he was bigoted and uncharitable, with a strong inclination to asceticism. His writings were numerous. Neander says of his theology: "In Tertullian we find the first germ of that spirit which afterward appeared with more refinement and purity in Augustine, as from Augustine the scholastic theology proceeded and in him also the Reformation found its point of connection." His chief work was his "Apologeticus," written in 198, and urging the right of the Christians to freedom of worship.

Origen was born at Alexandria in 185, and has been termed the "father of Biblical criticism and exegesis in Christendom." When seventeen years old he saw his father die the death of a martyr, and would have willingly shared his parent's fate, had not his mother, who had six younger children dependent upon her, prevented. He was the most rigid of asceticists. He was liberal in his views, and accepted the Christian faith in its fulness only after careful study of all the different religions of which he could gain knowledge. His denial of belief in eternal punishment caused his excommunication, through the efforts of the Bishop of Alexandria; but the churches of the East remained faithful to him, and he kept up constant communication with Palestine, Arabia, Phœnicia, and Achaia. He was obliged to flee several times, and died in 254 at Tyre, from the tortures he had suffered during the Christian persecutions. His tomb remained for centuries near the high altar of the cathedral, until it was destroyed during the Crusades.

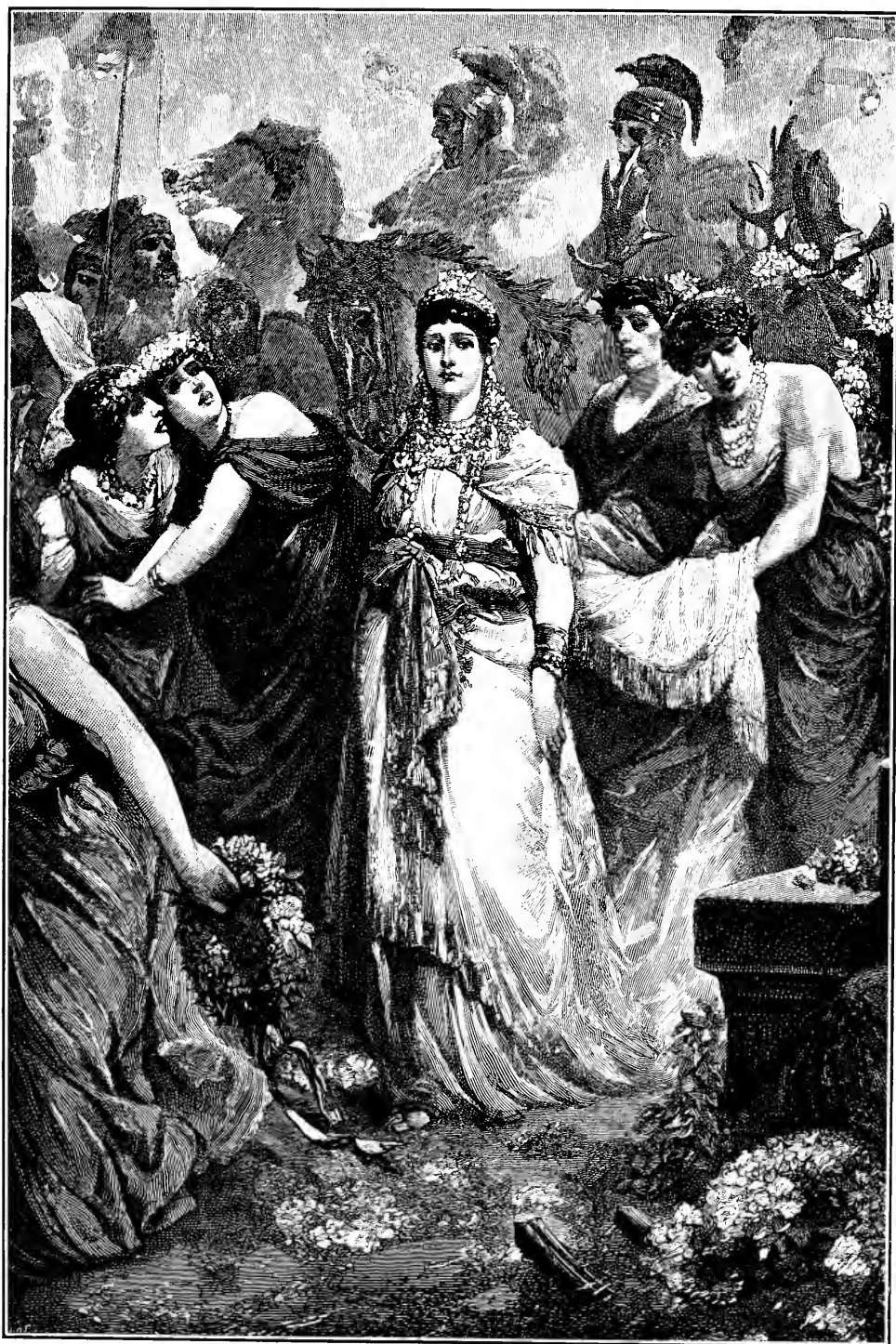
Origen wrote in Greek, and his essays and sermons numbered thousands, the great bulk of which are lost. The most important that have survived are his two editions of the Old Testament, called respectively "Tetrapla" (four-

fold), and "Hexapla" (sixfold). Only a few fragments remain, which have been collected and edited by Montfaucon. Among his other partly extant and partly lost works are "On the Resurrection," "On Martyrdom," "Eight Books Against Celsus," "On Prayer," besides Epistles, etc.

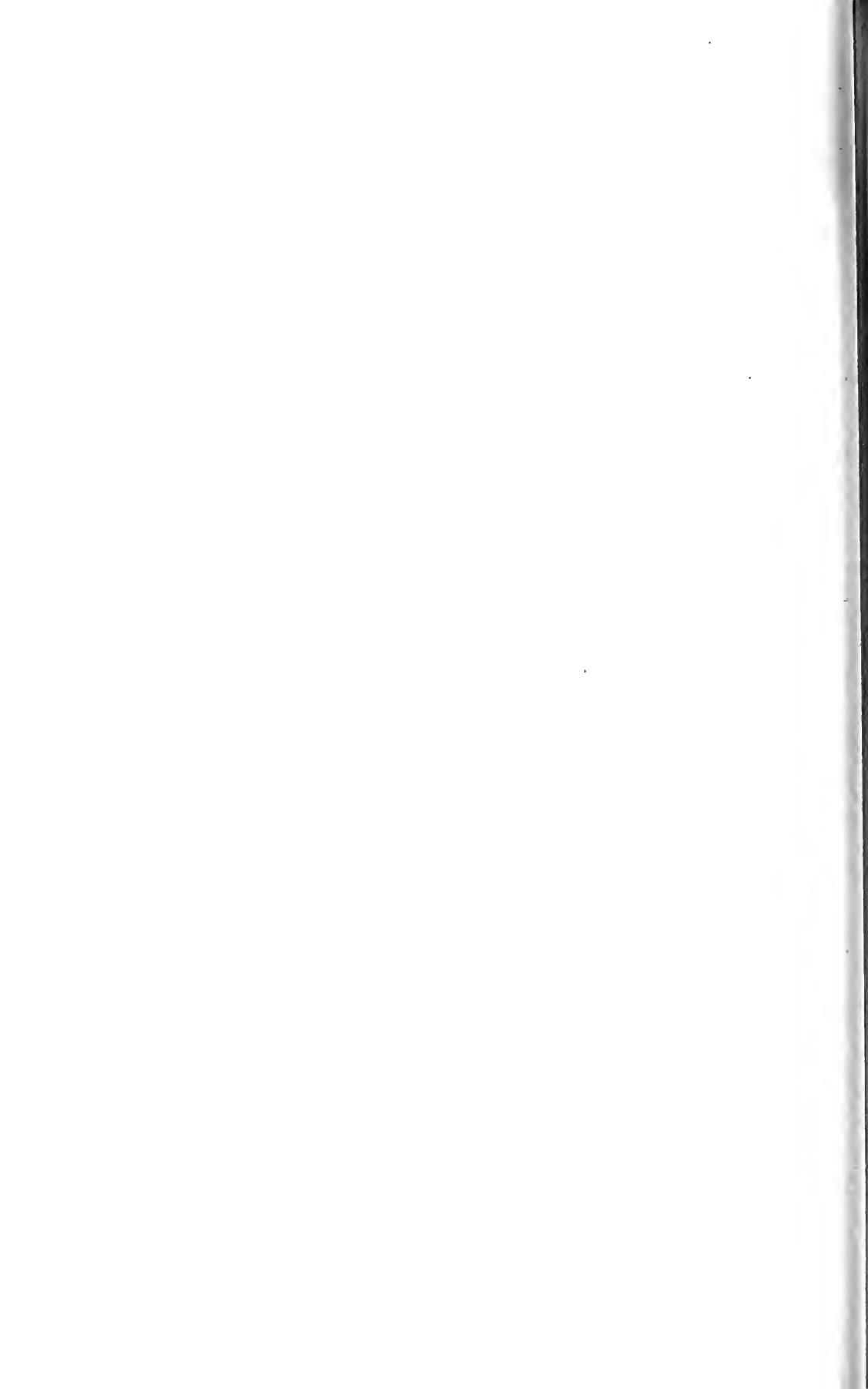
Cyprian was born in Carthage about the beginning of the third century. He belonged to a distinguished family and taught rhetoric before his conversion to Christianity. He was greatly liked because of his benevolence, and his piety was so venerated that he was soon made bishop of his native city. To escape the persecutions of Decius, he fled into the desert in 250, and remained for a year, during which he carried on an extensive correspondence with his clergy. In the persecution under Valerian, he was banished in 257 to Curubis, but having returned to Carthage the following year was beheaded. He was learned, eloquent, but modest and dignified. His writings contain besides eighty-one *Epistolæ*, or official letters, a number of treatises, the most important of which is the "Unity of the Church."

Ambrose was born about 340 at Treves, where his father, the Prefect of Gaul, was accustomed to reside. It is said that when an infant lying in his cradle, his nurse was astonished to see a swarm of bees cluster about him and gather over his mouth, without stinging him. This was regarded as a most fortunate omen, and the father anticipated a high destiny for his son. He was excellently educated, and went to Milan to pursue the study of the legal profession. He so distinguished himself that the Emperor Valentinian appointed him prefect of Upper Italy and Milan. His wisdom and kindness attached all to him, so that by both Arians and Catholics he was unanimously called to be Bishop of Milan in 374. He shrank from the dignity and even left the city; but before long he returned, and was baptized and consecrated eight days afterward. The anniversary of this event is still celebrated as a fête by the Catholic Church. He won the love and admiration of all by his mildness and gentleness, as well as by his unyielding severity toward wickedness in every form. His Christian bravery was shown by his driving the Emperor Theodosius from the door of the church, because of his cruel massacre of the Thessalonians. He excommunicated the Emperor and compelled him to do severe penance for eight months before restoring him to the church. Ambrose died in 397. The "Te Deum Laudamus" and several other works have been attributed to him. He is the patron saint of Milan, and the Ambrosian Library received its name in his honor.

Athanasius was born in Alexandria about the year 296. Although only a deacon and but a mere youth when appointed to the first general council of the church at Nice, he attracted great attention by his learning and eloquence. He was still young when elected Patriarch of Alexandria. He was persecuted by



ZENOBIA IN THE TRIUMPH OF AURELIAN



the Arians and driven out of Alexandria, then restored only to be driven out again. Once he had to remain hidden for four months in the tomb of his father, but was finally restored to his bishopric, which he held until his death in 373. He was a leading ecclesiastic of the church, able, judicious, wise, perfectly fearless, and though twenty years of his life were spent in exile, his exertions were crowned with complete success. His writings are clear and powerful, and he was the great champion of Trinitarianism, his polemical works relating chiefly to the incarnation of the Saviour and the divinity of the Holy Spirit.

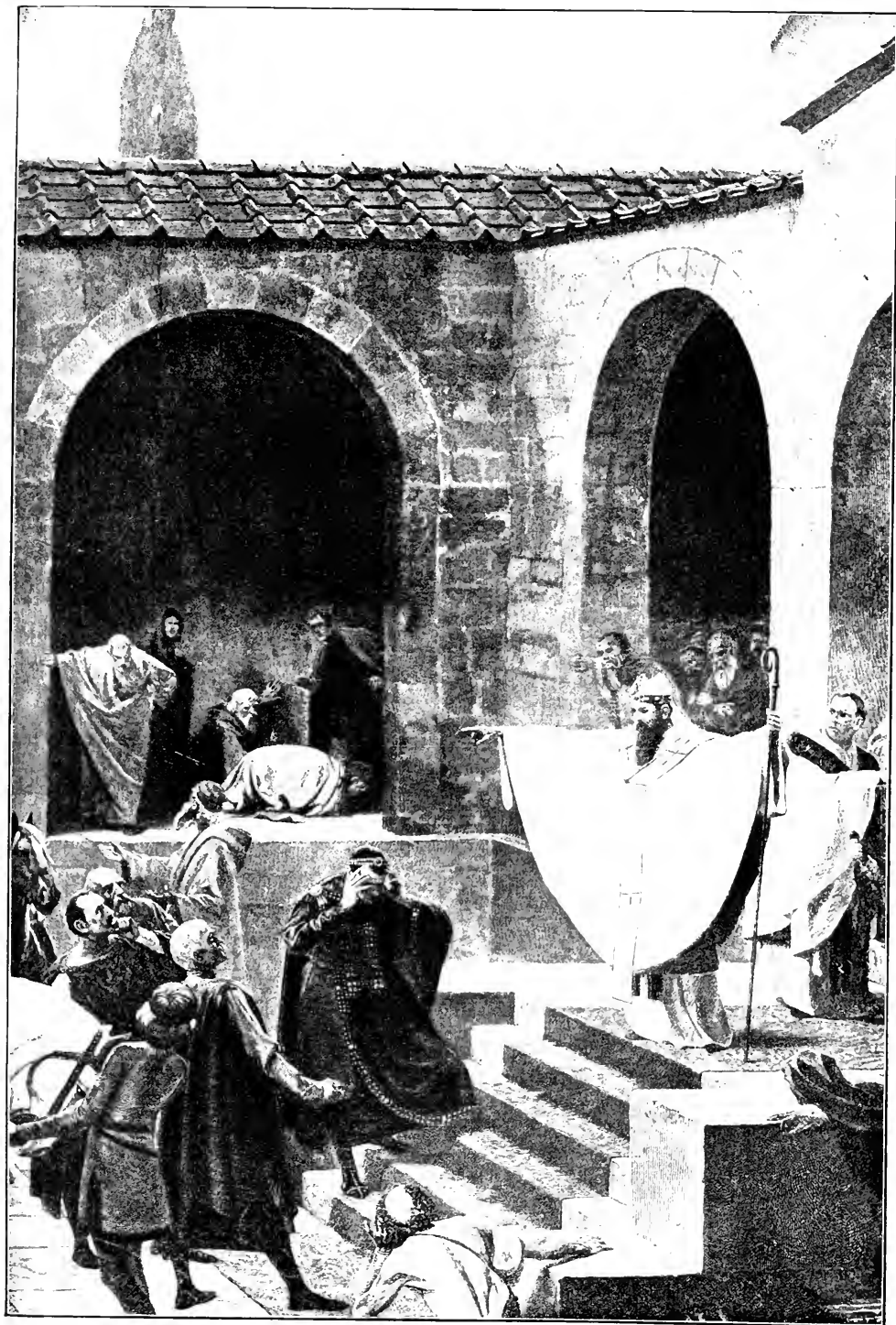
Gregory Nazianzen (called also the Theologian, because of his erudition in sacred literature) was born about 329 in Cappadocia, not far from Cæsarea. His father, also of the same name, became a Christian, through the instrumentality of his wife, and was raised to the dignity of Bishop of Nazianzus. Thus the son grew up in a religious atmosphere. It is a curious coincidence that while studying at Athens he came in intimate contact with Julian, afterward Emperor and known as the Apostate, and from their numerous discussions Gregory predicted no good to him because of his "unsettled and arrogant mind." Gregory became brilliant in eloquence, philosophy, and sacred literature, and, receiving baptism at the hands of his father, consecrated to God "all his goods, his glory, his health, his tongue, his talents." In order to be able to devote his years to austere devotion, he retired to a solitary life and took up his abode with Basil in the desert near the river Iris, in Pontus. He was recalled by his father and made priest, but fled, was recalled again, and became assistant to his parent in the ministry and preached to the people. He shrank from a public life, but after the death of his father came back to Constantinople, where in a short time his eloquence and erudition led to his appointment as archbishop, which so exasperated the Arians that for a time his life was in danger. Although upheld by the Pope and the Emperor Theodosius, Gregory preferred to resign his bishopric voluntarily. He returned to Nazianzus, where after some years of ascetic devotion he died in 389. His ashes were removed to Constantinople, and thence during the Crusades to Rome. He was one of the finest orators and most thoughtful writers of his times. His surviving writings include fifty-three orations, two hundred and forty-two letters, and one hundred and seventy-six poems.

John Chrysostom (Golden-mouth), so-called from his eloquence, was born at Antioch in 340, and had the guidance of a noble, pious mother. At an early age he surpassed his teachers in eloquence. He was ordained deacon in 381, and presbyter five years later, soon becoming known as the chief orator of the Eastern Church. He bestowed so large a portion of his revenues at Constantinople on hospitals and other charities that he was called "John the Almoner." One of the purest of men himself, he strove to reform the lives of the clergy

and sent missionaries into Persia, Palestine, Scythia, and other lands. His unceasing war against vice led to his exile, but he never abated his zeal, no matter where his lot was cast. The Emperor, incensed by the love and sympathy shown for him, ordered his further banishment to a remote tract on the Euxine, whither the old man plodded all alone with his bare head exposed to the burning sun. This cruelty caused his death, and he passed away at Comanum, in Pontus, September 14th, 407, murmuring his gratitude to God with his dying lips. Who would not prefer a thousandfold such a death to that of the proudest emperor or potentate that ever lived? Thomas Aquinas said he would not give Chrysostom's Homily on St. Matthew for the whole city of Paris. The name Chrysostom was not applied to him until after his death. His works are numerous, are in Greek, and consist of Homilies, Commentaries, Epistles, Treatises, and Liturgies. His Homilies are held to be superior to anything of the kind in ancient Christian literature.

Jerome was born in 340 in Dalmatia, of parents who were Christians. He was highly educated and exceedingly devout. Retiring to the desert of Chalcis in 374, he spent four years in study and penitential exercises. In 379 he was ordained priest at Antioch, after which he passed three years in close intimacy at Constantinople with Gregory of Nazianzus. Visiting Rome on a mission, in 382, he resided there till 385, as secretary of the Pope. He became very popular because of his eloquence, learning, and sanctity. He fixed his abode in Bethlehem in 396, where he died, September 30, 420. His great work was the translation of the Bible into Latin. He was the author of other religious works, letters, treatises, and commentaries, and was the founder of Monasticism.

Augustine was born at Numidia, in Africa, and ranks as the greatest of the Latin fathers. His pious mother carefully instructed him, but he fell a victim to the temptations of Carthage, as he freely confessed, and thereby was caused sorrow all through his life. He went to Rome, followed by the prayers of his devoted mother, and then to Milan, where he fell under the influence of the saintly Ambrose, who was Bishop of Milan. It was the most fortunate thing that could have happened to Augustine, for after much study and meditation he felt the necessity of a living, personal God and Saviour to rescue him from the condemnation of his own conscience. He was baptized by Ambrose on the 25th of April, 387. Soon after, he set out on his return home. His mother, who was his companion, died happy and grateful because of the salvation of her son. Before leaving Italy for Africa he wrote several of his most noted treatises. His inflexible character as a Christian had become fixed, and he devoted his majestic intellect to the propagation of the truths of Christianity. He divided his goods among the poor, retired to private life, and com-



AMBROSE BARRING THEODOSIUS FROM THE CHURCH



posed other treatises, which added to his already high reputation. In 391 he was ordained priest, and although busily occupied for the next few years in preaching, he wrote three more works, and in 395 was made colleague with Valerius, Bishop of Hippo. In 397 appeared his "Confessions," in thirteen books. It is an earnest autobiography of one of the greatest minds the world has ever known. Some of its passages are paralleled nowhere outside the Psalms of David. In 426 he finished his greatest work, "De Civitate Dei," which, despite some faults of premises and reasoning, has been accepted as one of the most profound and lasting monuments of human genius. He died on August 28, 430, in answer to his own prayer, during the siege of Hippo by the Vandals. No man ever exerted a greater influence over the church than he.

Now, while Constantine professed Christianity, it is impossible to believe that his heart was touched by its gentle teachings, for his private conduct was in ferocious contrast to the blessed example of the Fathers, of whom we have been learning. He must have been controlled largely by political and selfish motives. He and Licinius, through the famous edicts of Milan and Nicomedia, simply declared the equality of Christianity with the old state religion. The path of Constantine was crimsoned with blood, for he shrank from no crime against even his nearest relatives, in order that he might accomplish his aims. His father-in-law Maximinus, his brother-in-law Licinius, and the latter's son, fell before him in the struggle for the monarchy, and finally his own son by his first marriage, the worthy Cæsar Crispus, because of his popularity, aroused the fatal jealousy of Constantine. This Emperor died, May 22, 337, while making his preparations for a Persian war in Nicomedia.



ROMANS FIGHTING THE GOTHIS



THE LAST ROMAN EMPEROR SURRENDERING THE CROWN

Chapter XLI

THE BARBARIANS DESTROY THE EMPIRE

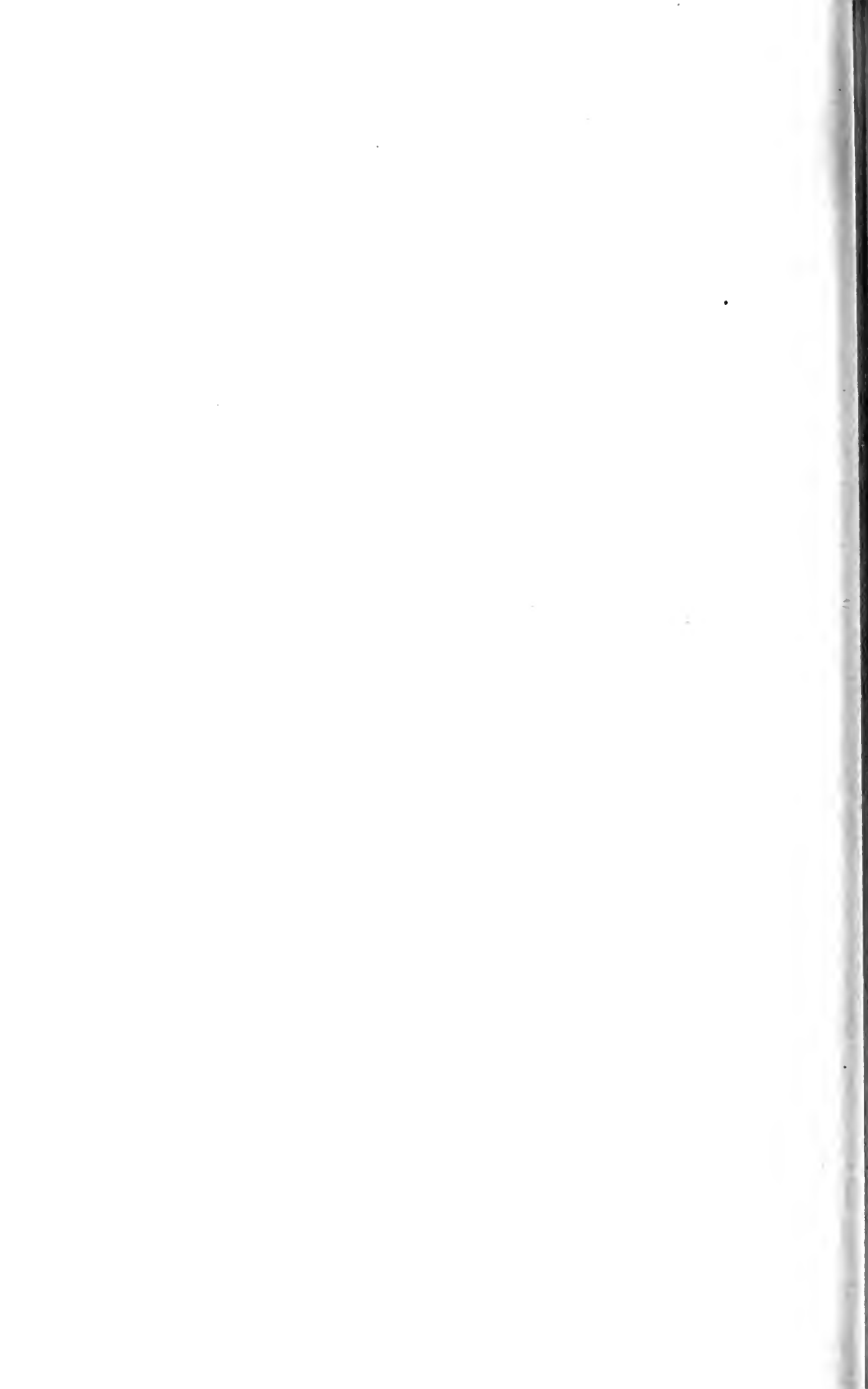


WE approach the breakdown of Roman power. Constantine had shifted his capital to Constantinople. In the vigor of his career, he had appointed his three sons by his second marriage to be Cæsars, and at his death the Empire was apportioned among them. Constantine II. received the West, Constantius, Asia with Egypt, and Constans, Italy and Africa. Almost from the first a furious quarrelling raged among them. Constantine was defeated by Constans and killed at Aquileia in 340. This gave the latter dominance in the Empire, and he gained some creditable successes over the Germans, but he made himself so odious by his arbitrary conduct that his troops slew him and proclaimed as emperor one of his generals, Magnentius, a Frank by birth (350). Magnentius suffered defeat at the hands of Constantius, and in despair slew himself. Thus Constantius became sole monarch in 353, and reigned until 360. Before leaving the East, he had appointed his cousin Gallus as Cæsar, but, suspecting his fidelity, caused him to be murdered in 354. There was urgent need of the presence of the Emperor in the East, and the inroads of the Germans into Gaul demanded a strong commander in the West. Constantius, therefore, sent his cousin Julianus, brother of the murdered Gallus, into Gaul as Cæsar.

This was the man of whom we have already learned something, and who figures in history as Julian the Apostate. He was successful against the Alemanni and Franks, and checked the tide of German invasion for several



THE BURIAL OF ALARIC



years. Constantius did not do so well in the territory of the Danube, and, becoming jealous of Julian, ordered him to send him a part of his troops to help in an impending Persian war. These soldiers refused to leave Julian, and proclaimed him Emperor in Paris. Before Constantius could march to the attack, he died at Cilicia, and Julian became sole Emperor (361–363).

He gained the name of the Apostate through his efforts to supplant Christianity with paganism. He had been brought up in the former belief, but he abandoned it; and it is not unlikely that the bloody quarrels of Constantine and other professing Christian leaders had much to do with his contempt for the faith they claimed to follow. How far Julian would have succeeded in his purpose it is impossible to say, had his life been spared, but all his plans came to naught through his death in June, 363.

Jovian was the nominee of the army, and, having made a disgraceful peace with the Germans, he retreated and then died in February, 364, whereupon Valentinian I. was elected Emperor, and, at the request of the army, took his brother Flavius Valens to share the throne with him. Valentinian had charge of the West, and reigned from 364 to 375, while Valens, beginning in the same year, held power till 378.

Valentinian fought with success against the Alemanni and Sarmatians, and his distinguished general Theodosius, father of the later emperor of that name, held Britain and Africa. Valentinian, dying in the year named, was followed by his two sons Gratian and Valentinian II., the latter still a minor. The former was persuaded by Ambrose, the famous Bishop of Milan, to deprive the pagan worship of the support hitherto received from the state.

You have not failed to note the great change through which the Roman Empire had been passing for a long time. The "pangs of transformation" were protracted through centuries, but they were complete. The Empire consisted of Italy and the provinces, and for a time their respective governments were on a different footing. The inhabitants of Italy were Roman citizens, with the provincials under the rule of Roman officials. But there began the formation of a nation of Romans in the provinces through the expedient of introducing colonies and of admitting the most deserving of the provincials to the freedom of Rome. Under Caracalla (211–217), the distinction between Romans and provincials was wiped out, and Roman citizenship was given to all the free inhabitants of the Empire. By this time, the inhabitants of Gaul, Spain, Northern Africa, and Illyria had become thorough Romans, a proof of which is that several of the later emperors were provincials, as they would have been called at an earlier date.

It inevitably followed that when all distinction ceased between Italy and the rest of the Roman Empire, Rome lost its importance as the centre of imperial

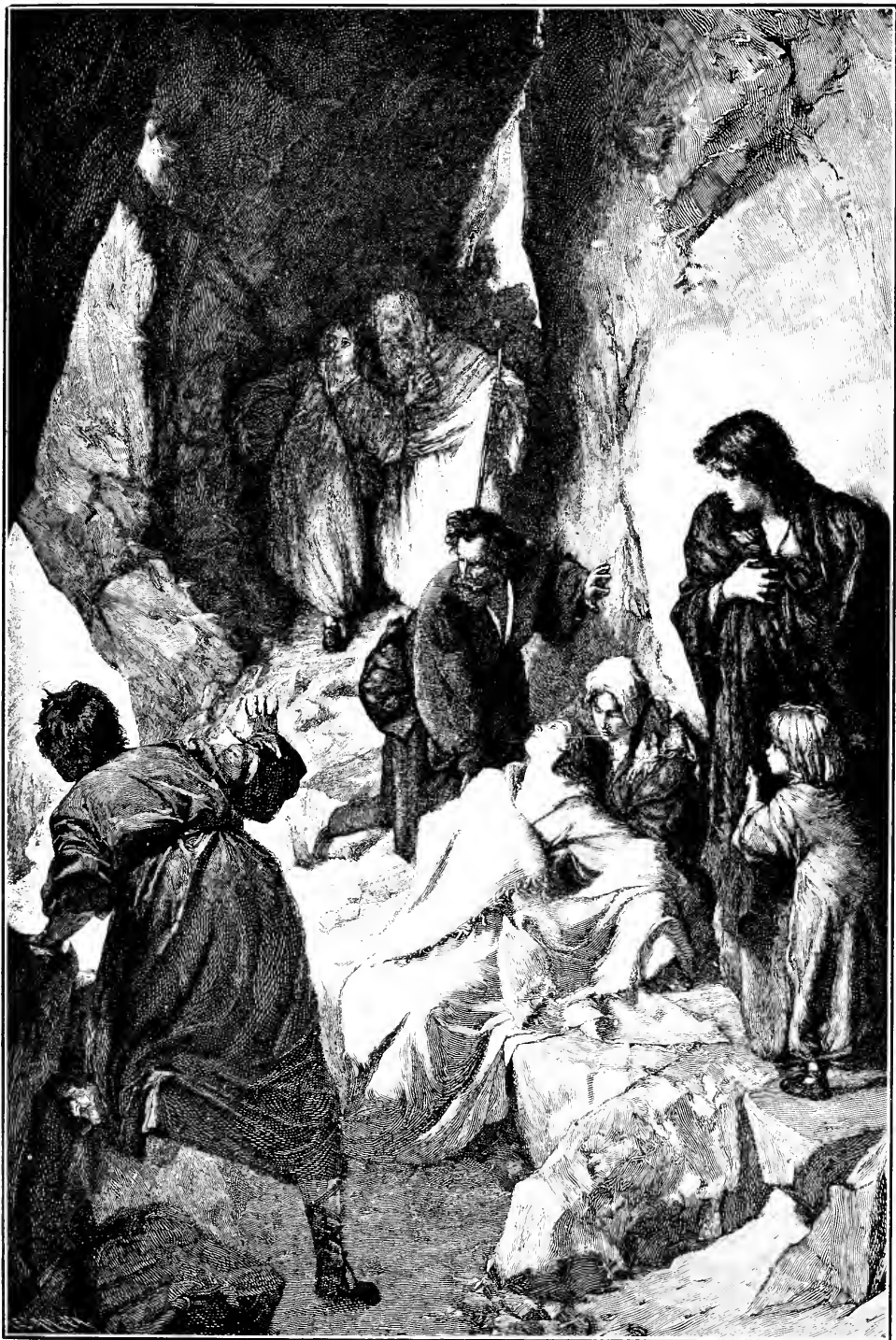
dominion. You recall the division of the Empire under Diocletian, and the removal of the capital to Byzantium or Constantinople, by Constantine. The pulsations of the great heart at Rome had sent all the blood through the arteries into the provinces, where it remained.

Theodosius I. (392-395) was the last Emperor who ruled over the whole Roman Empire. He was a great man and a zealous friend of the Christian religion. You have been told of the meekness with which he submitted to the repulse by Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, because of the massacre in Thessalonica. His reign, however, was very brief, for he died in January, 395, at Milan. He left the Empire to his two sons, Honorius ruling in the West, which was the Latin Empire, while Arcadius held sway over the East, which was the Greek or Byzantine Empire. This division was in reality only the continuance or rather completion of what had been done by preceding emperors.

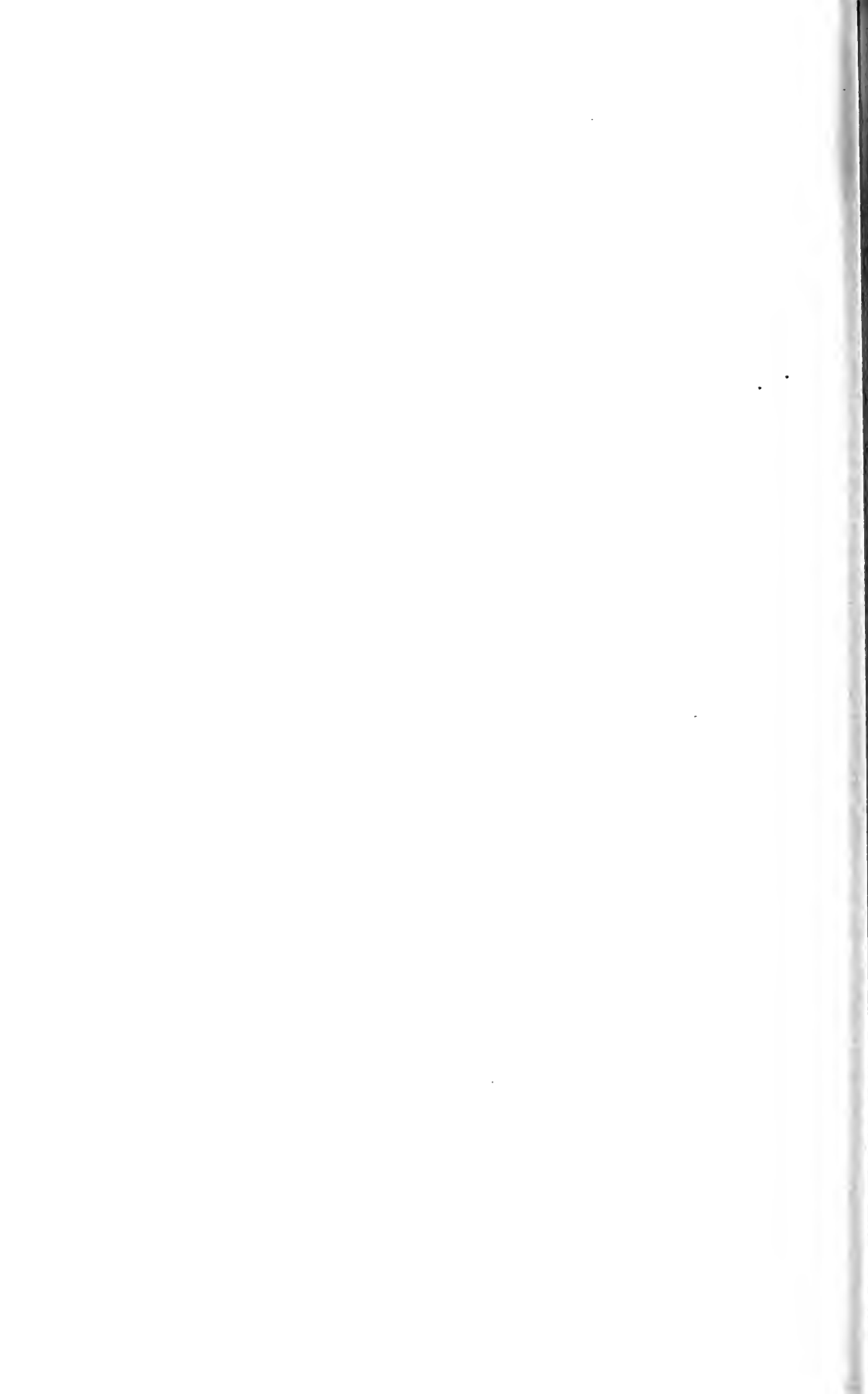
There could be no mistaking the signs which foretold the fall of Rome. It has been shown that the Romans had ceased to be a *nation*, because the nation was absorbed by the *Empire*. There had been a steady mixture of foreign bloods, until only a mongrel race remained in the ancient city. The sturdy ancient Roman—the perfection of manly vigor and strength—was gone, and in his place remained a debauched, effeminate, luxury-loving people, wholly abandoned to self-indulgence. If a few exceptions rose here and there, like towering oaks in a decaying forest, the majority were rotten to the core. The emperors and wealthy classes lived for animal pleasure alone. They were a flabby, sodden race, oozing with rheum, diseased, debased, and in many instances with no more sensibility than the swine wallowing in the gutter. They were not worth saving, and their downfall drew near with the surety of the tread of doom.

The death-blow was to be dealt by the northern barbarians—those magnificent specimens of manhood. They were like great bulls, charging with lowered horns, ramming the walls until they trembled; and their savage bellowings made the so-called Romans shake with dread as they braced their decrepit bodies against the tottering gates and vainly tried to hold them shut.

The lusty Teutonic or German tribes had lived for centuries among the forests of the North, and gave more than one Roman emperor all he could do to shove them back over the boundaries which they persisted in crossing. In time the question arose whether it was not a wise step to permit these barbarians to come into the country and mix with the Romans, who could not fail to be improved by the infusion of so superb a strain. Moreover, these massive neighbors had heard of the new faith—Christianity—and in a crude way accepted its truths. Finally, in the latter half of the fourth century, under the Roman emperor Valens, a large body of Teutons were permitted to make their



CHRISTIAN FUGITIVES FROM THE HUNS



homes within the limits of the Empire. Their dwelling-place north of the Danube is now called Moldavia and Wallachia, and had been the province of Dacia in the time of Trajan, but it was abandoned by the Romans under Aurelian. These Goths accepted Christianity in the Arian form (Arius held Christ to be inferior to God the Father in dignity and nature), from Bishop Ulfilas, whose translation of the Scriptures into the Gothic tongue is the oldest Teutonic writing of which we have knowledge.

In the latter part of the fourth century, the Goths became restless under the pressure of the shaggy Huns—Tartars or Kalmucks—who, yielding to that strange impulse known as the “wanderings of nations,” were come out of Eastern Asia, and were pushing their way into Europe. Helpless to hold their own against them, the Goths appealed to the Emperor Galens, then ruling over the East, to allow them to cross to the south side of the Danube, and thus place that river as a barrier between them and their ferocious enemies. The Emperor was suspicious of the fealty of the Goths, and consented only on condition that they should surrender their children and weapons. This hard proposal was accepted, and the Romans furnished the boats which for days and nights were rowed back and forth, carrying their loads of innocent ones. Then having given them up, the Goths bribed the Roman officers to allow them to keep their arms. Thus, in 376, a million men, women, and slaves crossed one of the natural frontiers of the Empire and settled within its borders.

But the Romans counted unwisely upon the forbearance of the Goths, when they treated them with great brutality and left them with no means against starvation. In their desperation, the Goths marshalled their fierce warriors and marched against Constantinople. The angered Roman army met them near Adrianople, and were disastrously defeated, the Emperor losing his life in the battle, which was fought in 378. Then the horde overran the fertile region westward to the borders of Italy and the Adriatic Sea.

Theodosius, who well deserved the name of the Great, compelled the Goths to submit and settle down quietly, many of them taking service in the Roman armies. But this did not last long. The sons of Theodosius were weaklings, and, when they divided the Roman Empire between them, the Visigoths or Western Goths rebelled, and elevated their chief Alaric upon their shields, which was their national mode of electing a king. Alaric spread desolation through Greece, conquered the Roman armies there, and sacked their cities. Then he and his Goths hurled themselves upon Italy. They captured and sacked Rome in 410. It was what Pyrrhus and Hannibal, the Greek and the Carthaginian, had failed to do. Until Alaric entered, Rome had not seen a foreign master within her gates since the time of Brennus, 800 years before.

After six days of pillage Alaric withdrew from Rome and ravaged Southern

Italy. His adoring followers looked on him almost as a god. When he died they turned aside the waters of the river Busentinus and buried him on horse-back within its depths. Then the waters were allowed to flow back over the grave, and all the slaves who knew where it lay, were slain, so that he might rest forever undisturbed.

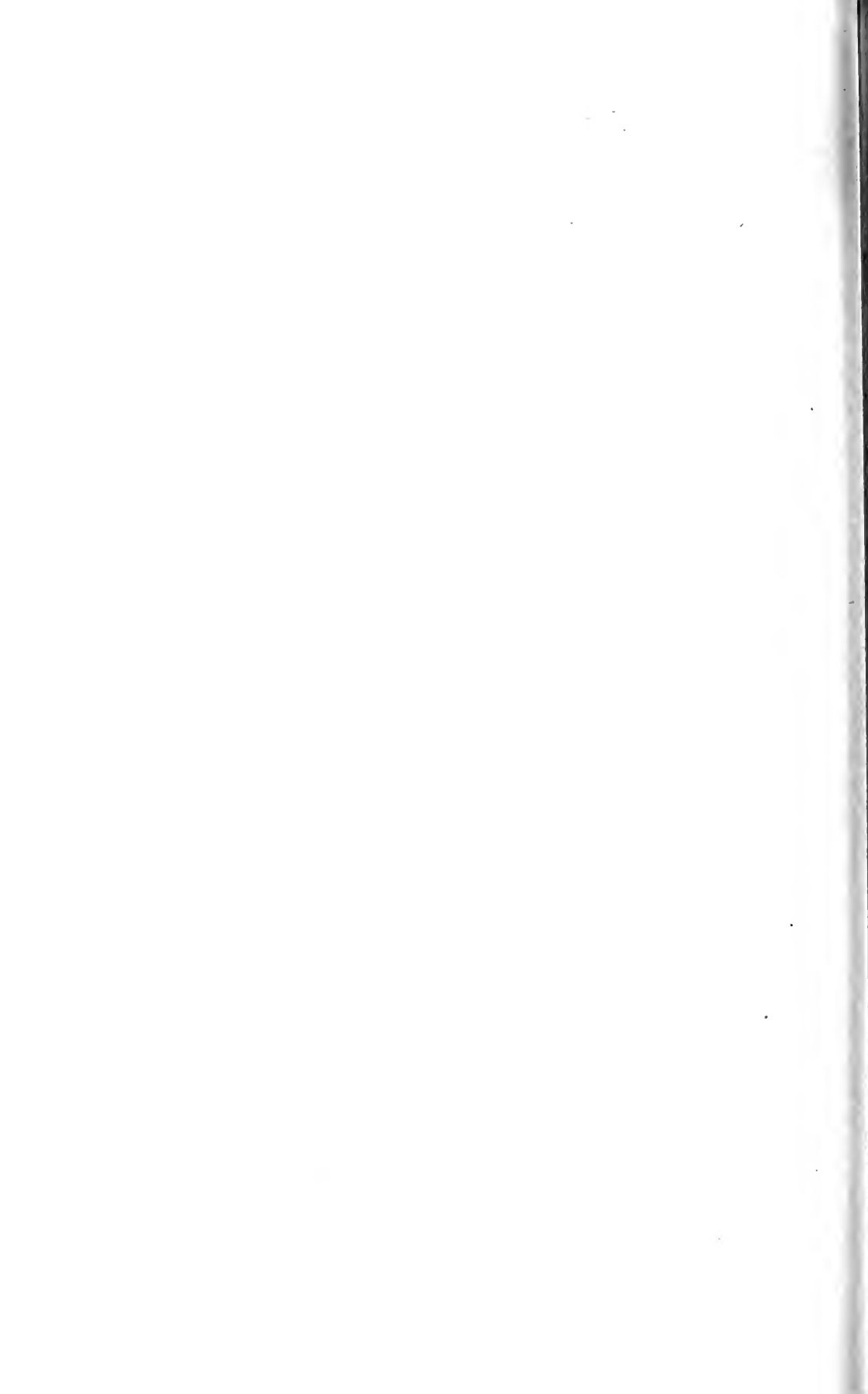
The Western Empire was fast crumbling to pieces. Britain was abandoned by the Romans and was soon inundated by the German tribes known as Angles and Saxons. The different Teutonic clans invaded Gaul and from Gaul passed into Spain, which was conquered by Vandals, Sueves, and other German races; while Gaul was overrun by Franks, Burgundians, and Goths, all members of the Teutonic family. Then a host of Vandals under Geiseric crossed from Spain into Africa. Carthage was captured in 439. Thus the most vigorous limbs were lopped off from the decaying trunk.

Meanwhile, a hideous creature, squat of form, with huge head, broad shoulders, gleaming deep-set eyes, emerged from his log hut on the plains of Hungary, and set out on his career of conquest and desolation. He was Attila, the Hun, who had murdered his brother rather than permit him to share in his sovereignty over the prodigious hordes of savages scattered through the north of Asia and Europe. Christendom called him the "Scourge of God," and his superstitious followers believed he carried a supernatural sword. Under his bloody banner fought the Vandals, Ostrogoths, Gepidæ, and many of the Franks. In a short time, he forced his dominion over the people of Germany and Scythia. He ruled from the frontiers of Gaul to those of China. His campaign in 447 in Persia and Armenia was unsuccessful, but he afterward swept through Illyria and desolated the countries between the Black Sea and the Mediterranean. At his approach cities were left desolate; the unhappy people fled to crouch in caverns among the woods and cliffs. Starvation was less cruel than the Hun. He gave to all only the choice of annihilation or of following in his train. Theodosius fought three terrific battles with him and was beaten in all. Constantinople escaped because the shaggy demons did not know how to besiege the strong fortifications; but Attila wrought his ferocious will in Thrace, Macedon, and Greece, where seventy cities were desolated. Theodosius, after treacherously trying to murder his conqueror, was compelled to cede to him a portion of his territory south of the Danube and to pay him an immense tribute.

In 451, the Scourge wheeled his horse westward to invade Gaul, but was confronted by Aëtius, leader of the Romans, and Theodoric, king of the Visigoths. There Tartar despotism and Aryan civilization met in the life-and-death struggle, and the latter triumphed. The Huns were routed on every side, Attila himself narrowly escaping capture or death. If we can trust the older historians, this was the bloodiest battle ever fought in Europe. It took



THE VANDALS IN ROME



place near the site of the present city of Chalons-sur-Marne, and it is said that the dead left on the field numbered from 250,000 to 300,000.

Attila was in despair, and, having retired to his camp, collected all the wooden shields, saddles, and other baggage into an immense funeral pile, determined to die in the flames, rather than surrender; but through the advice of Aëtius, the Roman commander, the Huns were allowed to retreat in safety, lest they should gain from despair the strength to conquer.

The Scourge recovered his strength in the following year, and again invaded Italy, devastating Aquileia, Milan, Padua, and other cities, and driving the panic-stricken people into the Alps, the Apennines, and the lagoons of the Adriatic, where they founded the city of Venice. Rome was utterly helpless, but was saved through Pope Leo I., who boldly visited the terrible barbarian and by his majestic mien and apostolic majesty terrified him into sparing the city. Attila returned to Hungary, but two years later regained his ruthless courage, and was making preparations for another invasion of Italy, when he burst a blood-vessel and died. What a grim comment on the folly of puny man in arraying himself against the cause of truth and justice! Attila boasted that the grass never grew on the spot trodden by the hoof of his horse, but the prick of a pin or the most trifling occurrence has been sufficient many a time to bring the proudest wretch to the dust. The immense empire of the "Scourge of God" immediately crumbled to fragments.

Attila had hardly shrunk away from Rome before the imprecations of the Pope, when Geiseric, the Vandal chief of Africa, sailed with his fleet from Carthage and anchored at the mouth of the Tiber. This time Leo could not turn aside the fury of the barbarians. Rome was captured (455), and for two weeks the Vandals and Moors plundered and pillaged and looted, without a gleam of mercy. Scores of ships were laden with captives and treasures, and sailed across the sea to Carthage.

The emperors of the West still came and went like a procession of phantoms. Scan the list and you will find their names, but they were no more than so many figments of sleep, so far as their power went to stay the rush of the Empire to destruction. Finally, the Roman Senate declared that one emperor was enough, and that he should be the Eastern Emperor Zeno, but the government of Italy was to be trusted to Odoacer, who took the title of Patrician of Italy. This Odoacer had been a bandit among the Noric Alps, and, entering the Roman service, rapidly rose to eminence. He aided Orestes, in 475, in driving the Emperor Julius Nepos from the throne, and conferred on his son Romulus the title of Augustus, which the people in ridicule changed to Augustulus. This feeble youth, who, by a strange sarcasm of destiny, bore the names of the founder of Rome and of the Empire, was pensioned off, and, when

Odoacer became king, the Senate sent back to Constantinople the tiara and purple, for the Western Empire had passed away forever.

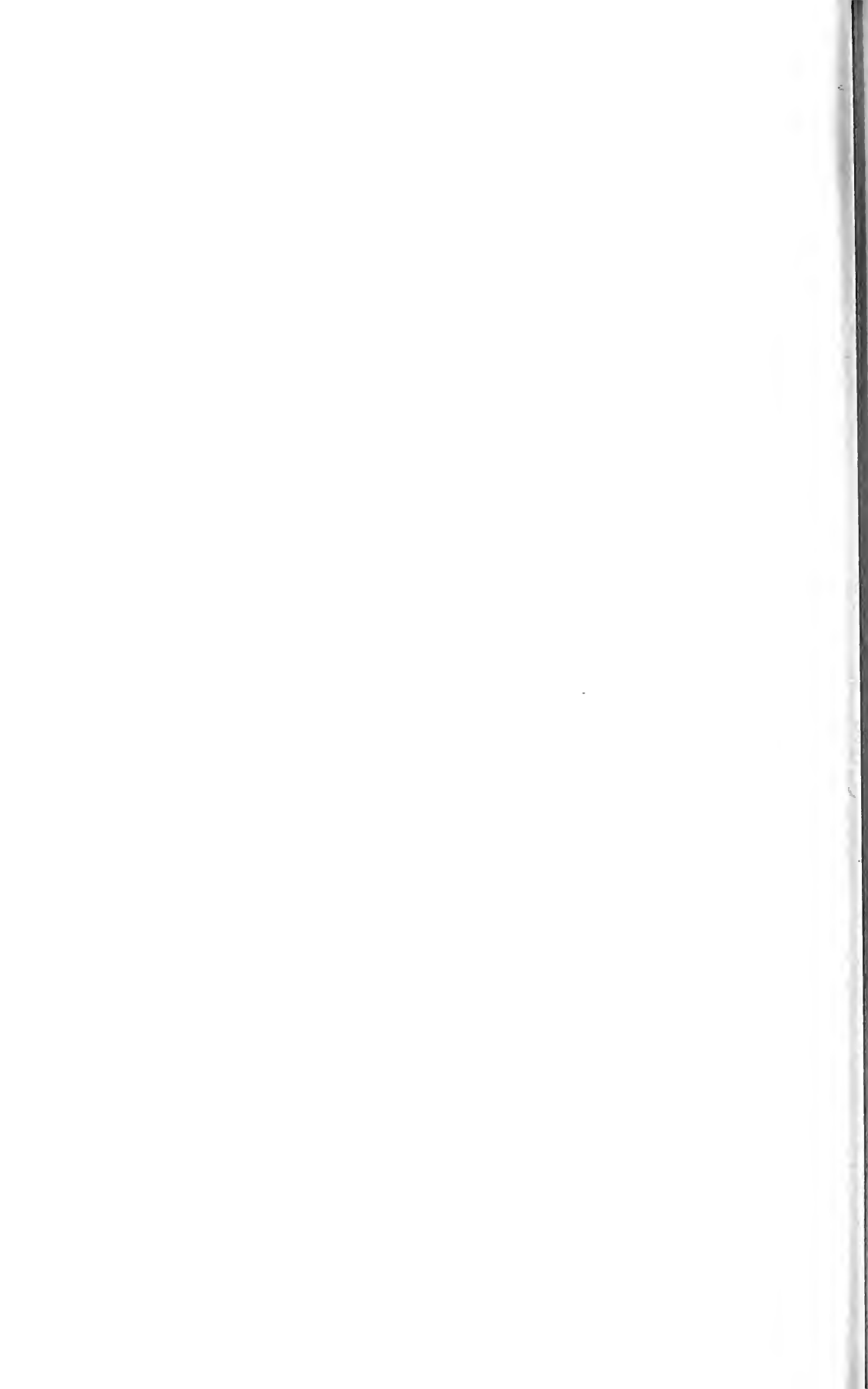
The western or Latin provinces of the Roman Empire having dissolved before the onrush of the barbarians, let us now glance at the history of the Eastern Empire, which survived the general wreck for a thousand years, though steadily decaying and going to ruin. The Greek or Byzantine Empire reached its zenith in the sixth century, under Justinian, who reigned from 527 to 565. Although of little military capacity, he had the wisdom to select the ablest generals of the last days of Roman ascendancy, and under their direction, especially that of the distinguished Narses and Belisarius, the Empire was restored, at least so far as outward appearance went, to its ancient limits, and the East and West were reunited under a single rule. His first war, that with Persia, had scarcely been brought to a half-successful conclusion when a revolt took place against him. A rival emperor was elected, and Justinian was so frightened that he would have fled but for the vigor and resolution of his wife, Theodora. Narses repressed the rising with merciless severity, and it is said that 30,000 of the insurgents were slain in one day.

Belisarius by the force of arms re-annexed the Vandal kingdom of Africa to the Empire; and he and Narses restored the imperial authority in Rome, in Northern Italy, and in a large portion of Spain. One of the remarkable works of Justinian was the renewing and strengthening of the immense line of fortifications along the eastern and southeastern frontier of the Empire. These works of defence and many public buildings in Rome and other cities involved enormous expenditures, but they were ably and honestly carried out. The most famous of his buildings is the great church of St. Sophia in Constantinople.

But the chief renown of Justinian rests upon his work as a legislator. Directly on his accession, he set to work to collect the vast mass of previous legislative enactments which were still in force; and, to make this thorough, he first compiled a code comprising all the constitutions of his predecessors (527-529). Next the authoritative commentaries of the jurists were harmonized and published under the title of *Digesta Pandecta* (529-533). The code was republished in 534, with the addition of Julian's own laws. His third important legal undertaking was the composition of a systematic treatise on the law for the guidance of students and lawyers, which was published shortly before the Digest, under the title of *Institutiones* (Institutes). All these great works were completed under the guidance and superintendence of the learned jurist Tribonian. They were originally written in Latin, while the later treatises which Justinian caused to be prepared were in Greek, and bore the name *Novellæ* or "New Works." This complete system, known as the *Civil Law*, formed



THE LAST OF THE GOTHs LEAVING ITALY



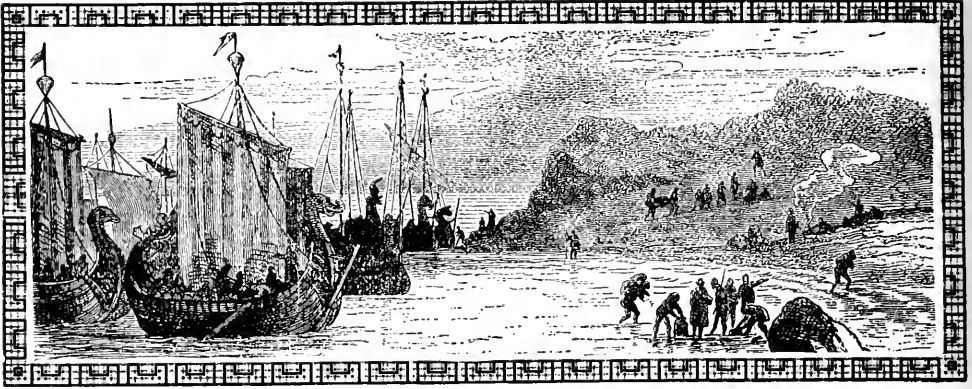
the groundwork of the law of nearly all of the nations of Europe, England being the most notable exception.

After the fall of Rome and the collapse of the Western Empire, Odoacer, the Visigothic chief, continued governing, claiming to do so by **authority** of the Emperor of the East, but he paid little attention to the Byzantine court at Constantinople. Meanwhile, the Ostrogoths, or Eastern Goths, had established a kingdom between the Black Sea and the Adriatic, under the rule of their own hero, Theodoric. The Emperor Zeno commissioned Theodoric to invade Italy and bring that country back into the Empire. With Theodoric went all his people, including women and children and aged men, so that it was another migration of a nation. The campaign against Odoacer lasted for three years, but in 493 he was compelled to come to terms, and soon after was assassinated by his rival. Theodoric distributed one-third of the conquered territory among his soldiers in military tenures, and ordered his men to be kind to the people and to obey the laws. The wise rule of Theodoric brought peace and prosperity to Italy, which continued till his death in 526.

Then came turmoil, confusion, bloodshed, and lasting anarchy. It was at this time that Justinian, Emperor of the East, interfered, and the imperial forces under Belisarius captured Rome. Narses, his successor, overthrew the Ostrogothic power in Italy in 553, in a great battle on the slopes of Mount Vesuvius. The last king of the Goths, Teias, was slain; and his warriors asked permission of the Romans to depart in peace, bearing with them the body of their leader. Narses gladly consented, and the whole nation of Goths marched in a body out of Italy forever. It became a Byzantine province, governed by rulers appointed from Constantinople, with the title of Exarchs of Ravenna.

Justinian had been dead only three years, when Italy, still governed by an exarch living at Ravenna, was overrun by the third and last of the Teutonic invasions. The Lombards or Longobardi, thus named perhaps from their long beards, came from Central Europe, swarmed through the Alps, and, sweeping into the valley of the Po, occupied the extensive district still known as Lombardy, with Pavia as its capital. They were cruel in their treatment of the Italians, and committed so many atrocities that a large number of Roman families removed to the islands and lagoons at the head of the Adriatic, where, as we have learned, the foundations of Venice had been laid not long before.





LANDING OF THE NORMANS IN SICILY

Chapter XLII

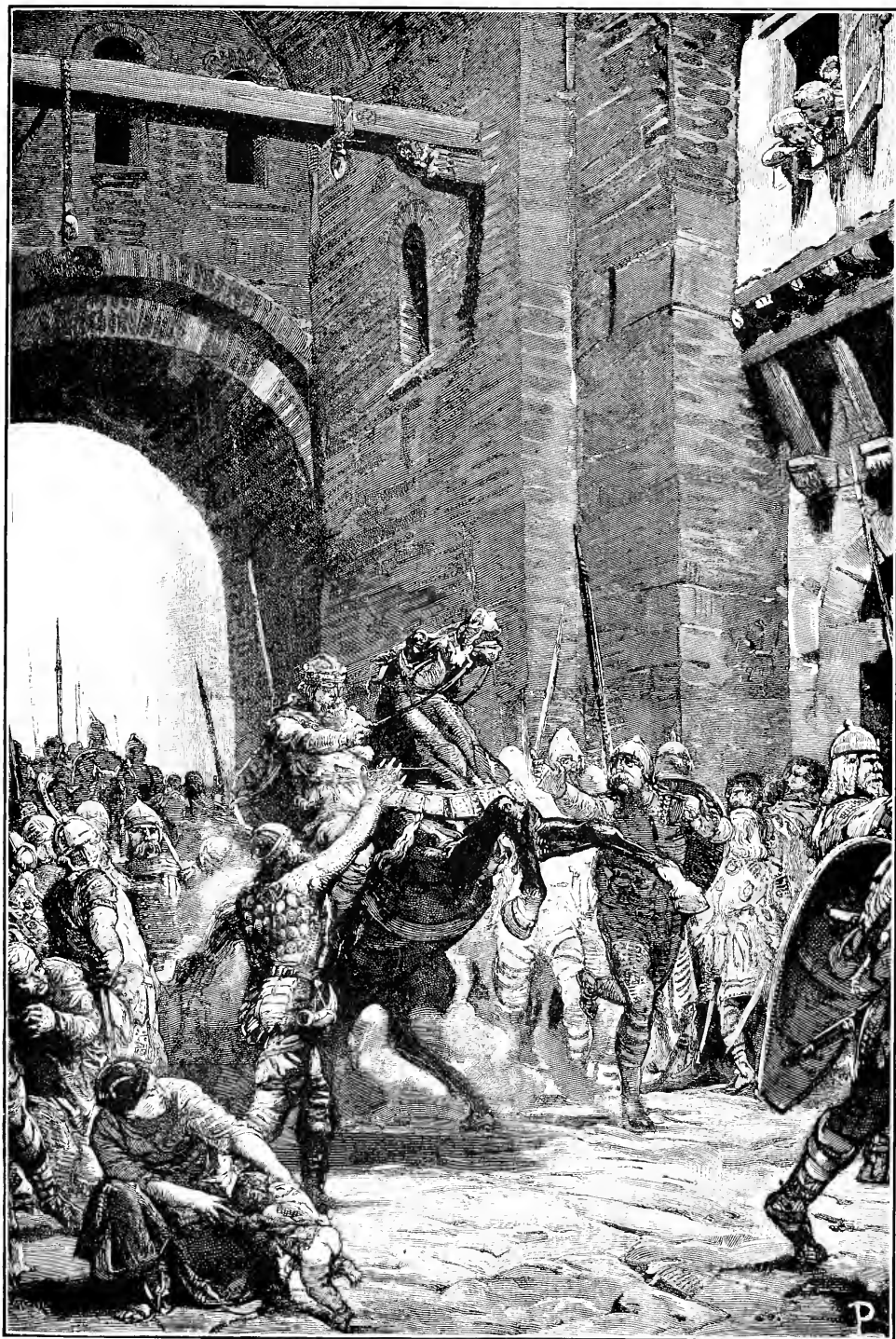
ROME UNDER THE POPES



UT of all the hideous turmoil of blood and flame, one power rose indestructible and triumphant. This was Christianity, the single influence that had remained pure and sweet and strong, amid the corruption and decay of the Empire.

Awe of this new, strange power of holiness checked even the wildest marauders. Goths and Vandals stayed their swords before the doors of churches. The hand of God became, as it were, visible to save what was left of the world from utter destruction. When Alboin, the first Lombard king, conquered Pavia, he had sworn to slay every person in the city. His horse reared in the gateway of the town, and refused to advance. "It is because of your unchristian oath," cried his followers; and, awed by the seeming interposition of heaven, Alboin retracted his evil vow. Even the unspeakable horrors that accompanied the sack of cities were lessened by Christianity, since each church became an asylum in which the terrified inhabitants might crouch in safety.

All earthly rulers and protectors seemed to have abandoned Rome. Even her nominal Emperor in Constantinople thought of the city only to rob her of what statues and works of art she still retained. It was then that her bishops stood forth as her defenders. We have seen how Leo checked the ravages of the Huns by the might of his dignity, purity, and mysterious strength, and how he won concessions and partial mercy even from the savage Vandals.



ALBOIN'S ENTRANCE INTO PAVIA



Other bishops of Rome strove as earnestly as he. The name "papa," or, as we call it in English, pope, which means *father* and had once been given freely to all heads of the church, now began to be applied specially to these heroic bishops.

The position of Pope of Rome was not one likely to be sought by ordinary men in those days. It brought with it neither wealth nor ease, but only sorrow and danger. When Gregory I., greatest of all the early popes, was offered the high place, he shrank from it; he begged the people to choose another than he; legend says that he even fled from the city. But the citizens knew their only hope lay in having over them one who was their best and bravest and strongest, so at last Gregory yielded to their prayers.

At this time (590-604 A.D.) the Pope had no official position in the government of the city. The old republican forms were still maintained, as indeed they had been during all the Empire. The city was still nominally governed by the Senate, and two yearly consuls elected by the people. But these men had long sunk to mere figureheads, representing the contemptuous authority of some barbarian chief, or some shadowy Eastern emperor. In time of peril such magistrates were the first to flee, and it was the Christian bishop who came forward to guide and shelter his defenceless flock.

Gregory was himself the son of a Roman senator. He inherited great wealth and high rank, all of which he sacrificed in the cause of the poor. It was in the midst of a deadly plague that the people forced him to become bishop, and of course they were thinking of him only as *their* "pope," their father, whose protection they so sorely needed. In this noble work of charity, Gregory's patience and generosity and wisdom proved through all his life unfailing and unbounded. Never did erring and mortal man better deserve the saintship with which he has been crowned. But the papacy brought with it another and wider field of duties, and it was in this that Gregory displayed the wonderful energy, aptness, and success which have won him the unquestioned title of "The Great."

Gregory believed it his duty to watch over Christianity throughout all the earth. He cared nothing for empty titles. Other bishops urged him to assume the name of Universal Bishop, and he refused. But the unending labor, the awful responsibility of the position, he did not refuse. He had accepted them solemnly as his own, when he yielded to his people's cry.

In speaking of the supremacy which the bishops of Rome came to hold over other bishops, we approach a question which has been much debated, and which of course it would be impossible to discuss fully in such little space as we have at command. Suffice it to say that, while Rome ruled the world, its bishop had naturally vast influence among his brethren. St. Peter, the leader among

the apostles, had been the city's first bishop, and his successors claimed to continue his authority. Several of them had vigorously asserted this claim before Gregory's popehood. Bishops of other great cities had at times allowed, at times opposed it. So far as all Western Europe was concerned, Gregory's leadership was taken as a matter of course. In the East the Bishop of Constantinople assumed, by authority of the Emperor, the title of Universal Bishop that Gregory had refused.

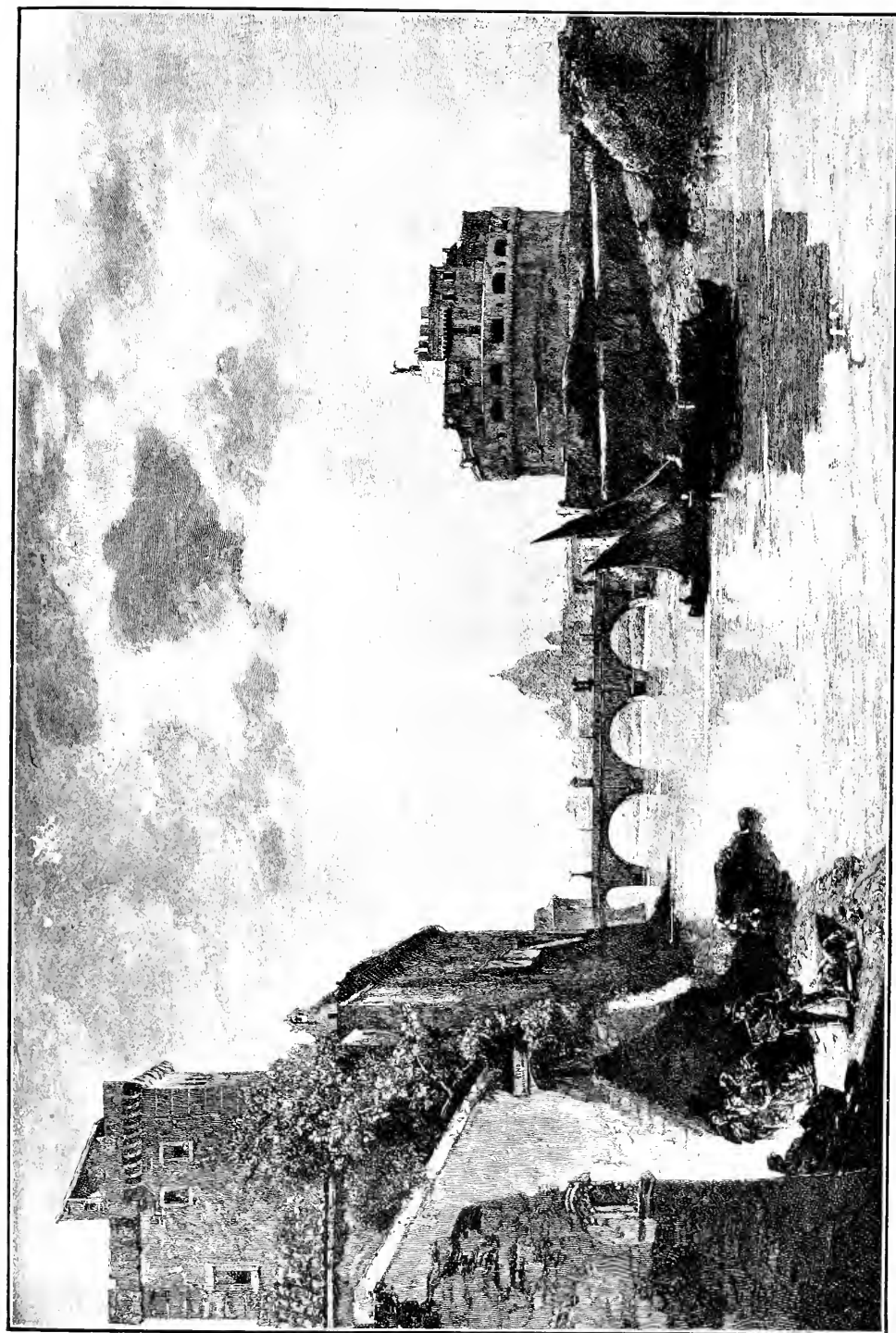
This rivalry led to nothing more vehement than words. John of Constantinople was a student and a man of quiet. Gregory had his hands more than full with his work of supervision in the West. It was under him that Britain was Christianized. Spain was converted from heresy to the orthodox church. His missionaries, fired with his own zeal, penetrated the wilds of Germany and the North. A new and vast impulse was thus given to the spread of Christianity, an impulse which virtually settled the question of headship of the church; for all these newly converted nations looked naturally to Gregory and to Rome.

The Lombards at this time were the special fear of Rome. They did not belong to the orthodox faith, and again and again it seemed certain that they would swarm over Rome, as they had over most of the rest of Italy. But each time Gregory held them back, threatening, praying, and commanding, as occasion served. Many of the Lombards were converted. Nevertheless another of their inroads threatened even as Gregory died, exhausted at last, his frail body worn to a shadow with the work and worry of his life. His successors kept up the struggle by the methods he had taught them. The Lombards never did seize Rome; and, after two centuries of effort, it was the popes who brought about the downfall of the Lombard kings.

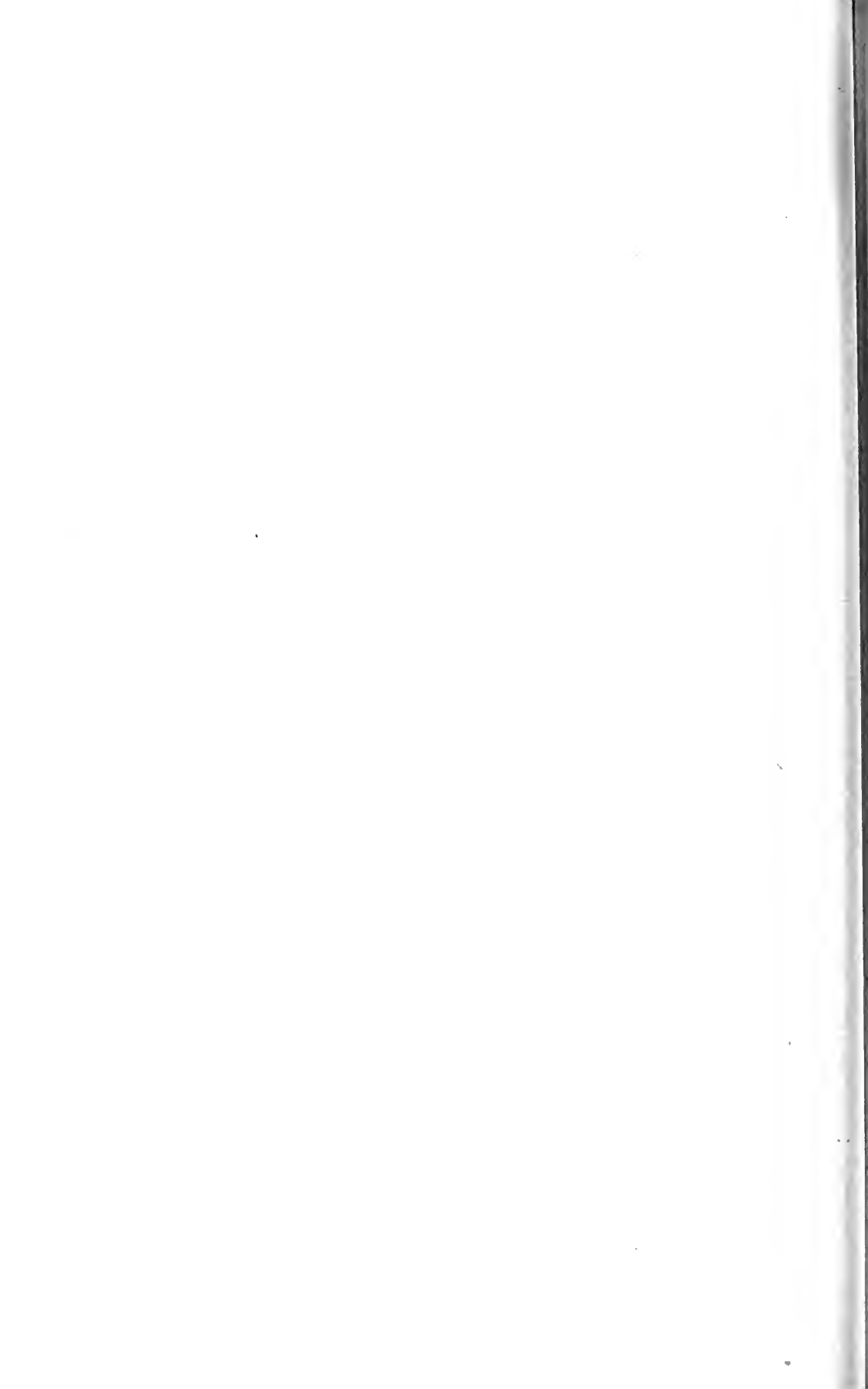
The one strength of the popes in this, as in other contests, was their spiritual supremacy and influence, a weapon which time taught them to use in many ways. They employed it here to command the help of Pepin of France.

Pepin was a great Frankish noble who ruled his country in the name of a weak and foolish king whom he held a prisoner. Whether through shame or fear, he hesitated to put aside his puppet master. Professing to be troubled in conscience as to his proper course, he appealed to the Pope for advice. The Pope declared that one who ruled in fact should rule in name as well; and Pepin, promptly accepting the verdict, declared himself king. So when another Lombard attack threatened Rome, it was to Pepin that the Pope appealed for help, and the Frankish king led an army into Italy. He easily defeated the Lombards; and he presented to the church the broad territories surrounding Rome, from which he had driven her enemies.

These events form an important era in the history of the Roman church.



SAINT ANGELO, THE EARLY FORTRESS OF THE POPES



The Pope began to exercise a voice in the government of foreign kingdoms. He had made, or helped to make, a king of France. Perhaps more important still, he had become a sovereign in his own right. The lands that Pepin so liberally tossed him formed the nucleus of the "States of the Church," which remained a more or less independent power in Central Italy until our own times witnessed their extinction, in 1870.

The friendship between the Franks and the church continued, though Pepin had died. His son and successor, Charlemagne, also marched an army into Italy at the call of the Pope. With stronger hand than his father, he utterly extinguished the troublesome Lombard monarchy, and set its ancient iron crown upon his own head.

All Northern Italy became part of the vast empire Charlemagne was building; and wherever he conquered a nation, he compelled it to accept Christianity. A new Italy, a new Europe, resulted from his labors. Calm succeeded to tempest, order to anarchy. Those wild hordes that had wandered at will over the dead Roman Empire had finally developed into settled nations. Charlemagne brought the confused period of destruction to an end, and set on foot the growth from which our modern Europe was to rise. On Christmas day of the year 800, while Charlemagne was devoutly kneeling at divine service in the church of the Vatican in Rome, the Pope, Leo III., stepping up to him, placed a golden crown upon his head and saluted him as Emperor. All the people around shouted their approval, as had been the custom in the old days when an emperor was chosen; and Charlemagne, accepting the honor, declared himself lord of the "Holy Roman Empire." It was a fitting culmination, a fitting testimony to the labors of the great king.

Note, however, that this was not the old, but distinctly a new empire that was thus brought into existence. Its territory embraced much of Germany which had never been Roman, while Rome itself, instead of being the centre of the new empire, lay at its extreme southern border. The name, too, had been changed by adding to it the word "Holy," thus stamping its religious and Christian character with the approval of the pope. It was he who, as head of the church, had assumed to re-create a government and an authority that had been extinct for over three centuries.

Gradually the pope had thus come to possess a far higher position abroad than in his own city. To the Romans he was merely their own bishop, chosen as they pleased from among themselves, to be liked or disliked, praised or dispraised, and having no legal authority whatever to govern them. To Franks and Germans the pope was, on the contrary, the source of their religious instruction, the leader of their faith on earth. When Pope Leo III., fleeing from an insurrection at home, visited Charlemagne, the whole court and army were

drawn up to receive him. As he approached, every troop fell prostrate to implore his benediction; Charlemagne, advancing with humble salutation, embraced and kissed him.

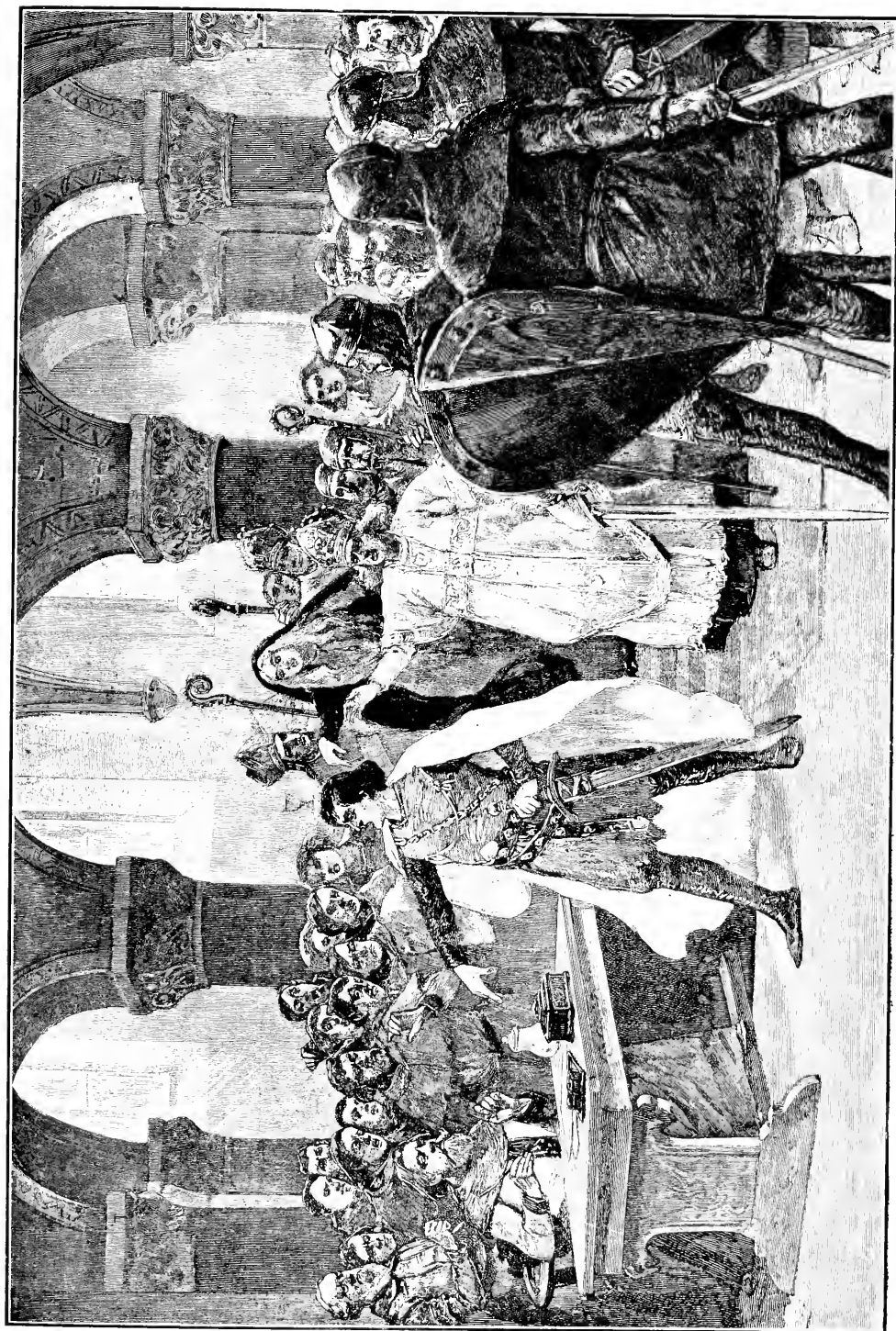
These contradictory facts will, perhaps, explain the decline which appears in the character of the popes. The papacy was no longer the poor and unattractive office from whose duties and sufferings Gregory I. had shrunk. It now carried with it the opportunity of wealth for the covetous, of power for the ambitious, of ease for the luxurious. The Roman gentry began to plan and intrigue for the place among themselves. Soon they did not hesitate to fight for it. What could be expected from prelates chosen by such means? Some of them were good and noble men; but others plunged from evil into evil. The future of the church began to look dark indeed.

It was in 1045 that this unhappy condition of affairs in Rome came to an end. The lordship of the shadowy "Holy Roman Empire" had passed from Frankish into German hands, and was held for the moment by Henry III., one of the greatest of German monarchs. He found three, perhaps four, priests in Rome, each claiming to be pope, each supported by his little band of adherents. Henry called a council of the church, deposed all of the papal claimants, and, marching to Rome, set a bishop of his own, a German, on the papal throne. He wisely carried his pope back to Germany with him, since he could not spare an army to remain on guard in turbulent Rome. On the death of his *protégé*, Henry named a second pope who never left Germany, and then a third, who is known to history as Leo IX.

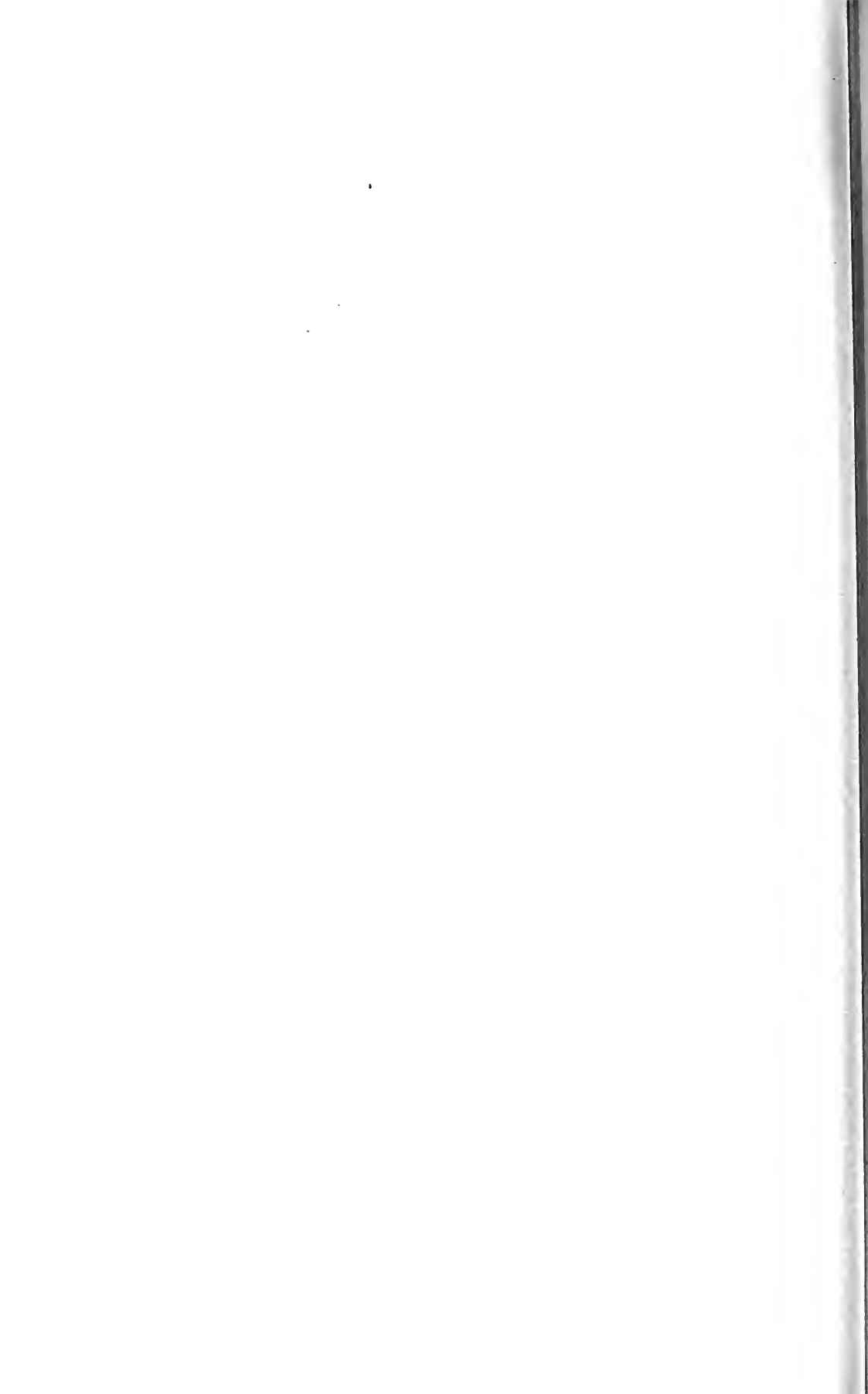
Leo was a good and noble man who was determined to be a good and noble pope. He took for adviser an even greater man than he, a young monk named Hildebrand. By Hildebrand's counsel, Leo refused to consider himself pope unless he was chosen by the people of Rome themselves in the old way; and he travelled as a pilgrim to Rome to ask for the election. The people gave it readily enough; doubtless they had no desire for another encounter with Henry's iron hand. So Leo IX. had the advantage of starting with his papacy recognized by all parties and in all lands.

The principal evil he set himself to fight was what is called *simony*, the selling of places in the church. This had become common everywhere, a natural consequence perhaps of the character of some of the late popes, and of the resultant assumption of power by various kings, who had begun to appoint their own bishops as they pleased. A man who bought an abbacy or a bishopric was not necessarily a bad man; but certainly he was likely to think far more of the wealth and power of his place than of its religious duties.

Leo called council after council to drive offenders of this sort from the church. The Emperor helped him, and between them they restored the church



HENRY IV. VOWING TO DRAG THE POPE FROM HIS THRONE



to much of its former dignity and influence—and, let us hope, also to its former purity.

It was in Leo's time that the Normans conquered all Southern Italy and the island of Sicily. Their leader was called Robert Guiscard, which means Robert the crafty, or the wizard. The pope led an army against them, but the fierce Normans easily defeated and took him prisoner. The shrewd Robert, however, had no wish to fight the whole German Empire, so he received his distinguished visitor with great reverence, protested his regret at being forced to withstand the holy father in battle, and sent him back to Rome with a train of honorary attendants. In return the cunning Robert persuaded the Pope to confer upon him the right to rule the lands which he had already conquered with his sword. This spiritually legalizing process the Pope went through readily enough, and the Norman adventurer became Robert, King of Sicily.

Leo returned to Rome broken in health, and soon died. The monk Hildebrand had been the guiding influence of his papacy, and it was Hildebrand who really secured the appointment of the next four short-lived popes. He became known in Rome as the "pope-maker." The first of the four was appointed by King Henry, but Henry died, leaving his empire to an infant son, Henry IV. The Pope passed away too, and Hildebrand and his Romans immediately reasserted their old right to elect their own popes. The guardians of young Henry had all they could do to uphold his feeble throne even in Germany. Rome was left to itself.

So under one of the new popes, Hildebrand called a council of the church to decide finally just how their head was to be chosen. The original method of selecting all Christian bishops was apparently by the free vote of their people. Of course the clergy had much influence in this choice. Sometimes the matter was left almost entirely in their hands. Hildebrand and his council decided that it should be so in Rome. They had seen, through two hundred years of crime, the evils of trusting to the people. Hence they fixed their method substantially as it stands to-day. The higher orders of the clergy elected a pope, while the lower orders had a sort of secondary vote. Then the people were allowed to express their approval and so also was the Emperor.

One pope was elected by this means, and then Hildebrand himself was chosen in 1073. It had long been the custom for the elected pope to abandon his own name, and rule under a new or papal one. So Hildebrand becomes known to history as Gregory VII., the greatest of the pontiffs. Next to Charlemagne he is the foremost man of the Middle Ages.

His life, his ideas have impressed themselves for centuries, perhaps for all time on the world. As Hildebrand he had practically ruled the religious world

for a generation. He had found the church feeble, failing, and sinful; he had made it powerful and respected.

As Gregory VII. he was about to claim for it a higher and yet more dangerous eminence. Henry IV. had proven a weak and vicious prince. Among other things he revived the selling of church positions. For this crime of simony the Pope boldly summoned him to appear before the papal court. The issue between Pope and Emperor was thus brought plainly before all men. We can imagine the amazement of the rough Germans when the full meaning of Pope Gregory's bold summons dawned on them. They had seen Henry III. make and unmake popes at will. Had the pendulum swung so far that a pope could command an emperor?

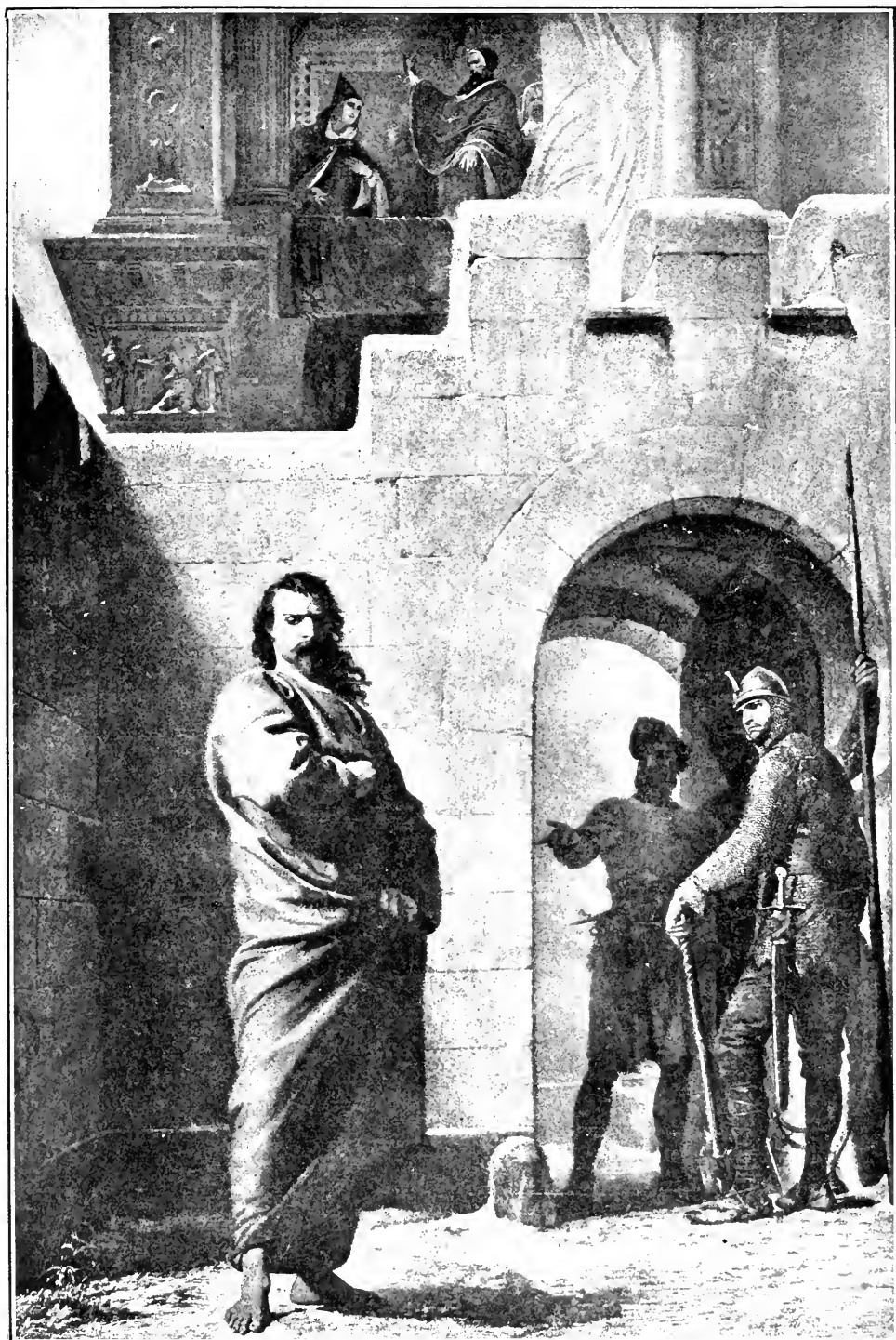
Never has the simple power of righteousness been more impressively shown. Such a summons from a bad pope to a good emperor would have meant nothing. But it came from one of the best of popes, to one of the worst of emperors; and the world, already groaning under Henry's tyranny, watched almost breathlessly for the result. Which was the stronger, religion or physical force?

At first Henry ignored the summons. Gregory excommunicated him. This was the most terrible weapon of the church. Theoretically it debarred its victim from all services of the church on earth, and from salvation in heaven. Of course there were plenty of Henry's German bishops ready to serve him on earth, and to guarantee his hereafter. Indeed, he summoned a religious council of his own, which declared the Pope himself deposed and excommunicated in his turn. This sentence Henry swore he would execute as his father had done, by marching an army into Rome and dragging the Pope from his throne.

The boast proved beyond his power to fulfil. Many of his greatest lords abandoned him, moved partly by religion, partly, no doubt, by motives of personal ambition or dislike. The rebellion spread, and Henry seemed likely to prove a king without subjects. The very men who had formed his religious council, seeing whither events were tending, began, one after another, to make the toilsome journey over the Alps to submit themselves to the Pope in Italy, and to obtain his pardon and forgiveness.

At last came the oft-narrated climax. Henry himself crossed the mountains as a penitent, almost alone, and stood barefooted in the snow, seeking admission to the Pope's presence in the castle of Canossa. Three times the king toiled up the rugged path to the castle gates and waited upon Gregory's will; until at last the Pope admitted him, and removed the excommunication, though declaring that Henry must still stand trial for his crimes.

What a triumph for the monk Hildebrand, if he were indeed what some men have supposed him, a mere politician struggling for renown! What an



HENRY IV. AT CANOSSA



ineffable sorrow, if his was a true heart seeking to regenerate religion on earth! For never was mockery more hollow. The Pope sat in the strong fortress of Canossa because he dared not trust his own Italians in the plain below. Henry expressed remorse only to save his kingdom, and went away with black hate gnawing in his heart. To one who objected that the Emperor's path to salvation had been made too easy, Gregory answered with bitter irony, "Never fear! He has gone away worse than he came."

It was true. In later years, he managed so far to regain his supremacy in Germany that he marched an army against Rome. He captured the city, and besieged Gregory in one of its strong towers, the still standing castle of St. Angelo. Henry, however, was obliged to retreat before the Normans of Robert Guiscard, who marched to the relief of the Pope. True to his old craftiness, Guiscard managed to find his profit in the expedition by sacking Rome while he was there. Henry still hovered in the neighborhood, and the Pope was compelled to retire with the Norman troops into Southern Italy, where he died in less than a year (1085). His last words were, "I have loved justice, and hated iniquity; and for that I die in exile."

Yet his cause triumphed. The pretensions of the popes remained on the high plane where he had placed them. Future emperors acknowledged his claims, at least in part, and for over two centuries thereafter the popes stand out in tremendous political prominence, until their power waned again through new causes of which Gregory and his time knew nothing.

Scarce ten years after Gregory's death the church began preaching the crusades. These prodigious outbursts of religious enthusiasm carried army after army of Europeans into Asia to wrest Jerusalem, the city of Christ, from its Mahometan conquerors. These armed hosts embraced many races. They were not national but religious; and the popes were recognized as the source and centre of the stupendous movement. Their power vastly increased. A strong pope was indeed the leading man in Europe, and kings and emperors bowed to his commands.

The pope generally regarded as representing the height of papal power is Innocent III., who ruled from 1198 to 1216. He interfered in the affairs of Germany and made an emperor. The king of France divorced his wife, and Innocent compelled him to take her back. To do this, he first excommunicated the king, and that failing, he laid an interdict on the whole of France. The interdict forbade all religious services in the land. No one could be baptized, no one could receive holy communion, no one could be buried with the rites of the church. The French people were overwhelmed with terror, and a general outburst of rebellion compelled the king to yield obedience to the Pope.

Innocent clashed also with King John of England. John refused to accept

an archbishop whom the Pope sent him. So Innocent excommunicated the king, declared him deposed, and urged the French to invade and capture his kingdom. They were on the point of doing this, when John submitted. In his craven terror, he even went further than was demanded. He resigned his crown absolutely to the church, that he and all his successors might receive it thereafter from the Pope as a free gift. He acknowledged the pontiff as his over-lord, and promised that one-tenth of all the taxes of England should be sent annually to its Roman master.

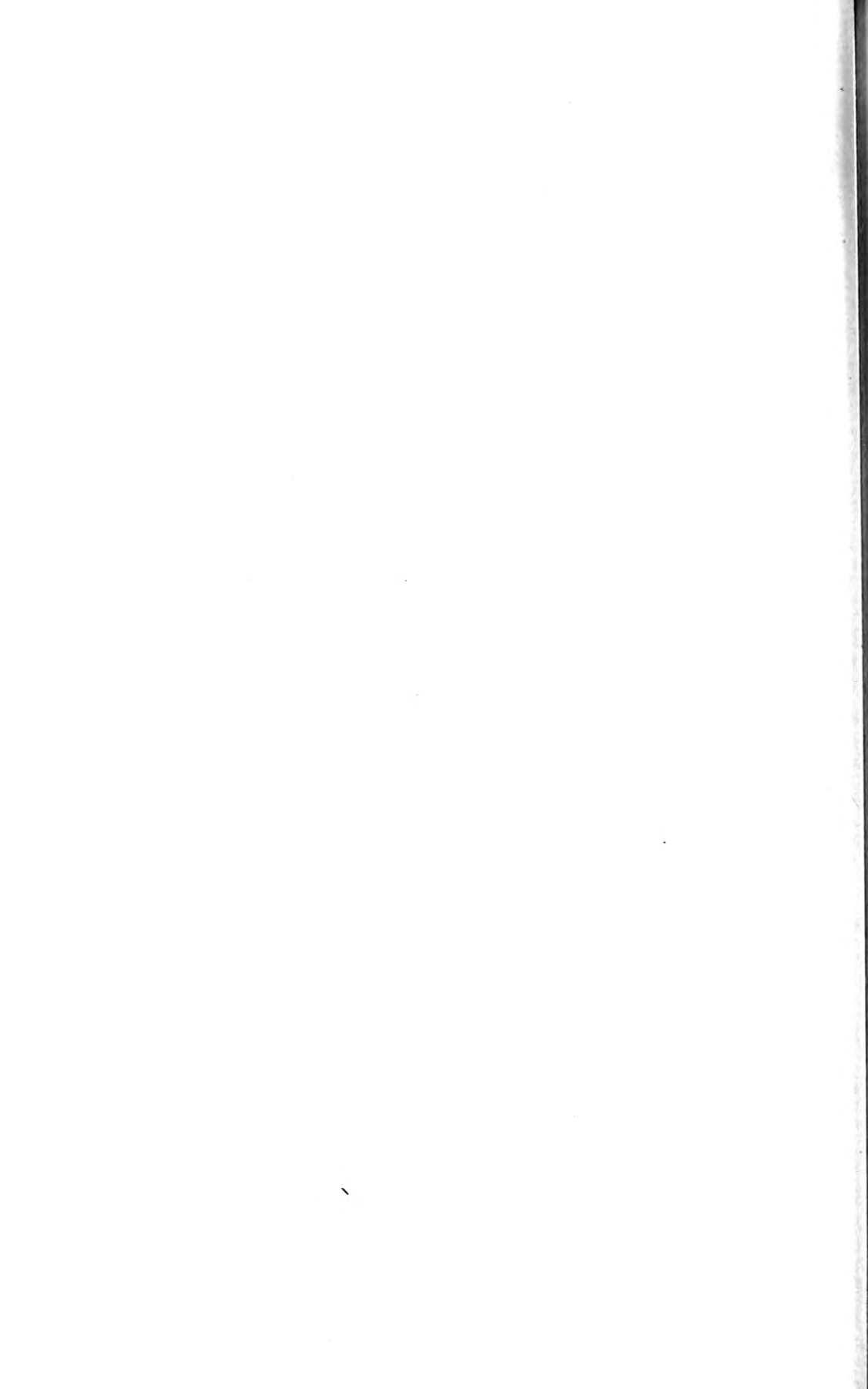
In the midst of all this power and triumph Innocent sowed some seeds which had no small part in their destruction. The church had grown through persecutions and martyrdoms; now most unhappily it became persecutor in its turn. We have seen how Innocent turned the crusades from their original purpose by preaching a holy war, or crusade as he called it, against John of England. That crusade had passed off in clouds and vaporings, but another which he started burst into blood and flame. This was directed against the Albigenses of Southern France, a people who differed from the church in certain matters of faith, and were therefore known as heretics. A so-called "holy army" assailed the Albigenses, laid waste their lands, stormed their cities, and slew over a million of the wretched people.

Innocent also founded the Inquisition, that frightful engine whose cruelty did so much to turn the people of Europe against the Catholic church. In his time originated two great religious orders, or brotherhoods of monks. One of these, the Franciscans, was founded by St. Francis of Assisi, on the basis of universal love, and tenderness toward all living things. Its labors have proved a help and hope and beauty to all the world. The other order, the Dominican, was a sterner body. Into its hands was entrusted the power of compelling people to believe as the church commanded. The Dominicans questioned all suspected persons as to their faith, and, if not satisfied, tortured them in many horrible ways. If the victim persisted in his heretic ideas, he was burned to death. This was the terrible "questioning" or Inquisition.

The plea urged by the church was that men's bodies were valueless as compared to their souls, hence any amount of bodily torture was really a kindness, if by it the victim was brought into the true faith. The world had not yet reached that degree of civilization where it realized that men's consciences cannot be forced or controlled, that faith must come from within, not from without. The Inquisition added nothing to the power of the church. It won over only the weak and the hypocrites. Strong men learned to hate and defy the torturers. Oppression opened the path to rebellion.



SAINT FRANCIS AND HIS BROTHERHOOD

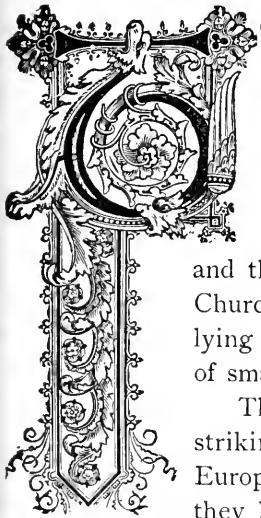




FREDERICK BARBAROSSA ENTERING MILAN

Chapter XLIII

THE CITY REPUBLICS OF MEDIEVAL ITALY



TO understand clearly the story of Italy during the Middle Ages, you must think of the country as divided into three parts. In the south lay the kingdom which Robert Guiscard had formed. This sometimes included the great island of Sicily, sometimes not. It passed through many hands, and was known at different times as the Kingdom of Sicily, that of the Two Sicilies, and that of Naples. In Central Italy lay the "States of the Church"; while the north of the peninsula and the great plain lying between the seas and the Alps was split up into a number of small city states, not unlike those of ancient Greece.

The growth and splendor of these cities is one of the most striking features of the Middle Ages. While all the rest of Europe was still sunk in poverty, ignorance, and barbarism, they had grown rich, cultured, and independent. They united in confederacies more powerful than those under Sparta; they ruled empires wider than that of Athens.

Most of them had been cities in the old Roman days, and had passed through the same fearful period of fire and desolation. Only their devastation had been even more terrible than that of the capital. The ruins of ancient Rome still tower stupendous among its modern buildings. Few of the northern cities retain more than the merest fragments of that mighty architecture.

In the days of the first German emperors the population of these cities must have contained a mingling of almost every blood on earth. Lombard and

old Roman-Italian were the dominant strains; but the slave system of Rome had brought into Italy the unfortunate of almost every race, who, in the centuries of disaster, were blended indiscriminately with their masters. Necessity taught hard lessons to this motley horde. There were no longer vast nations of Goths and Vandals to sweep resistlessly over them; but every petty lord and robber chief continued to prey upon them, until they had learned the lesson of resistance. When they gathered again into cities and surrounded these with walls, they found themselves easily able to beat off the lesser marauders. So the cities grew bigger, the walls stronger, and the people more and more independent and self-reliant.

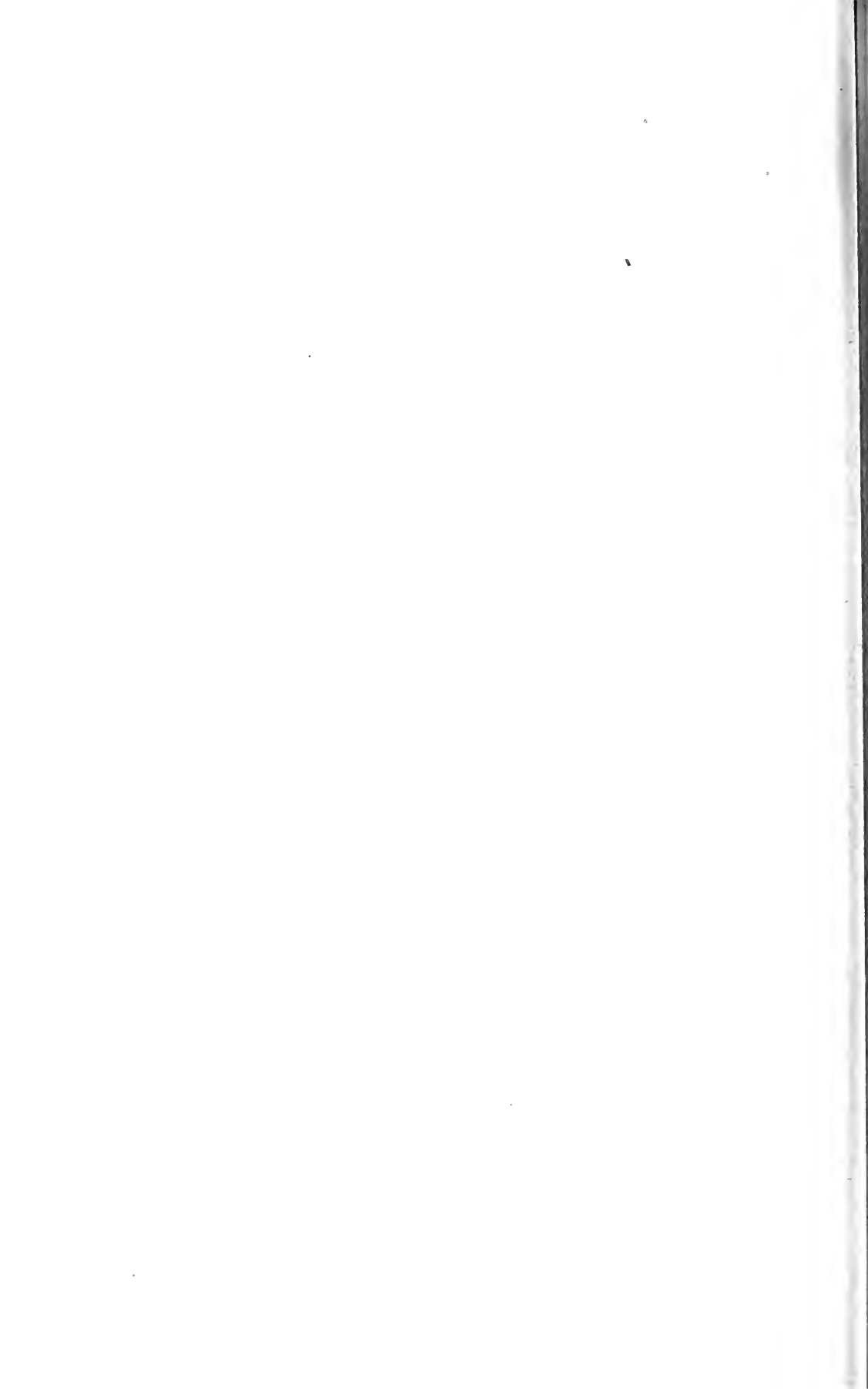
Four of these towns stood out more prominently than the rest. They were Milan, which was the chief city of Lombardy, the central plain in the north; Venice in the northeast, at the head of the Adriatic; Genoa, occupying a similar position in the northwest on the Mediterranean coast; and Florence, farther south than these, in the peninsula itself, chief city of Tuscany, the ancient land of Etruria.

Milan was the first to become famous. Nominally the cities were all subject to the German emperors; practically they governed themselves. Once every twenty years or so a German army climbed laboriously over the Alps, and escorted a new emperor to be crowned at Rome. Then the cities bowed down to him. He helped himself to as much as he could in the way of tribute, kept his rough soldiers as well as he could from doing the same, and marched back again. Many of the cities began to feel that it was time to resist this last and largest of the robber chiefs. In the quarrel between popes and emperors most of the Italian cities supported the pope. His partisans were known as Guelphs; those of the emperors as Ghibellines. One of the most powerful of the emperors, Frederick Barbarossa, resolved to punish the rebellious Guelph cities, and in the year 1154 marched a formidable army into Italy. Some of the smaller Guelph towns submitted to him and begged for mercy; one resisted and was captured; but Milan, the strongest of them all, closed her gates and defied him. His army was wearied with long absence from home, wasted with sickness; and he found himself too weak even to besiege the city. Other cities promptly refused him entrance as Milan had done. Bands of the enemy hovered near, treachery surrounded him, and his retreat into Germany became almost a flight.

Great was the triumph of the Guelph towns; bitter the humiliation of the few Ghibellines who had remained faithful to the emperor. Frederick, however, was not a man to be defeated so easily. Four years later he came again with another army, expressly to punish the Milanese. For three years they withstood his attacks with the utmost heroism. City after city submitted, but



THE MILANESE DRIVEN FROM THEIR CITY



Milan held out. Frederick's German army faded away as the first had done; but he continued with immovable persistence in Italy, prosecuting the siege with the Ghibelline troops he had gathered there. At length a third German army reached him, and Milan surrendered.

After taking possession of the city, Frederick waited a month in solemn deliberation before announcing its fate. Then he commanded the trembling inhabitants to evacuate it and disperse. When the long sad train had passed out, he set his Italian soldiers to destroy the city. The walls were torn down, the houses, palaces, even the churches were demolished, and the entire place levelled with the ground (1162).

Frederick must have intended this as a terrible warning to all other rebellious cities. But how often force defeats its own object! The scattered Milanese became in every town the centres of pity and admiration, the partisans and preachers of revolt. Scarce was Frederick's army out of Italy before town after town rose again in rebellion against him. The tyrannical agents he had left in charge were everywhere driven out. A league was formed among the Lombard cities, and the very soldiers who had helped him destroy Milan now agreed among themselves to rebuild it. Their militias gathered on an appointed day at the desolate site, the Milanese themselves returned, and all hands set to work with such a will, that in six weeks a new and equally powerful Milan had risen on the ruins of the old (1167).

The resolute emperor, being alone in Italy, called a council of his subjects there to support him; but so few of the cities sent delegates that he found himself able to do no more than denounce the rebellious places in a fiery speech, after which he fled back across the Alps for the second time. Another German army and then another was raised by him with great exertion. The last one, the sixth which he had led into Italy, met the Milanese in decisive battle on the field of Lignano (1176). At first the Germans were successful; their charging cavalry had almost reached the *carroccio*, or sacred car, which bore the standard of Milan. The citizens wavered; but a band of nine hundred young men, who had formed themselves into the "Company of Death," knelt on the field, prayed God's help, and then threw themselves with reckless desperation upon the enemy. The Germans gave way before them, and the Italian army renewed its attack. The victory was complete. Frederick himself fled in disguise, and for a time was mourned by his court as dead.

The battle of Lignano broke the power of Frederick and established the liberty of the Italian towns. A treaty of peace followed, the first that Europe had seen between a sovereign and his subjects. The towns pledged themselves to pay a small yearly tribute, but beyond that they were free. They governed themselves, they upheld the pope, and they could make war or peace as pleased them.

The Hohenstaufen emperors, as Frederick and his descendants were named, were among Germany's most powerful sovereigns, yet the conquest of Italy proved beyond them. Their struggle against the popes and the Guelphic cities destroyed only themselves. Frederick's grandson, Frederick II., brought himself to ruin by such a war lasting from 1229 to 1250. Frederick II. was born in Italy and educated there under the great Pope Innocent III. His youth was brilliant and promising. He seems to have had a real regard and even affection for the Italians, and his war with them must be ascribed rather to their arrogance than to his.

From about the year 900, the power and wealth of the Italian cities had been for over three centuries steadily growing. The energy and intellect of their inhabitants made them the centres of manufacture and commerce for most of Europe. With their wealth and their military success increased also their self-confidence and their pride.

Frederick was fairly successful in battle against them; but the Pope excommunicated him, friends fell away from him, treachery surrounded him; and at last, worn out in health and spirit, he begged the mercy of the church upon any terms. He offered to lead a crusade to the Holy Land, with the promise that he himself would never return. Before even this submission was accepted by the exacting Pope, Frederick died, a despairing and heartbroken man.

The long war brought its punishment upon all alike. It had much to do, though indirectly, with the decay of the papacy; and it precipitated the downfall of the Italian cities. War, civil war, had become their accustomed state. There were Guelphs and Ghibellines in every city, and although the latter had originally been the supporters of the Emperor, they proved quite capable of maintaining themselves after his shadowy support had disappeared. Generally speaking, the Ghibellines were the aristocrats, the great lords who sought to rule the country, they cared little whether in the Emperor's name or their own. The Guelphs were the commoners and the lesser nobles, who, too weak to hope to rule themselves, were the more unwilling to be ruled by others. The names, however, had become mere rallying-cries of faction. Men called themselves Guelph or Ghibelline merely because their fathers had done so. There was a Guelph emperor and a Ghibelline pope. On each side were murders, massacres, reprisals. The fiery Italians were forever plunging into reckless, head-long contests. Chains and barricades stretched across the streets of every city; and at the war-cry men rushed from their houses to fight, they knew not whom or why. All they cared for was that their factional cry had been raised, their party was in the strife.

The long contests had led also to a great change in the methods of war. There were sieges, countermarches, elaborately planned campaigns. War had



DUKE WERNER RAVAGING ITALY



become an art, and skilled generals were required to conduct it. These appeared among the nobility in every city. Once given the command, it was easy for them to clinch their power. They became masters where they had been received as servants. This happened in city after city, the people in many cases yielding their liberty indifferently, even gladly, where it saved them from the ceaseless turmoil of the days of faction.

These unhappy wars had yet another woful issue. Citizens could no longer sally forth to battle, and return to their work within the week or the month. Campaigns were perpetual, and skill with weapons was indispensable. A man must give his whole life to war, or hire some one to fight for him. This led to the employment of foreign soldiers, who, flocking from the rougher lands in the north, eagerly sold their swords to wealthy bidders. Formidable bands of these mercenaries were formed. They soon learned their power and made war on their own account, ravaging the lands they had come to protect. The smaller cities were in constant danger from them. One band even attacked Milan, and was driven off only after a pitched battle. The "Great Company," as one horde called itself, traversed Italy from end to end, pillaging and torturing everywhere. Its leader, a German duke, known as Werner, bore on his breast the motto, "Enemy of God, of pity, and of mercy." The old awful days of despair and ruin seemed to have come again to scourge the land.

Even the pope was not safe from the ferocious marauders. A company of them under the English captain, Sir John Hawkwood, held a pope in ransom for ten thousand crowns. The story is that the prelate sent them word that they should have the ten thousand with his curse or two thousand with his blessing; and they accepted the blessing, though with some grumbling that it came high at the price.

Small wonder the popes fled from such a distracted Italy. In 1309 they retired to France to live in quiet at the little city of Avignon. It is impossible for us to judge now of the necessity which may have compelled so radical a change in the papal policy. Of its results, however, we can speak positively. It lost to the popes that high supremacy in European politics which they had held for over two centuries. During the seventy years (1309-1378) that they remained at Avignon, they were more or less dependent on the French monarchs. Most of the popes elected during this period were French by birth. They were swayed by French ideas. Other nations began to look on them as mere vassals of France, and to resent their interference in other governments. In matters of religion the papal authority remained as yet unquestioned; but in questions of worldly government it was gone forever.

Rome, left to its own devices in the pope's absence, became a mere battleground between its most prominent families of nobles, the Colonna and the

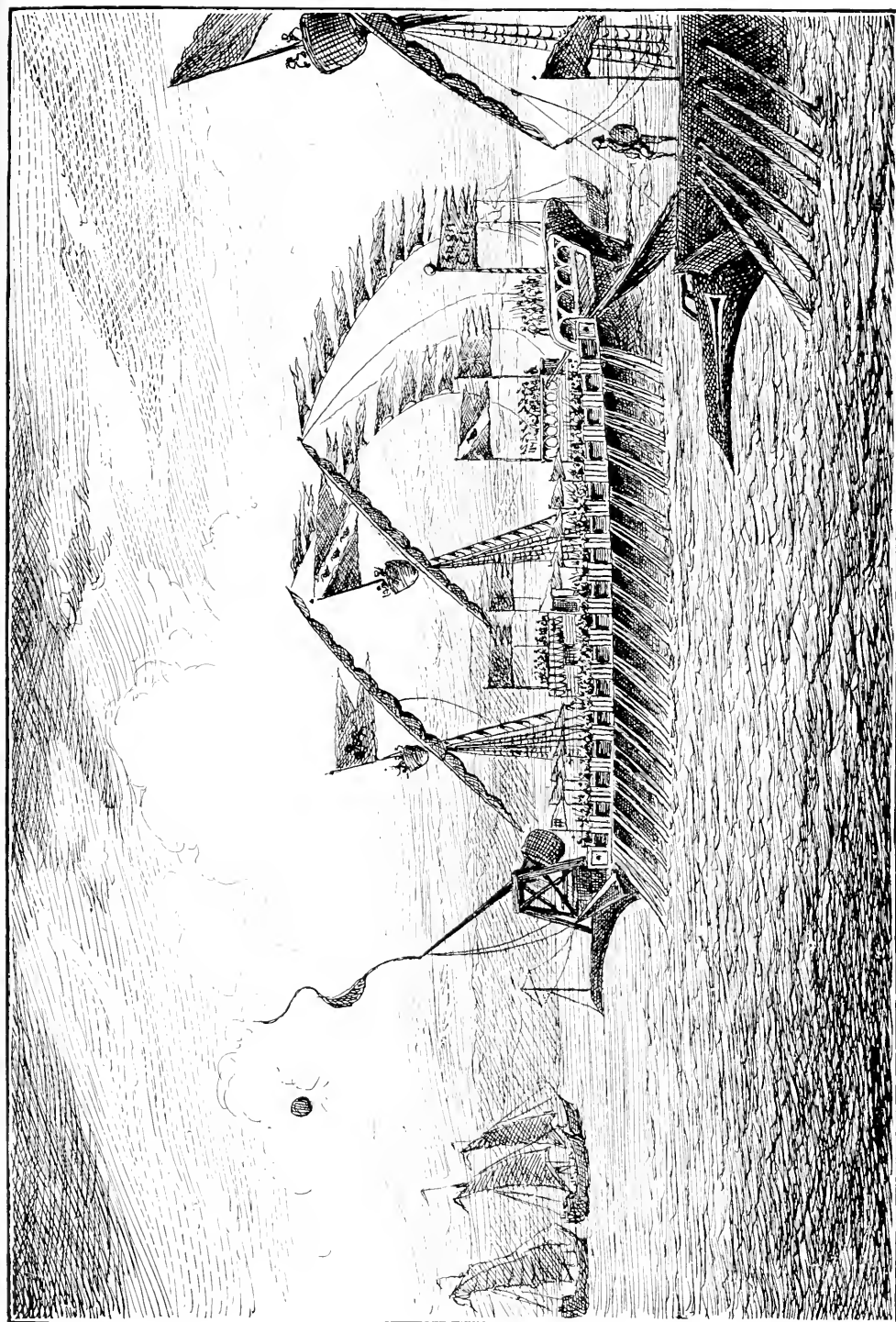
Orsini. They made fortresses of the old ruins. The Colosseum was the stronghold of the Colonna, the Castle of St. Angelo of the Orsini, and from these the opponents sallied out to fight like ravening wolves in the streets of the unhappy city.

One strange, brilliant, fantastic spectacle flashes for a moment amid the gloom. Bulwer has immortalized it in a novel. Cola (Nicholas) di Rienzi was a poor Roman, a notary and a student, who, having long dreamed of the ancient glory of Rome, resolved to restore it. He explained to his friends the story of the ruins and inscriptions that surrounded them. He had allegorical pictures painted on the public walls, and with fierce and vehement oratory he interpreted their meaning. The nobles laughed at him. But suddenly he leaped from words to action, and, summoning the excited populace around him, drove the nobles from the city. Rome seemed all in an instant to become again a great and glorious republic. Rienzi was its tribune. He defeated the nobles in battle; he invited the other Italian cities to send delegates, and draw up a new scheme for the reunion of Italy under Rome. Many of these delegates actually arrived. The fame of the new republic spread far through Europe. In distant Asia Mahometan caliphs offered up prayers against this new danger which seemed to threaten them.

But it was all a dream. Rienzi was a mere visionary, utterly incapable of filling the high, strange station to which poetic inspiration had raised him. He went on amusing himself with empty pageants. Men fell away from him; he became hard, suspicious, cruel. He drank deeply, became mad perhaps, had himself crowned emperor, and committed a hundred other extravagances. In the end the Colonnas drove him from his palaces, and he was slain with every indignity by the very populace that had upraised him (1354).

The republics of Italy were almost at their last gasp. Genoa and Venice survived the rest. This was largely because they were maritime states whose interests abroad had kept them more or less estranged from the Italian civil strife.

Genoa became prominent as a naval power as early as the tenth century. So also did its near neighbor and rival, Pisa. The Mahometans had established themselves in the islands of Sardinia and Corsica, from which they ravaged the Italian coasts. This interfered with the commerce of Genoa and Pisa. So the two cities united their navies, and drove the Mahometans from the islands (1021). Corsica became a Genoese province, and Sardinia passed to Pisa. Thus began their maritime empires. But the allies quarrelled; naval battles between them became frequent. At last, in 1284, a newly constructed Pisan fleet paraded before the harbor of the Genoese, and challenged them to come out and fight. The Genoese, being unprepared, offered to accept the challenge



MARCO POLO LEADING THE VENETIANS AT CURZOLO



as soon as their ships were ready; but the Pisans sailed scornfully away. The ships of Genoa followed in hot haste, and overtook their rivals at Meloria. A great battle followed. The Pisan fleet was destroyed and the flower of its seamen, eleven thousand in number, were carried prisoners to Genoa, where they were kept as common laborers. The strength of Pisa was broken. All her possessions passed to her rival, whence arose the Italian saying, "If you want to see Pisa, you must go to Genoa."

The century that followed marked the height of Genoese power. The bulk of trade in the western Mediterranean was hers, most of the islands were her provinces, her colonies dotted the seashore as widely as had those of Carthage. The plains around the distant Black Sea, which had supplied the granaries of Athens, now supplied those of Genoa, and from Genoa, Europe. Her ships bore the crusaders to the Holy Land, and thus earned even there commercial advantages, colonies, and power. She grew to contest with Venice the trade of India and the East.

In this second struggle with a great commercial rival, Genoa seemed for a time likely to be again successful. Her fleet won a great naval battle at Curzola in 1298. Seven thousand seamen of Venice were brought captive to Genoa. Among them was that most famous of Venetians, Marco Polo. He had led the van of his country's fleet, and fought desperately. It was in the idleness of his Genoese prison that he wrote the fascinating books of travel which have familiarized all the world with his wanderings in China and the Far East.

The naval war between the two cities continued at intervals for a century. At last in 1379, the Genoese admiral Pietro Doria defeated the Venetian fleet, and reduced the enemy to such straits that the Venetians sent him a blank sheet of paper and begged him to write on it his own terms. "No," was the haughty answer, "not till we have bridled those horses of yours on St. Mark's." The admiral referred to some famous bronze horses on the great Venetian cathedral, and the ambassadors saw that he meant to enter and seize upon the city itself. So the Venetians determined to resist to the last. Their case seemed hopeless, but by resolute skill and courage they trapped the entire Genoese fleet in the harbor of Chioggia, whence it could not escape, and was starved into surrender. This broke Genoa's power in the East (1379).

Genoa's fortunes in the West were unwittingly destroyed by the most famous of all her citizens, Christopher Columbus. By discovering a new world, he disjointed or disturbed all the old lines of traffic. New and more powerful competitors clashed with the Genoese sailors. The ships of Spain and Portugal, England and Holland, brought goods to Europe from the wider regions of the great ocean; and the wealth which had centred itself in Genoa, spread now over these broader lands.

Venice had never seemed really a part of Italy. Her career and her fortunes from the first stood apart from those of the other cities. Her long and brilliant history has, therefore, little place in the story of Italy. It deserves rather to be recounted by itself. Let it suffice here to summarize it very briefly.

Even in her foundation, she differed from the other cities, dating, not from the Roman days, but from the centuries of destruction, during which fugitives began to gather on the islands off the coast at the head of the Adriatic. By degrees a city was formed among the islands; and whatever its founders may have known in their former homes, in Venice they had never once to yield themselves to the horrors of sack and conquest. Already in Pepin's time it had become a place powerful enough to defy him. He sent a fleet to attack the city, but the falling tide left his ships stranded and helpless in the mud off the great lagoon, where they were destroyed by the lighter boats of the Venetians. The first doge, or duke, of Venice was chosen by the people in 697, and confirmed in his appointment by the Emperor of the East at Constantinople. The relations between Venice and the Eastern Empire continued cordial until the new power had outdistanced the old, and the overgrown doges laughed at the feeble efforts of the emperors to control them.

Venice became the great naval and commercial power of the East. She had commercial stations everywhere. She fought with the important Asiatic city of Tyre, overthrew it and secured its trade, the trade from Persia and India. She turned aside a crusading army from Jerusalem, its destination, and with its help attacked Constantinople. The doge, Dandolo, who led the expedition, was over ninety years old, and the fiery young Emperor of the East, riding down to the shore in martial attire, ridiculed his aged and feeble enemy. But Constantinople was stormed, and much of the Eastern Empire fell into Venetian hands.

The doges claimed the Adriatic as a sea belonging solely to their city, and excluded other ships from it. This claim was confirmed by both the popes and the emperors. The city was called the "Queen of the Adriatic," the "Bride of the Sea"; and every year the doge performed the strange ceremony of sailing forth in a splendid ship, dropping a ring into the water, and going through a marriage service to unite the city and sea.

Venice was the bulwark of Europe against the Mahometans. Her fleets contested with them the dominion of the Mediterranean. She won great victories from them, and sustained severe defeats. Yet almost single-handed she maintained her position, and prevented their fanatic hordes from penetrating farther west by sea. The fight which finally broke the naval power of the Mahometans is counted one of the decisive events in the world's history. It



THE EMPEROR OF THE EAST DEFYING DANDOLO



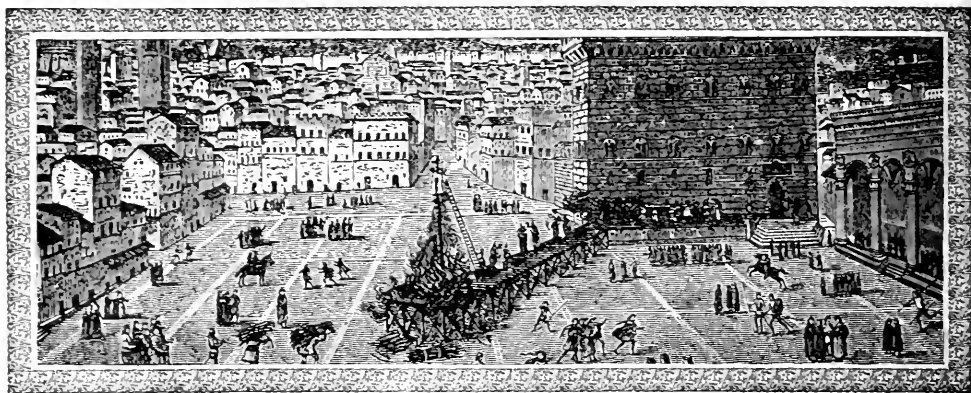
is called the battle of Lepanto (1571), and was won mainly by the Venetian ships, though under a Spanish admiral. Twelve thousand Christian slaves were liberated from the captured galleys.

The inner state of Venice corresponded but ill with her triumph and magnificence abroad. Her republican government became gradually an oligarchy in the hands of a few aristocratic families. While still calling herself a republic, Venice sank under the narrowest and most merciless "ring" of tyranny that ever existed. The doges grew to be mere figureheads, and all real power was lodged in a council consisting at first of ten nobles, and afterward of three. The terrible "Three" held absolute power in their hands. Criminals were not openly tried. They were seized secretly and mysteriously, and brought before the Three, who condemned them, sometimes without a hearing. The noblest and richest Venetians were tortured to force confessions from them. A man might stand one day happy and prosperous among his friends, the next he had disappeared, and no one dared ask whither. Perhaps he never reappeared, perhaps he was seen again on the public scaffold, broken and worn to a skeleton by unnamable tortures. Men were even brought forth gagged to execution, lest they should scream out the horrors which they had endured.

Venice was the last existent of the Italian republics—if indeed she can be called a republic. No single tyrant ever rose in the city to overthrow the oligarchy. Her power and wealth faded, however, when the trade of the world expanded into wider channels, and the broad Atlantic superseded the narrow Mediterranean as the high-road of the world's commerce. She was a mere shadow of herself when the conquering Napoleon entered the city in 1797, and put an end to the "last of the Italian republics."



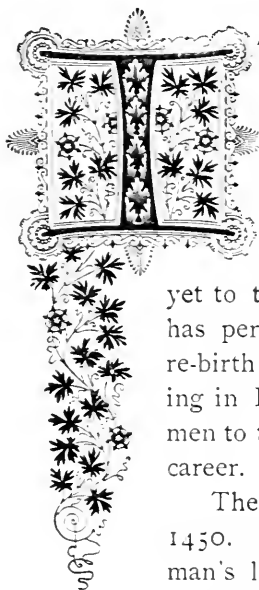
THE CRUSADERS ATTACKING CONSTANTINOPLE



DEATH OF SAVONAROLA

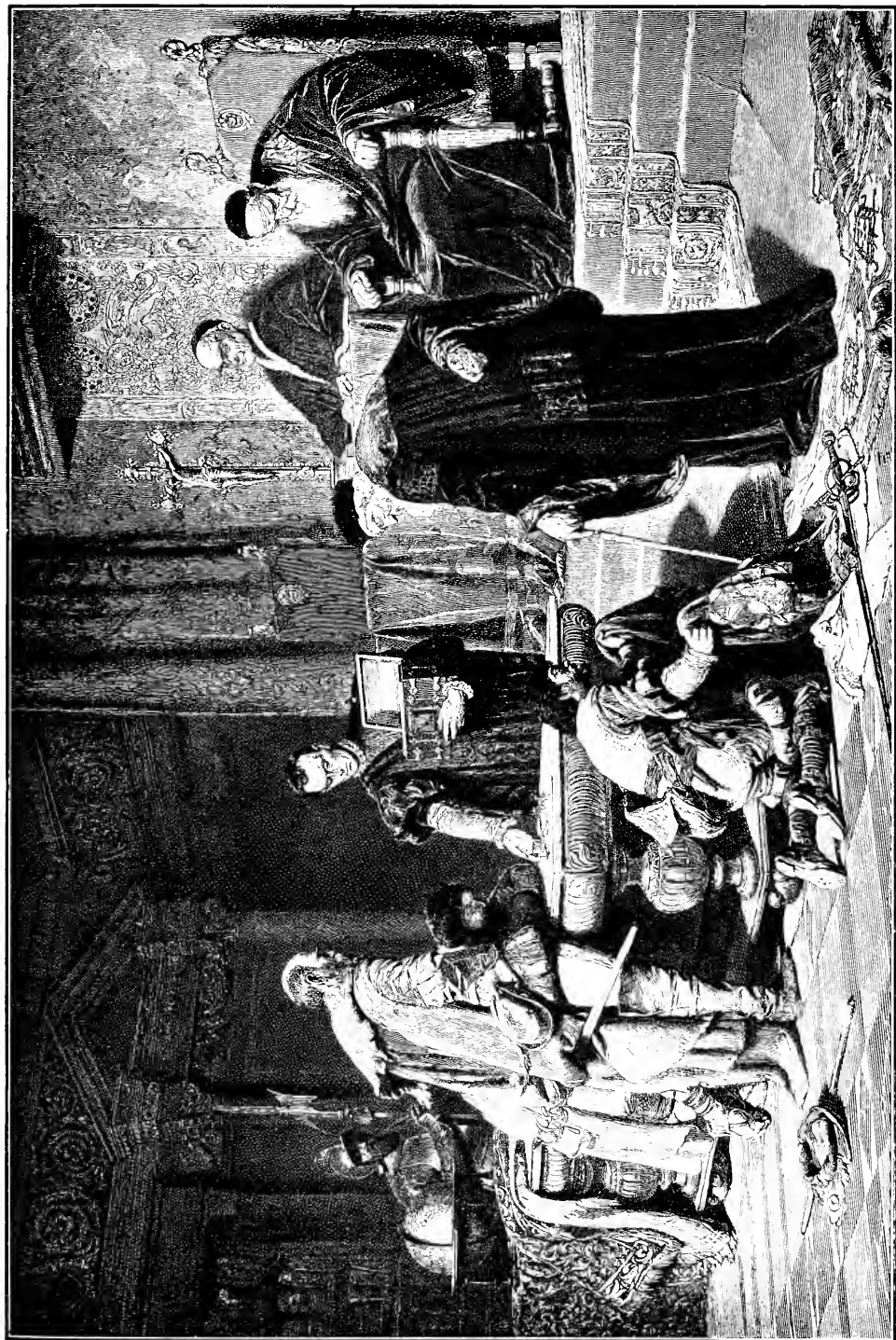
Chapter XLIV

THE ITALIAN RENAISSANCE

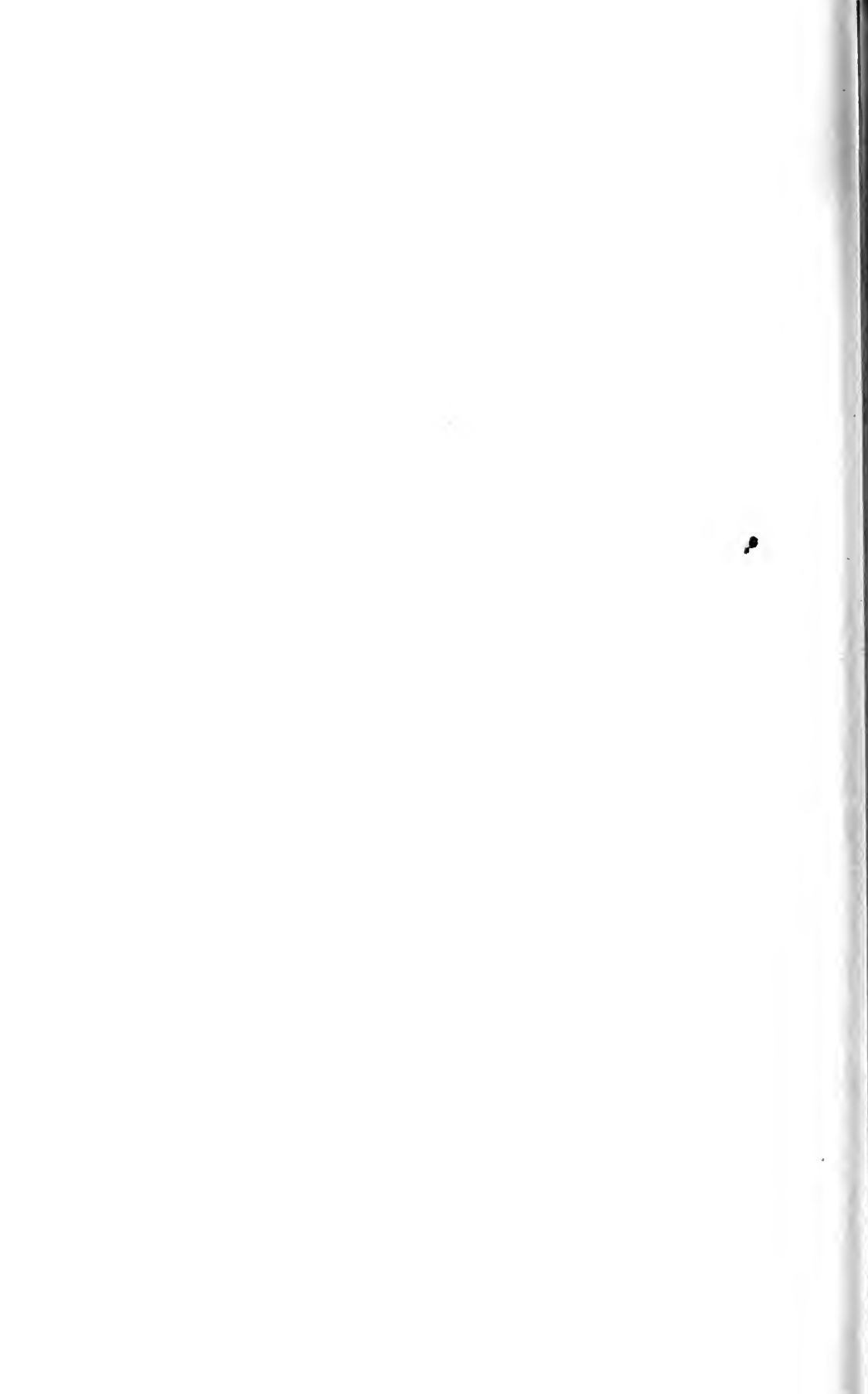


ITALY has been the seat of five of the greatest movements in the world's story. Four of these we have shown you, passing like panoramas across the stage. We have traced the rise and fall of the Roman Republic, with its stern heroism; of the Empire, with its stupendous power and wealth; of the mystic, religious mastery of the popes; and of the opulent city republics of commerce. We have yet to tell you of the fifth movement, the one whose influence has perhaps been greatest of all. This is the *Renaissance*, the re-birth or re-awakening of life, of literature, and of art. Starting in Italy, this movement spread through all Europe. It roused men to think and to invent. It launched science on its splendid career. It transformed mediæval into modern life.

The date generally set for this remarkable outburst is about 1450. Within the next seventy years, the time allotted to one man's life, there occurred the Protestant Reformation, the discovery of America, the invention of printing, the beginning of modern astronomy. There is something impressive in the power of such an age, in its very prodigality of success. Note that not one of these great events was really a new thing—only its success was new. There had been reformers before Luther, but men's sluggish minds had rejected them, and they had failed. America had been discovered, we are told, again and again, by the Norsemen, by Madoc, by St. Brandon; but these wanderers failed to grasp the value of what they had done, and allowed life to creep on, unchanged. The printing-press had been known to the Chinese for ages, but they thought



THE VENETIAN "THREE"



of it as a toy, not as an engine to move the world. The Arabs had bungled with the telescope for centuries. Men with seeing eyes were needed to read through the glasses the construction of the universe. That is the real meaning of the Renaissance; it is the birth of the seeing eye, of the inquiring, understanding mind.

Of course it is not possible to set an exact date as the beginning of such a movement, or to trace with certainty its cause. Perhaps it was the slow natural growth of the human mind; perhaps it was, as some historians have explained it, the chance result of this or that accidental occurrence—perhaps it was the direct gift of God.

In describing the Italian part of its growth and glory, we must turn our attention more especially to the cities of Rome and Florence. Historians, seeking for comparisons, have called Venice the Sparta of mediæval Italy, because of its ever-narrowing oligarchy, which, while it gave vigorous and concentrated power to the government abroad, crushed individual impulse and aspiration at home. Even more aptly is Florence compared to Athens. The government of Florence was extremely democratic; every citizen took part in it, the love of liberty was intense in every breast. Faction and dispute at home paralyzed the energies of the nation abroad; but individual aspiration, individual effort, was encouraged and stimulated to the highest point. Never has any city, except perhaps Athens itself, produced so many truly great men in such rapid succession.

Florence, like Athens, was particularly liable to fall under the rule of demagogues. One man's power again and again rose above the rest, only to be as often overthrown, until at last the great house of Medici established a more lasting tyranny, and their chief became Duke of Florence and then Grand Duke of Tuscany.

The first Florentine citizen to gain world-wide fame was the poet Dante, who is ranked with Homer and Shakespeare among the earth's immortals. It is also in Dante that we can trace the first seeds of the Renaissance. He lived from 1265 to 1321, in the years when the Guelphic party, having destroyed the Hohenstaufen emperors, was everywhere triumphant. As a lad he was shy and intense, sure to burn out his intensity on whatever life brought him. Thus in Florence he became naturally an ardent patriot. He held offices and struggled for reforms. Then, during his absence from the city, there came one of the sudden, common enough, Florentine revolutions. His party, the "White Guelphs," were driven out by the "Black Guelphs" (1301), and Dante spent the rest of his life wandering through Italy, an exile from his beloved city. He had always been a poet, now he became a prophet as well. His great poem, the "Divine Comedy," not only sums up all the past and shows Italy as he knew

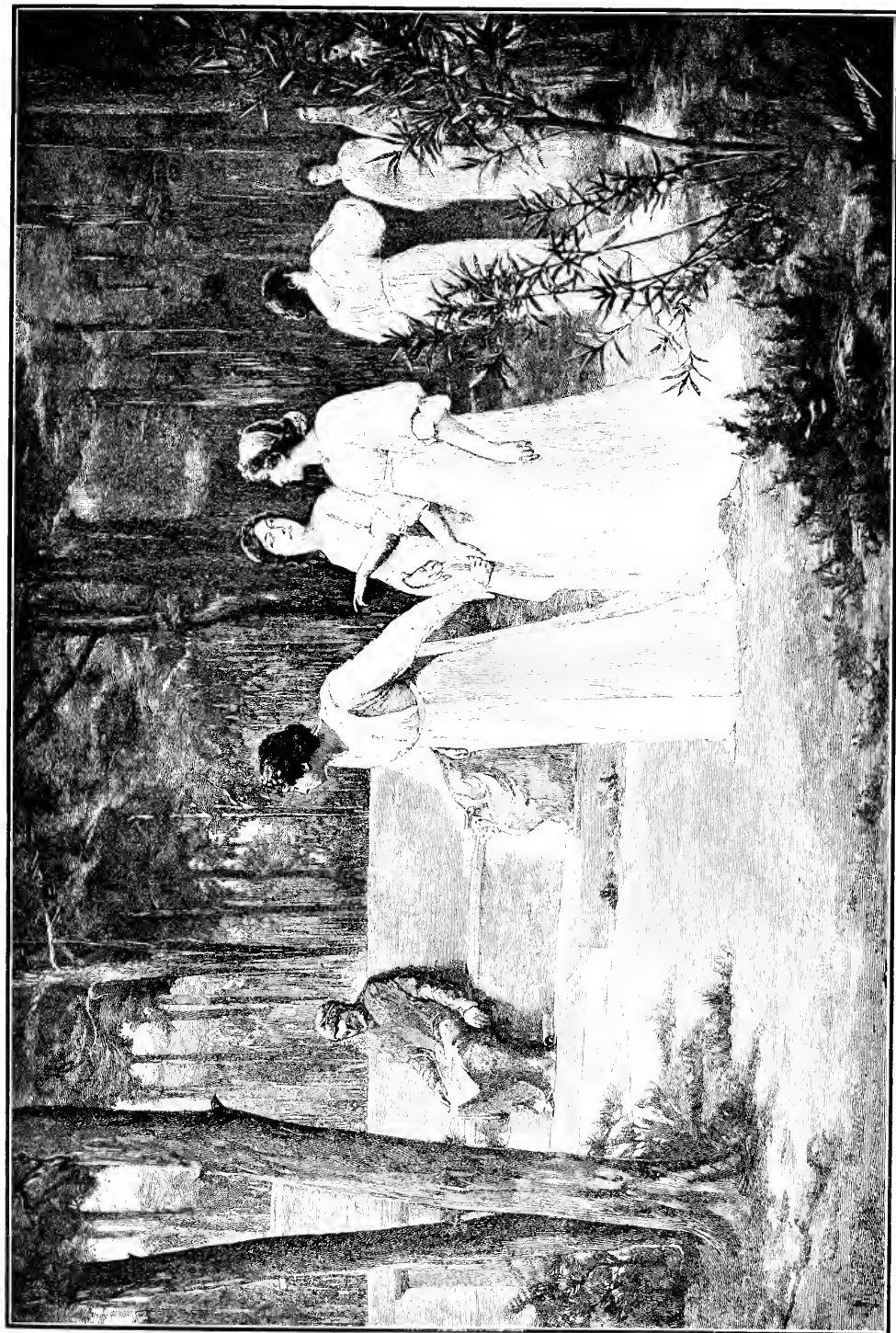
it, its religion, its factions, its beauty, and its crime: the poet's vision looks into the future as well, and foreshadows the growth and change that were about to come. Beatrice, the ideal woman whom Dante loved, is the heroine of his poem. In its three books he tells how he descended into hell (the *Inferno*), passed through the middle stage of the hereafter (the *Purgatorio*), and finally is shown by Beatrice heaven itself (the *Paradisio*). Through these wanderings the writer takes for his guide the great Latin poet Virgil. Something of the spirit of the old Romans flashes through the poem. It was the study of the classic authors, Latin and more especially Greek, that prepared men's minds for the Renaissance. It started with the revival of classic learning.

Petrarch (1304-1374), Italy's second great poet, shows this even more plainly. He was an enthusiastic collector of old manuscripts. He wrote in Latin more than in Italian, and expected to be remembered for his Latin works. Trifles which he thought of lesser importance he tossed off in Italian. Yet it is by these trifles, his exquisite little love-sonnets to his lady, Laura, that he is remembered to-day.

The father of Petrarch was expelled from Florence at the same time with Dante, and Petrarch was born during the exile. His life covers the time of the popes' residence at Avignon, and it was at their court that he was brought up. He was in Rome as the guest of the Colonnas during Rienzi's time, and was one of the visionary's most delighted supporters. He won enthusiastic praise for his poetry and learning, and was welcomed everywhere. "Princes have lived with me," he said, "not I with princes." The proudest moment of his life was probably in Rome in 1341. He was crowned with solemn ceremonies specially devised to do him honor, and was declared the "poet laureate," or laurel-crowned poet, of all Italy.

The enthusiasm of such a man for ancient literature naturally directed other men's attention to it. The collection of old manuscripts became a fad. Much that had been lost was found. Much that had been forgotten was re-understood. Men began to realize that life was a pleasant and good and beautiful thing in itself. The old nations had found it so. The tendency of one extreme of Christianity had been to represent this life as of no importance; it was a mere passage to the next, and nothing in it was worth a moment's thought. The actual physical joy which the old Greeks had found in mere living and inhaling the sunshine came like a revolt against all this icy asceticism. In his old age Petrarch set himself to studying Greek, that he might read of these things for himself.

The third writer of Italy's great trio, Boccaccio (1313-1375), expresses most fully this detail of the Renaissance, its eager comprehension of the deliciousness and worth of life itself. Boccaccio was also a Florentine, and though



DANTE MOURNING FOR THE DEATH OF BEATRICE



he wrote both prose and poetry, he is certain to be best remembered by his collection of prose stories, the "Decameron." In this he catches up all the little popular tales of his time, and narrates them in a style so exquisite that his countrymen have always held him as a model of prose. Boccaccio introduced the regular study of Greek into the Florentine university, and he himself translated for his countrymen the great poems of Homer.

Meanwhile art was also blossoming into splendor. The architects of Florence were erecting stately palaces and solemn cathedrals. Her artists with the painter Giotto at their head were decorating the interiors of the great buildings with paintings, and the exteriors with statues. The soaring ambition of the proud city may be read in one of its decrees: "The Republic of Florence, mounting ever above the expectation of the ablest judges, desires that an edifice shall be constructed, so magnificent in its height and beauty as to surpass everything of the kind produced in the time of their greatest power by the Greeks and Romans."

Cosimo di Medici (1389-1464) was the great patron of this growing movement. The Florentines had long been the bankers and money-lenders for all Europe; and the Medici were the chief bankers of Florence, merchant princes indeed, whose wealth and sumptuous life have never been surpassed. Cosimo was the first of the Medici to hold supreme power in Florence. Though the forms of the Republic were preserved, he was practically its dictator. Yet so loved was he by the people, so generous in the help he gave to all the awakened intellectual life of the time, that the Florentines inscribed on his tomb the honored record, "Father of his Country."

One of the many poor scholars who had found a home and an education with Cosimo became pope at Rome under the name of Nicholas V., and reigned there from 1447 to 1455. Under him the wealth of the church also was devoted to art and literature. He conceived the idea of making Rome the most beautiful city in the world. His purpose was to impress deeply the pilgrims who flocked to it from all lands, to lead them through its architectural into a comprehension of its spiritual grandeur. To do this he set to work to rebuild almost the entire city. For over a century Rome had been in a state of sad decay. The long absence of the popes at Avignon had left it uncared for and crumbling. Then there had come an unfortunate quarrel in the church, and again, as in the old evil days, there had been two and even three rivals claiming to be pope at the same time. The city left to itself had become a mere nest of thieves and ruins. Nicholas V. gave it once more a splendid start on the upward career which was to make it the beautiful city of to-day.

In 1453, the Eastern Empire in Greece was overthrown by the Turks. The result was that Greek scholars with ancient manuscripts flocked into Italy.

A tremendous impetus was given to the artistic and literary spirit already existing. The Renaissance rose to its fullest power, and its impulse spread over all Europe. It escaped in other countries, however, the somewhat irreligious tone it had begun to take in Italy. Indeed, it seemed to deepen and strengthen the religious fervor among the peoples of the North.

In Italy its divorce from religion and all true nobility became marked. Lorenzo the Magnificent (1448-1492) had become the head of the Medicis at Florence, and under him the city acquired splendor indeed. He was the most liberal and generous among the patrons of art. He founded a school for artists, many of whom lived in his palace. He collected a museum of manuscripts, paintings, and statues. He wrote poetry which his courtiers assured him was superior to that of Dante. But through it all he was reckless, treacherous, and licentious. Under him Florence forgot her liberty, in the pursuit of pleasure, and grew, like ancient Babylon, into a city of sin.

Only one man dared stand face to face with Lorenzo, and tell him the crime he was committing against himself and his city. This was Savonarola, a monk who had come to Florence as a stranger from a little neighboring village. By his piety, his energy, and his eloquence he rose to be head of the monastery of San Marco, and he warned the Florentines in trumpet tones of their fall and degradation. He fancied he saw visions of the woe to fall on Italy. The impressionable people gathered in crowds to listen to him; they revered him as a saint, and honored him as a hero. They did everything except follow his advice and reform.

Lorenzo himself was impressed by the terrible earnestness and passion of the man. Instead of crushing him as he might easily have done, he sought to make a friend of him. The fierce reformer evaded the luxurious tyrant, and preached more and more bitterly against him. These two were typical of Renaissance and Church, each at its best. Courtiers hinted to the monk that he might be banished. "Tell Lorenzo," he answered, "that he shall go, but I shall stay."

It was like a lightning-flash of that spirit of prophecy which seemed at times to inspire the visionary monk. Lorenzo did go; he died. As he lay in his sudden illness, he would receive the last sacrament and blessing from none of the obsequious priests who surrounded him, but sent for Savonarola. He felt that it was only through such a good man as this, that he could really make his peace with God. "Go back," said the unrelenting priest, "it is not such as me he wants." But Lorenzo's messengers came again and again, promising in his name to do whatever Savonarola bade. So the stern monk stood by the dying bed of the "Magnificent." He demanded that Lorenzo do three things, if he wished the Church's pardon. First he must throw himself wholly on



SAVONAROLA PREACHING IN FLORENCE



God's mercy, and hope for nothing from his own merits, his fame, and his generosity. The shrewd prince saw readily the right of that, and promised. Next he was to restore all his wealth, so far as possible, to those from whom it had been taken, leaving his descendants only enough to live as ordinary citizens. This, too, he promised, though after long hesitation. Lastly Savonarola demanded that the prince should set Florence free again, as once she had been. Lorenzo gave no answer, but, turning his back upon the priest, lay silent and still with his face to the wall, until he died—unshriven (1492).

The power which had so twined itself about Lorenzo's heartstrings was lost to his family in spite of him. Florence, stirred to its depths by Savonarola, declared itself a religious republic with God as its head. The Medici were driven out. A day was appointed on which all the people came and laid their "vanities," their rich apparel, ornaments, and treasures at Savonarola's feet. The world beyond the city gates looked on in wonder. Savonarola began to preach against the sins of other cities, and of the Roman church. Fear took the place of wonder among the evil who were set in high places.

But all this self-renunciation was only a passing craze with the frivolous Florentines. They soon tired of these solemn, monkish ways, and sighed for their "vanities" back again. There were tumults; a rebellion was encouraged by a wicked pope, and Savonarola was overthrown. He was tortured and, by public approval, was strangled, and his body burned in the great square of the very city which had hailed him as its prophet. His public career covered, as in the beginning he had foretold it would, just eight years (1490-1498).

The wickedness of Italy was growing blacker and more appalling. It had invaded even the papacy. The crime of simony, which Hildebrand had driven from the church, came back in worse forms than ever. Alexander VI., a Spaniard of the family of the Borgias, was perhaps the most wicked of all the popes (1492-1503). His son was the terrible Cæsar Borgia, whose name, with that of his sister Lucrece, has become a horror to all succeeding ages. Cæsar, with his father's help, set to work to make for himself a kingdom in Italy, deliberately murdering all who stood in his way. This was done usually by slow and mysterious poisons. Lucrece was married to three princes in succession, one of whom at least was murdered by her brother to give Lucrece opportunity for a more brilliant match.

All Europe trembled before these secret assassins. Cæsar Borgia became lord of much territory around Rome. The plans of the wicked father and son seemed approaching assured success, when suddenly the two were stricken down together. Some writers say it was a fever seized them; but the popular legend represents them as caught in their own snare. They had prepared poison for one of their cardinals, and gave it to him at a banquet in his own house. By

some accident, or by the suspicion of their victim, the cups were changed, and the Borgias drank the draught they had themselves mixed. Alexander died a horrible death. Cæsar wavered long upon life's edge. Unable to assert himself, he saw a stranger succeed to his father's place; and he was hurried with all his treasures, like some unclean thing, from the papal palace of the Vatican. When he finally recovered, his power had passed away like a shadow.

Alexander was soon followed on the papal throne by Julius II. (1503-1513), who again worked, as Pope Nicholas had done, for the material splendor and adornment of Rome. He had excavations made among the old ruins, and brought to light many of the exquisite statues which had adorned the ancient city. The famous "Apollo Belvedere" was unearthed, and acted like a revelation on men's minds. Indeed, it was during the reign of Pope Julius that the artistic side of the Renaissance reached its highest expression.

Donatello and Michael-Angelo are the two great names in modern sculpture. Both were Florentines. Donatello was the artist who first broke fully from the old, hampering traditions, and started modern sculpture in its great career.

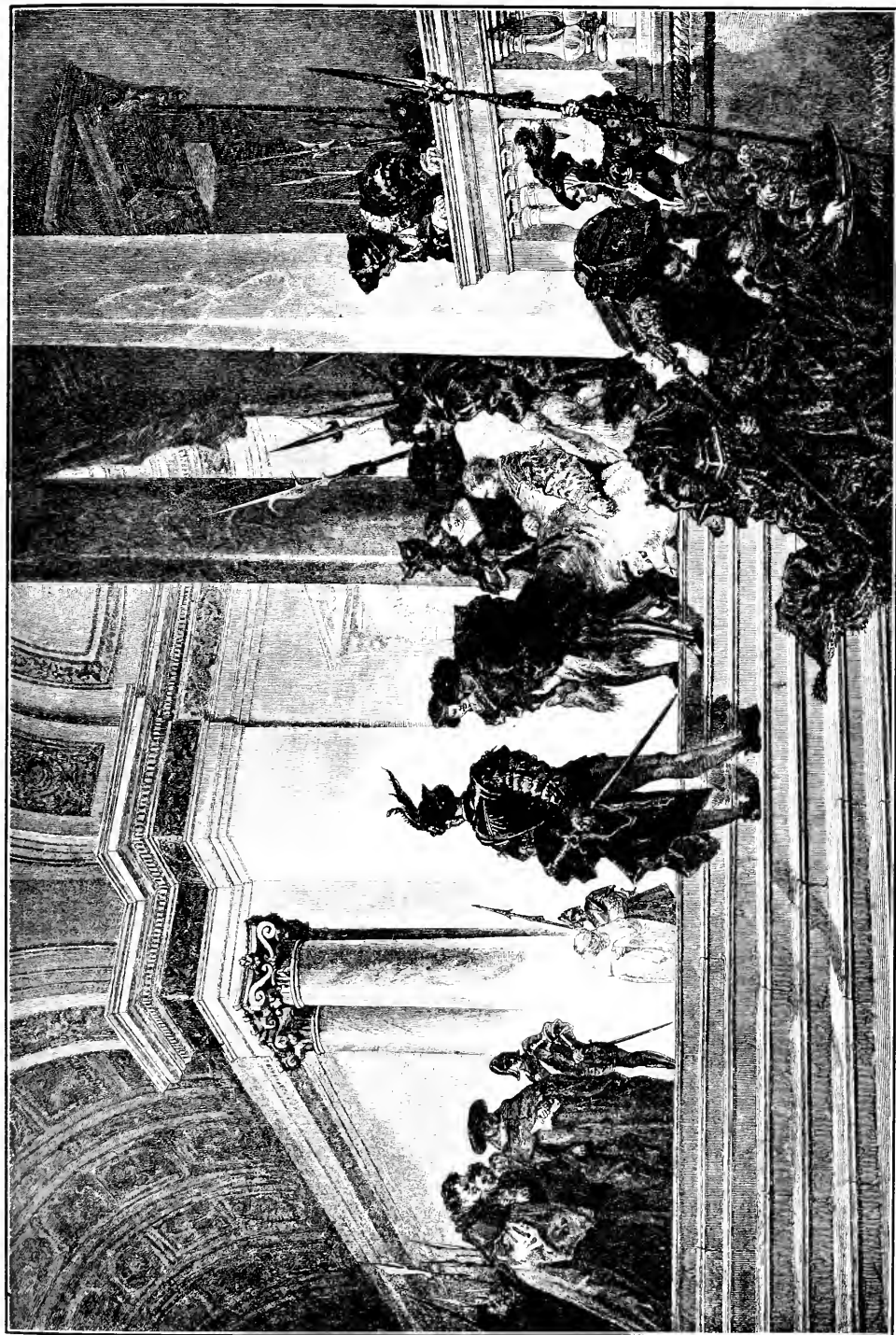
Michael-Angelo Buonarotti (1475-1564) ranks as the greatest of modern sculptors. Even among the ancient Greeks the master Phidias is the only one usually classed above him. But Michael-Angelo was far more than a sculptor. He had the varied, all-pervading power which is one of the most impressive features of the period. Indeed, his extraordinary career is worth dwelling upon, for in his many-sided genius he may be considered the typical figure of the Renaissance.

In his youth his talent was discouraged by his father, a poor but proud citizen of Florence, who opposed his son's following a profession then considered inferior. But the lad's persistence attracted the attention of the magnificent Lorenzo, who placed him in his school and made him his friend.

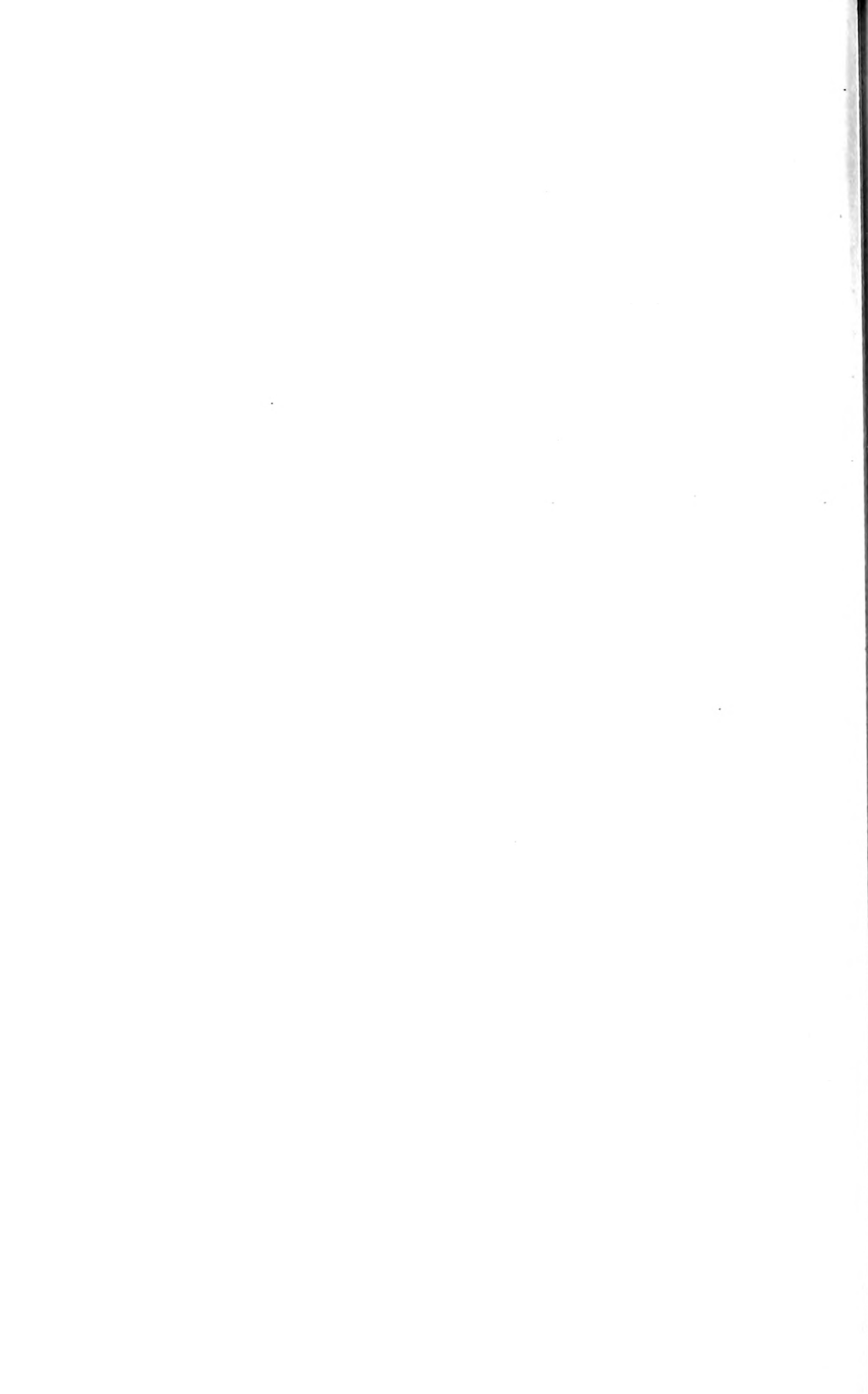
At Lorenzo's command he made beautiful statues. But Lorenzo died, and the critics of art would enthuse only over ancient work. Michael-Angelo made a beautiful Cupid, buried it, and then sent it all dirty to Rome. Every one was delighted with the supposed antique; and when the artifice was discovered, they admitted that a great sculptor had risen in their own day.

He worked at Rome, and then again at Florence. Two great pictures were wanted for the walls of the grand Florentine Council Hall. Angelo now stood forth as a painter, and was commissioned to paint one wall, while Leonardo da Vinci, the leading artist of the time, painted the other. A fierce rivalry arose, and Angelo's picture was adjudged the better of the two.

Pope Julius called him again to Rome, to beautify that city as architect and sculptor. Then, on a sudden whim, the Pope bade him paint instead of build.



THE EXPULSION OF CÆSAR BORGIA FROM THE VATICAN



Angelo pleaded that he was a sculptor, not a painter, and urged his young rival Raphael for the work. But the Pope was obdurate, and Angelo executed the paintings of the wonderful Sistine Chapel.

The next Pope set him at sculpture again in Florence, but insisted on his using a certain marble which had to be hauled far, over bad roads. So the great artist turned road-maker, and for eight years that seems to have been his main employment. Then, he became a military engineer, fortified Florence against a terrible siege, and was foremost in his city's defence. On its capture he was forced to flee and hide; but a pardon being assured him, he returned to painting and sculpture. The old cathedral of St. Peter, which had stood for centuries at Rome, was being replaced by the massive structure which towers there to-day. Michael-Angelo was made its architect, and gave himself to the work with religious devotion. It occupied the last twenty years of his long and strenuous life. During this time he turned to poetry as well, and crowned the diversity of his career by writing a series of sonnets which hold no mean place in Italian literature.

The three great painters of the age have been mentioned. In the order of their appearance they were Leonardo da Vinci, Michael-Angelo, and Raphael; and they are generally regarded as improving each upon his predecessor. Leonardo was, like Michael-Angelo, a man of varied genius: architect, sculptor, painter, and military engineer. His greatest painting is the famous "Last Supper" in Milan. The patronage of dukes and kings led him out of Italy; and he became as much a Frenchman as an Italian. He died at the court of a king of France, legend says, in the monarch's arms.

Raphael Santi (1483-1520), considered by many the greatest of all painters, lived through a short and calm existence in keeping with the serene tone of his art, and forming a singular contrast to the long and stormy career of his rival, Angelo. Raphael's genius was early recognized; he was called to Rome and became the personal favorite of the two artistic popes, Julius II. and his successor Leo X. He painted for them one splendid picture after another, until his death from fever, at the age of thirty-seven. All Rome mourned him, and his funeral was one of the spectacles of the age.

Raphael's second Pope, Leo X., was a Medici. That family had regained their power in Florence, and they seem now to have formed a scheme for wider dominion. They purposed to use the papacy as a means of establishing their power over all Italy. Leo X. was distinguished by all the artistic zeal and much of the irreligion of his family.

He was soon succeeded by Clement VII., another Medici, under whom an awful retribution came upon Rome for the wickedness which had been continually growing more horrible within her walls. A German army was formed

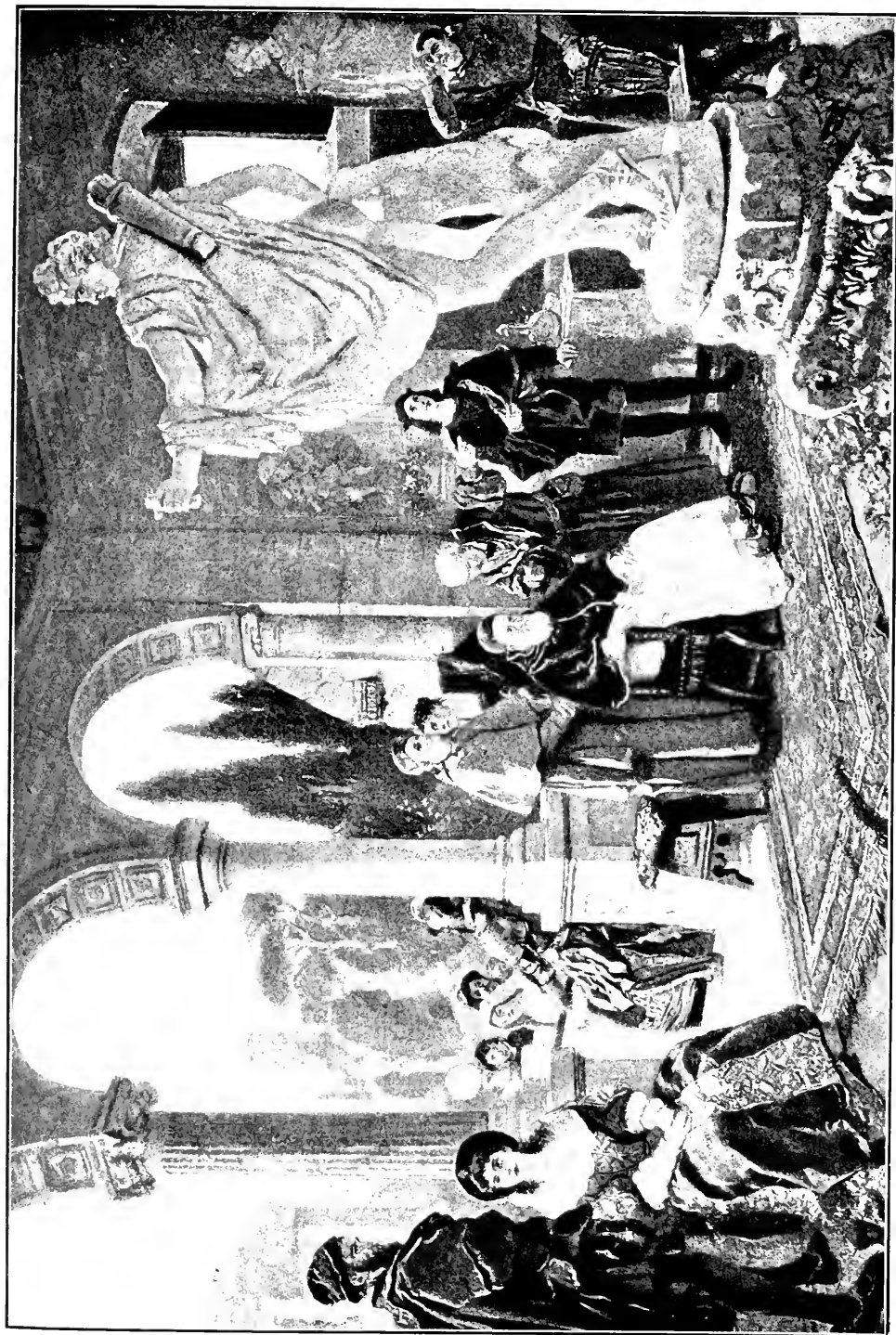
with the avowed purpose of pillaging the city. It traversed Italy, duke after duke letting it pass by him, or secretly aiding it on its way (1527).

Rome offered little resistance. It was stormed and given over to a sacking more dreadful and more complete than it had suffered in the wildest days of the Huns and Vandals. Clement, securely shut up in his fortress of St. Angelo, went from window to window looking out and wringing his hands. "Oh, my poor people!" he cried, "my poor people!" For seven months the army of brigands camped in the streets, working their hideous will, until even their brutal lust and senseless cruelty and savage avarice were sated. Torture and violation could wring no more money from the broken Romans.

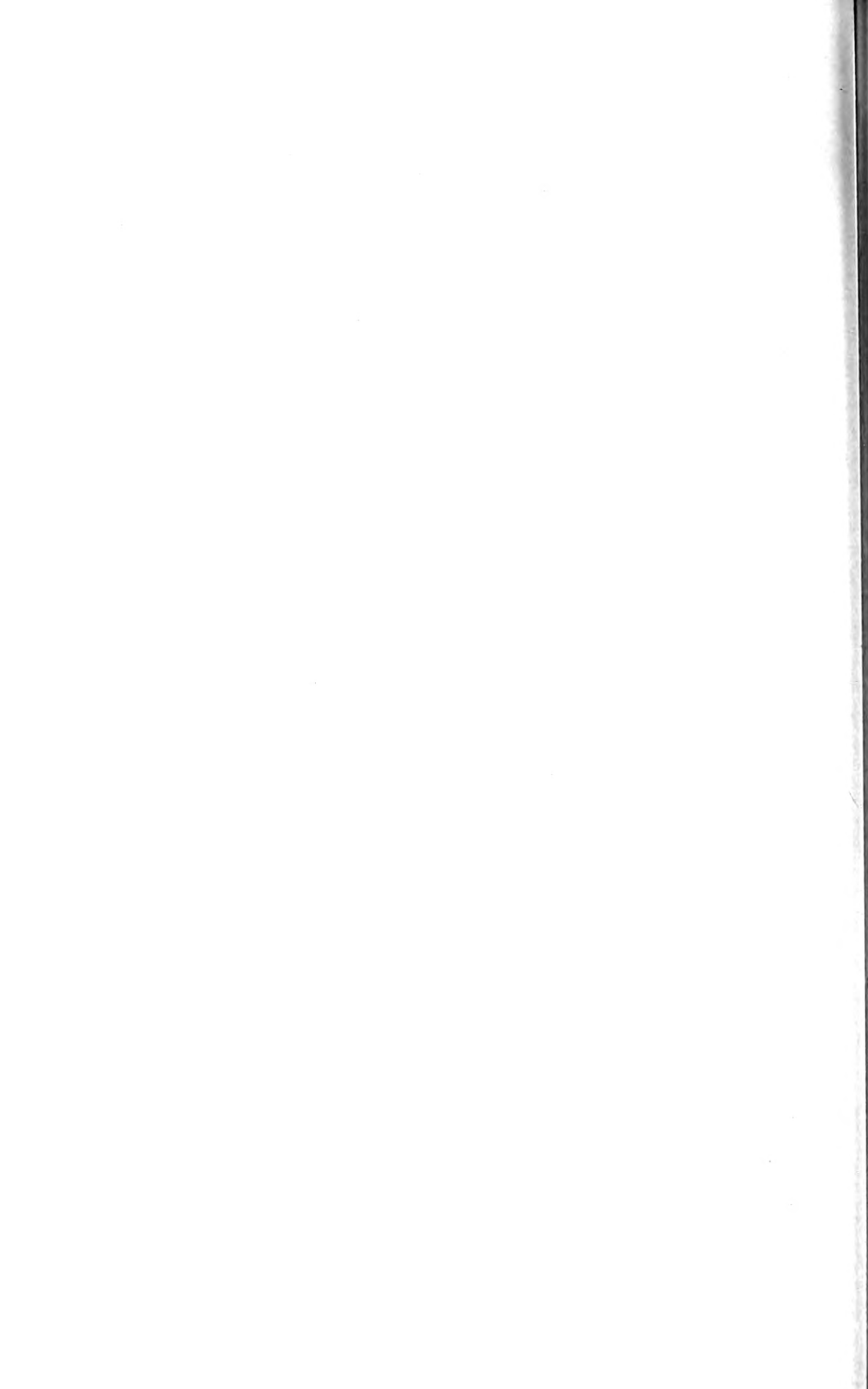
Then the Emperor, in whose name this sickening thing had been done, somewhat tardily bestirred himself to repudiate it. He sought peace with the Pope, and Clement, forgetful apparently of the "poor people" in other cities, forgave him on condition that what remained of the army of invasion should be turned against Florence, and used to re-establish there permanently the dominion of the Medici.

So Florence, which had been in one of its chronic enthusiasms for liberty and no Medici, had in its turn to withstand a siege (1529). It was then that Michael-Angelo exerted himself to fortify and entrench his beloved city. There is a high and hopeless heroism about this last Florentine rebellion. The days of Savonarola were recalled, and God was once more declared King of Florence, the question being put to a regular vote in the assembly of citizens and carried, some eleven hundred voting for Him, and only eighteen against. The siege was long, but it was pushed with grim resolution, and could have only one termination. Famine and treachery drove the citizens to surrender. The famous Florentine Republic came to an end. The city had retained at least the form and officers of a republic, even when the Medici held all real power. Now the old machinery was swept away, the city with its dependent territories was made a duchy, and its tyrant Medici became Dukes of Florence.

The fall of these two principal cities is generally accepted as ending the Renaissance in Italy. Its period of greatest splendor and of greatest evil had thus extended from 1453 to 1527. Clement, on his return to power, started what has been called the "counter-reformation" in the Roman church. The church itself struggled to crush the internal evils which were destroying it. By degrees the respect of men returned to better popes, and with it returned something of the church's power. The Northern nations had broken away from it forever; but the Southern ones still clung to the old religious idea for which Rome stood. Within the past century the lasting vitality of this idea has again been strikingly demonstrated. In our world to-day the Roman Cath-



POPE JULIUS AND HIS COURT ADMIRING THE APOLLO BELVEDERE



olic Church is still a vast influence, and many thinkers believe that influence to be upon the increase.

From 1527, however, Italy lay helpless beneath the feet of domestic tyrants and foreign kings. Dominion over her varied states shifted with every change of policy in the greater kingdoms to the north. These fought out their bloody feuds upon Italian soil. She became, as she has been called, "the battleground of the nations." Her common people sank into a misery as abject as it seemed hopeless.



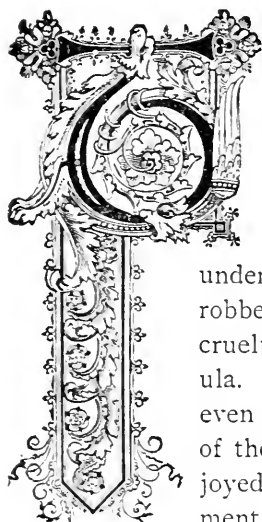
POPE LEO X.



BATTLE OF SOLFERINO

Chapter XLV

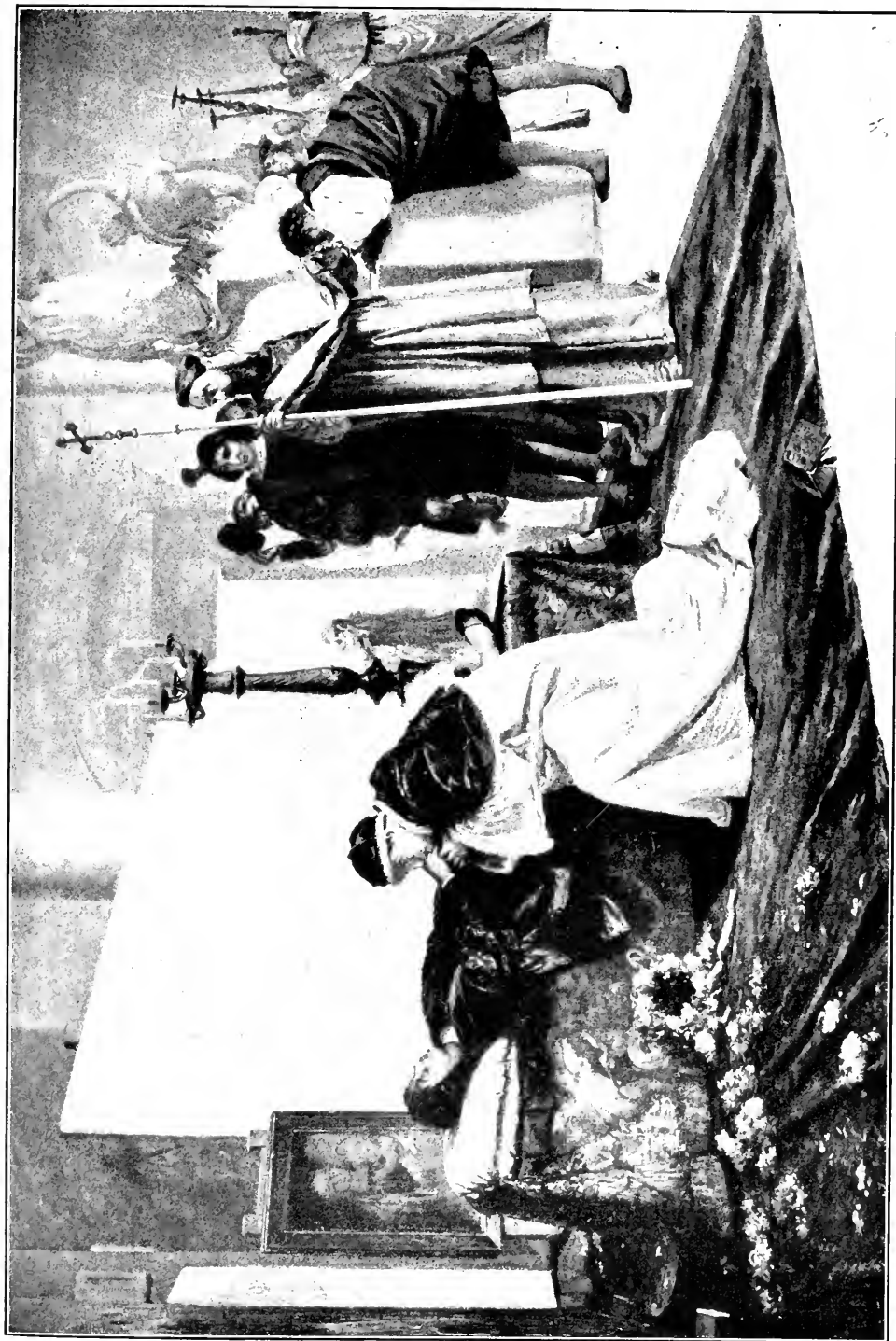
MODERN ITALY



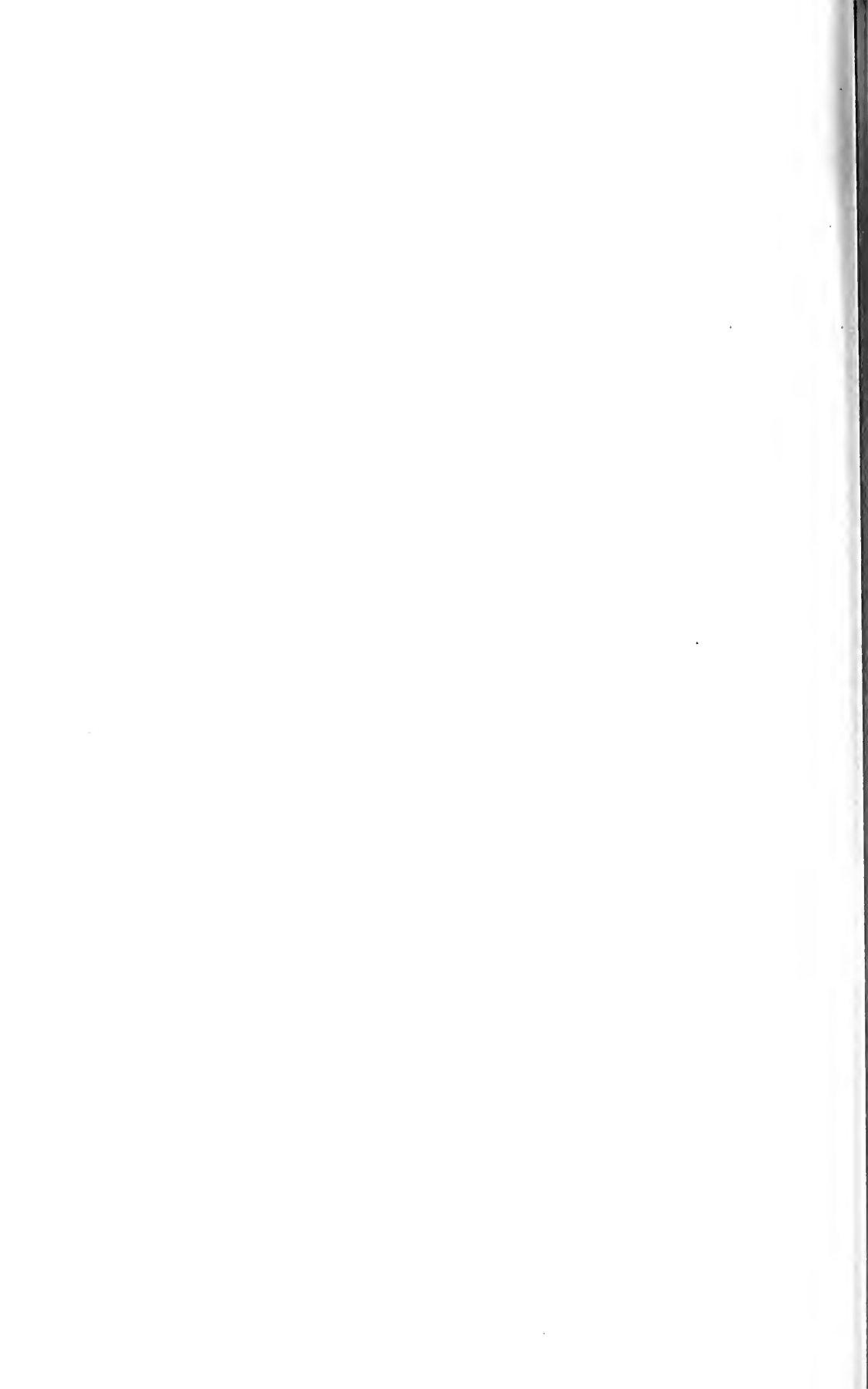
THE dream of Italian unity, which had inspired Dante, and has swayed every noble Italian since his day, was left for the nineteenth century to realize. In the latter end of the eighteenth century, Italy was divided into about a dozen little states, of which only five had any size or importance. The "Kingdom of Naples" included Sicily and the south of the peninsula. It was under the rule of an absolute monarch, King Ferdinand, who robbed, tortured, and murdered his subjects with a ferocious cruelty and in a wholesale manner worthy of Nero or Caligula. He was assisted by his queen, an Austrian princess, even more bloodthirsty and treacherous than he. The "States of the Church" in Central Italy belonged to the pope, but enjoyed a certain amount of liberty and peace under his government.

Most of the north of Italy was subject to Austria, which was by far the greatest power in the land. Austrian dukes or generals ruled in Florence over Tuscany, in Milan over Lombardy, and in other smaller states. In the north-east Venice still retained its freedom as a republic, and governed the surrounding district of Venetia. In the northwest lay Piedmont, a power the most interesting of all, since its rulers were to become the kings of the Italy of to-day.

The lords of Piedmont had a threefold dominion. They held Savoy, the French province to the north and west of the Alps. This was their original home, and gave them their earliest title. Through all the Middle Ages they



LEO X. PRAYING AT RAPHAEL'S BIER



had been known as Dukes of Savoy. Piedmont was added to their domain by slow degrees, some bits by marriage, others by conquest, but most by their own free consent. Many little cities, and even the large one of Nice, had voluntarily placed themselves under the protection of these strong, just, and humane Dukes of Savoy. Thus all the country of the lower Alps, both in France and Italy, was under their control. The mountain passes were easily defensible by the sturdy natives, so that no army could cross the Alps without Savoy's consent. Its dukes were known to European politics as the door-keepers, the "Janitors of the Alps." In 1720 the island of Sardinia passed to them by treaty, and it was from this that they took their best-known title, "King of Sardinia."

Piedmont, however, was their main strength. In it lay their capital, Turin. The people respected and trusted them; and these people were a far different race from those of lower Italy. Mountains breed men of courage, loyalty, and strength. Napoleon wrote home to France that one regiment of the Piedmontese was worth all the troops that could be gathered from the remainder of Northern Italy.

When Napoleon invaded Italy in 1796 he overthrew all the little governments we have described, and substituted four republics. Later, as his imperial ambition grew, he changed these republics into kingdoms for the members of his family. On his downfall, in 1814, the Powers, endeavoring to rearrange Europe, placed Italy so far as possible under its old sovereigns. Only the republics were destroyed; Venice was given to Austria, and the shadowy remnant of Genoa passed to Piedmont.

But this restoration was only superficial. The absolute power of the kings could not thus be handed back to them. The people had tasted freedom, and there were constant plots and uprisings, which no severity could repress. Austria, entrenched in the very heart of the land, stood firmly for absolute monarchy, and lent her troops to the little kings around her. Italy was kept in subjugation by Austrian bayonets, and by those alone.

Piedmont's king had been already recognized as representing the cause of Italian freedom. Yet even his subjects in 1821 demanded from him a constitution. He tried to temporize with them. As a matter of fact, when the Powers restored his kingdom to him, they suspected his liberal tendencies, and required from him a pledge that he would never grant his people the very thing they were now asking. So what could he do? The revolutionists were sincere when they sent him the message: "Our hearts are faithful to our king, but we must save him from perfidious counsels." His generals assured him that their soldiers would be loyal to him personally, but could be guaranteed no further. He refused to test them by giving the order to fire on the rebels.

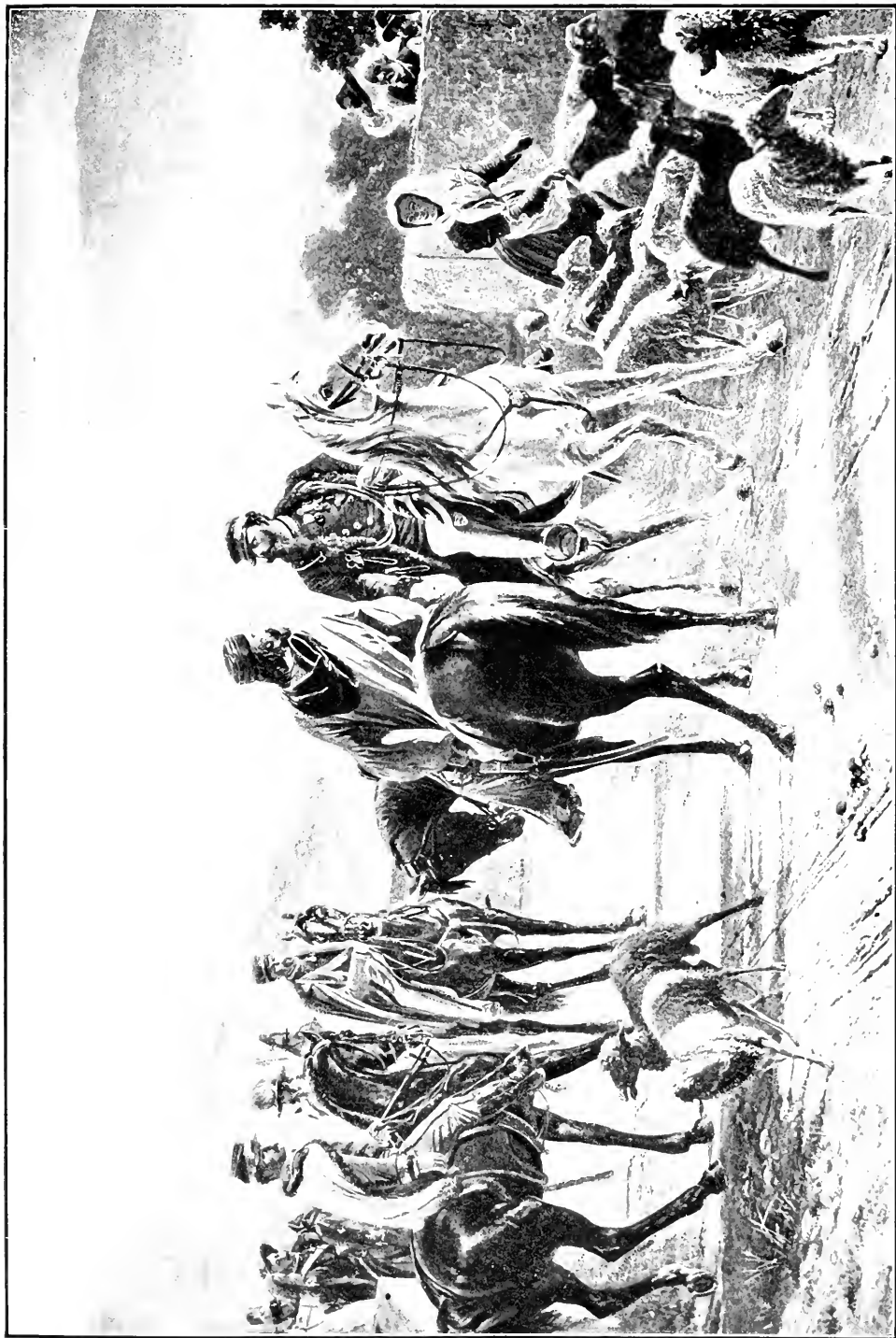
It would have been easy to summon Austria to his help, but sooner than do so the kindly old king resigned his office. His brother, the next heir, was at a distance. So a young cousin, Charles Albert, was appointed regent till his arrival. Charles immediately granted the constitution. But the new king dashed in breathing fire and fury. He summoned the Austrians to his help, the constitution was promptly revoked, and the people were forced back into subjugation.

Young Charles Albert was ordered off to do penance, by fighting in the Austrian army. Its officers greeted him with a shout of ridicule: "Behold the King of Italy!" Yet the taunt came near to being prophecy. Charles lived to have that very title offered him; and it was his son, following out his plans, who actually won the rank.

In 1831, in default of nearer heirs, Charles Albert was allowed to become King of Sardinia and Piedmont, though he, too, was first compelled by Austria to pledge himself against a constitution. Of course the Piedmontese knew nothing of this, and they welcomed his coronation with delight. Secret societies of patriots had spread through all Italy; and at the head of the best known of them was Mazzini, a young Piedmontese. He promptly summoned "Young Italy" to rise against Austria, counting on the help of the new king. But Charles was too shrewd to thrust his head into the jaws of the Austrian lion. He put down the uprising with an iron hand. There were executions and imprisonments, and Mazzini had to flee from Italy.

For eighteen years there was no further step to mark outwardly the advance of Italian unity and freedom. Yet it was during those years that its main strength was built up. Charles Albert was educating his people and creating an army. All Europe was advancing along the path of constitutional government. With the growth of men's minds and hearts, freedom was becoming more and more inevitable, despotism more and more impossible.

At last, in 1848, rebellion flamed up all over Europe. In France alone was it completely successful. There a republic was again established. But the Austrian despots had their hands full at home, they had no time to spare for Italy. Charles Albert seized the opportunity to grant his people the long-deferred constitution, and no protest was uttered. The down-trodden states of Central Italy rose one after another against Austria; and Charles, also declaring war upon the common enemy, placed himself at their head. Piedmont, changing her ancient colors, adopted the Italian tri-color, red, white, and green. All Italy seemed burning to march under the flag; and troops came from Rome and even from distant Naples. It was then that the enthusiastic soldiers offered Charles the crown of Northern Italy. He refused it till it should be earned.



GARIBALDI WELCOMING VICTOR EMMANUEL II. AS KING OF ITALY



But, alas! Charles was not a military genius. The Austrian general, Radetsky, old and skilful, gathered such troops as he could find in Italy. He outmanœuvred and outfought Charles. There was a savage battle at Custoza, which gave Milan and Lombardy to the Austrians. The Milanese cried treason; though indeed here, as always, the Piedmontese showed themselves the best of the Italian soldiers. Shots were fired at King Charles in Milan; and it was only by the heroism of some of his officers, and the cool valor of his troops, that he was saved from the mob's fury. Still he did not give up hope. "The independence of Italy," he said, "was the first dream of my youth. It is my dream still; it will be till I die." The next year another fiercely contested battle was fought at Novara on Piedmont's own soil. Charles, hopelessly defeated, sought death upon the field. Not finding it, he abdicated, that his son might sue for the peace he would not ask.

As Charles left his native land forever, he declared that wherever any government raised the flag of war against Austria, he would be found fighting her as a simple soldier. But he did not live to make good the despairing vaunt; he died within four months, broken-hearted.

His power, however, had been left in strong hands. As his eldest son, Victor Emmanuel II., stood in this suddenly acquired responsibility of his new kingship looking across the bloody field of Novara, amid all the defeat and destruction of his father's plans, he murmured, "Yet Italy *shall* be." He marched the shattered army back to Turin. He accepted the hard terms of peace Austria proposed. He accepted the suspicion of his people, their taunts, their bitterness. Like his father he knew how to bide his time.

With Piedmont and the neighboring cities trampled down, rebellion still burned in only two spots in Italy. These were Venice and Rome. Venice made heroic resistance under a splendid leader, Daniel Manin. From August, 1848, to August, 1849, she withstood the determined siege of the Austrians. Manin was made Dictator, and every foot of ground was stubbornly contested. It was only when the Venetians stood alone of all Italy, and with starvation actually among them, that they consented to an honorable capitulation.

The resistance in Rome, though briefer, was still more heroic. Mazzini, the leader of the secret societies, had returned to Italy, and with him came an exile even more famous than he. This was Garibaldi, the hero of modern Italy. During his banishment from his native Piedmont, Garibaldi had led a wandering, adventurous life in South America. He had proved himself, by his enthusiasm and high daring, a superb leader of men. After the defeat of Piedmont, he and Mazzini, holding together a handful of followers, retreated to Rome.

Rome had declared itself a republic. Its Pope, Pius IX., had fled. Maz-

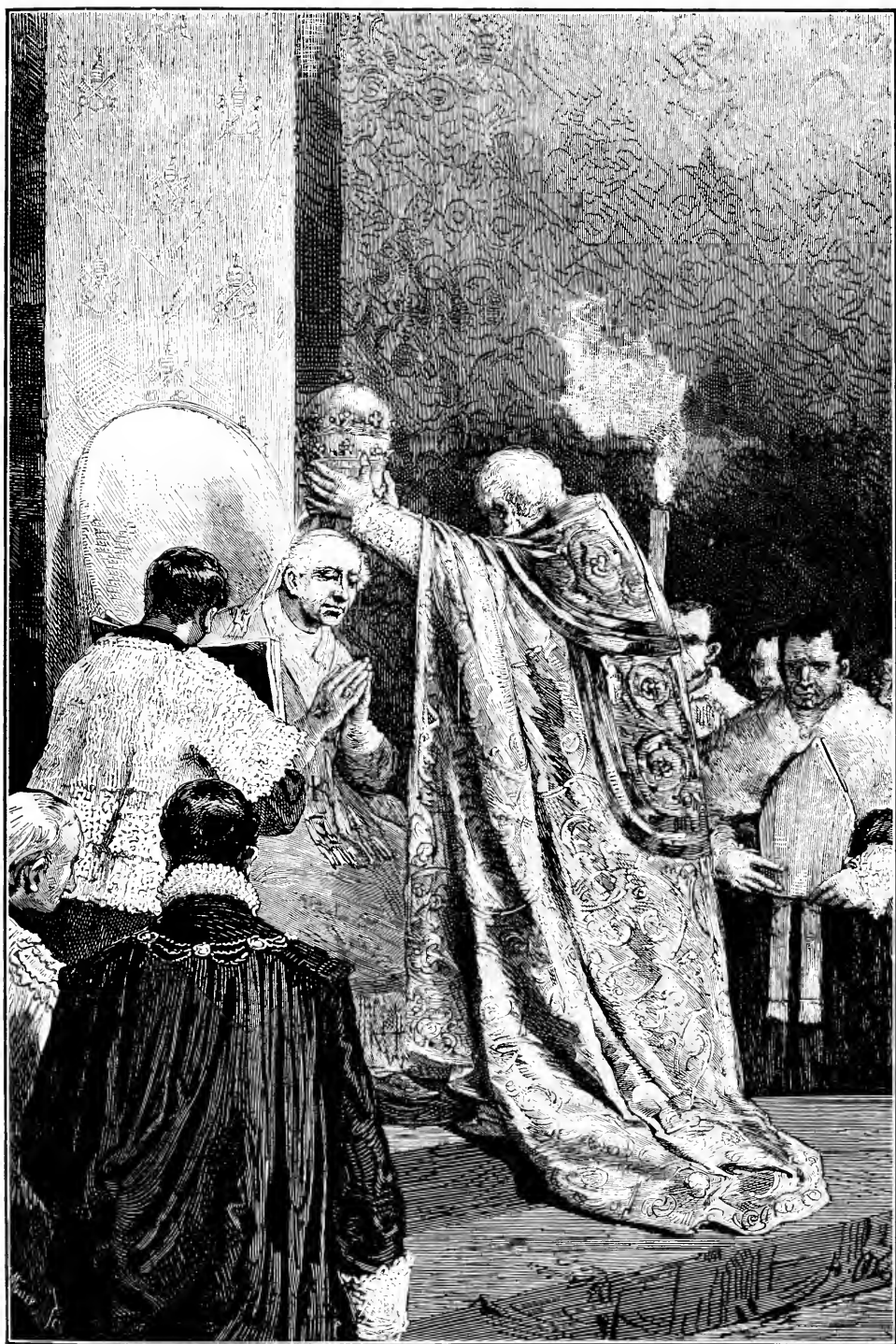
zini was appointed one of a triumvirate to protect the city. They appealed for help to republican France, and a French army was sent to Rome. It was received at first with welcome, then with suspicion. The French general declared that he was sent to make peace between the Pope and the triumvirate. But where both parties insisted on their right to rule, no compromise was possible. Then the French troops assaulted Rome. They were repulsed with desperate valor by Garibaldi and his men.

The Austrians advanced upon Rome. Spain landed troops at Naples to repress the rebellious spirit of Southern Italy, and the forces of the King of Naples also marched toward Rome. Thus three of the great Powers were uniting against the one unfortunate city. Unluckily for him, the King of Naples came first within striking distance. His army numbered ten thousand men. Garibaldi slipped out of Rome with four thousand, and completely defeated him. The king retreated, but there seemed to be some doubt in his mind as to his defeat. He ordered hymns of victory sung in his churches. So Garibaldi slipped out of Rome again, and this time the King of Naples was fully convinced that he was beaten in the battle of Velletri. He celebrated only the splendid rapidity of his retreat.

Unfortunately, France was not so easily disposed of. Her troops drew in close siege around Rome. Mazzini opened negotiations, and a peaceful agreement seemed secure; but the French general, smarting under his first defeat, was determined to capture the city. It was bombarded and stormed. For a whole week there was fighting every day. Numbers told; and after a heroic and bloody defence, the republic surrendered. Mazzini had again to leave Italy. Garibaldi, summoning such as cared to follow him, marched out of Rome. He hoped to find somewhere in Italy the flag of freedom still waving, but it had gone down everywhere except in Venice, where they needed not men but food. So he dismissed his despairing band, and himself became a hunted fugitive. After dreadful suffering, he escaped to America, where he lived for some time in the city of New York.

The warfare of 1848-1849 was not useless, for it impressed on all the world, and even, it may be, upon Austria, Italy's heroic determination to be free. The Italians themselves learned to moderate their ambitions, to see that a republican Italy was hopeless, and that their one chance of freedom from foreign tyranny lay in the King of Piedmont. He alone had armies which could make a hopeful stand against those of the great Powers; and he alone of all the petty kings and dukes was really Italian. The house of Savoy can trace its Italian ancestry backward for eight centuries, or, according to some authorities, for an even longer time, through the Lombard and Roman periods.

Piedmont's new King, Victor Emmanuel, found a most able minister in



THE CORONATION OF POPE LEO XIII

Count Cavour, and together, by splendid statesmanship, they built up the power and glory of their little kingdom. It became the recognized champion of all Italians who fled from Austrian tyranny. At last in 1859, Austria, irritated and overbearing, declared war again. This time she found she had more than Piedmont to meet. Cavour had secured the new French Emperor, Napoleon III., as an ally, and French troops fought side by side with the Piedmontese. Volunteers flocked from all Italy to join them. Garibaldi came back from his exile, and, as general of the volunteer force, swept the Austrians out of the Lombard hills. Victor Emmanuel proved himself, before all men's eyes, a hero in battle. The French Emperor reproved him for his rashness; the French zouaves, wildest and most daring of fighters, elected him a corporal in their ranks.

The allies won an important and fiercely contested battle at Magenta. Through that little town the fight raged backward and forward all day long, and by evening ten thousand dead lay in its streets and fields. The battle freed Lombardy, and it was added to Piedmont, the people of Milan celebrating the union with extravagant enthusiasm.

One little Italian state after another burst its bonds, and each immediately begged Victor Emmanuel for admission into his kingdom. A second and even more bloody battle was fought at Solferino, in which the Austrians were again compelled to fall back, though fighting stubbornly. Italy was half crazy with delight. She thought her freedom accomplished, the terrible Austrians crushed. But the French Emperor, looking out over the ghastly plain of Solferino, with its twenty-five thousand dead, declared for peace.

His announcement came, it would seem, suddenly and unexpectedly to all parties. The Austrians were only too glad to agree. The Italians, with Victor Emmanuel and Cavour at their head, protested excitedly, madly, but in vain. They had to accept the situation. The French Emperor arranged that everything should stand as it was. Lombardy should belong to Piedmont; but Venetia, as yet unconquered, was to remain Austrian, and the states of Central Italy were to go back under their former lords. And in return for the help he had given Italy, and the lands he had turned over to Piedmont, the Emperor demanded for himself the city of Nice and the duchy of Savoy.

Victor Emmanuel must have faced the most terrible moment of his life. All his high ambitions were suddenly checked, and Savoy, his own home, the birthplace of his race, was demanded from him. Even the diplomatic Cavour lost his self-control, wanted to defy France as well as Austria, and threw up his office as minister. Garibaldi had learned to admire and love his king, but when he learned that Nice, his birthplace, was to be given up, he cast duty to the winds, and threatened every one indiscriminately. The king alone stood firm, and insisted on agreeing to what he could not help.

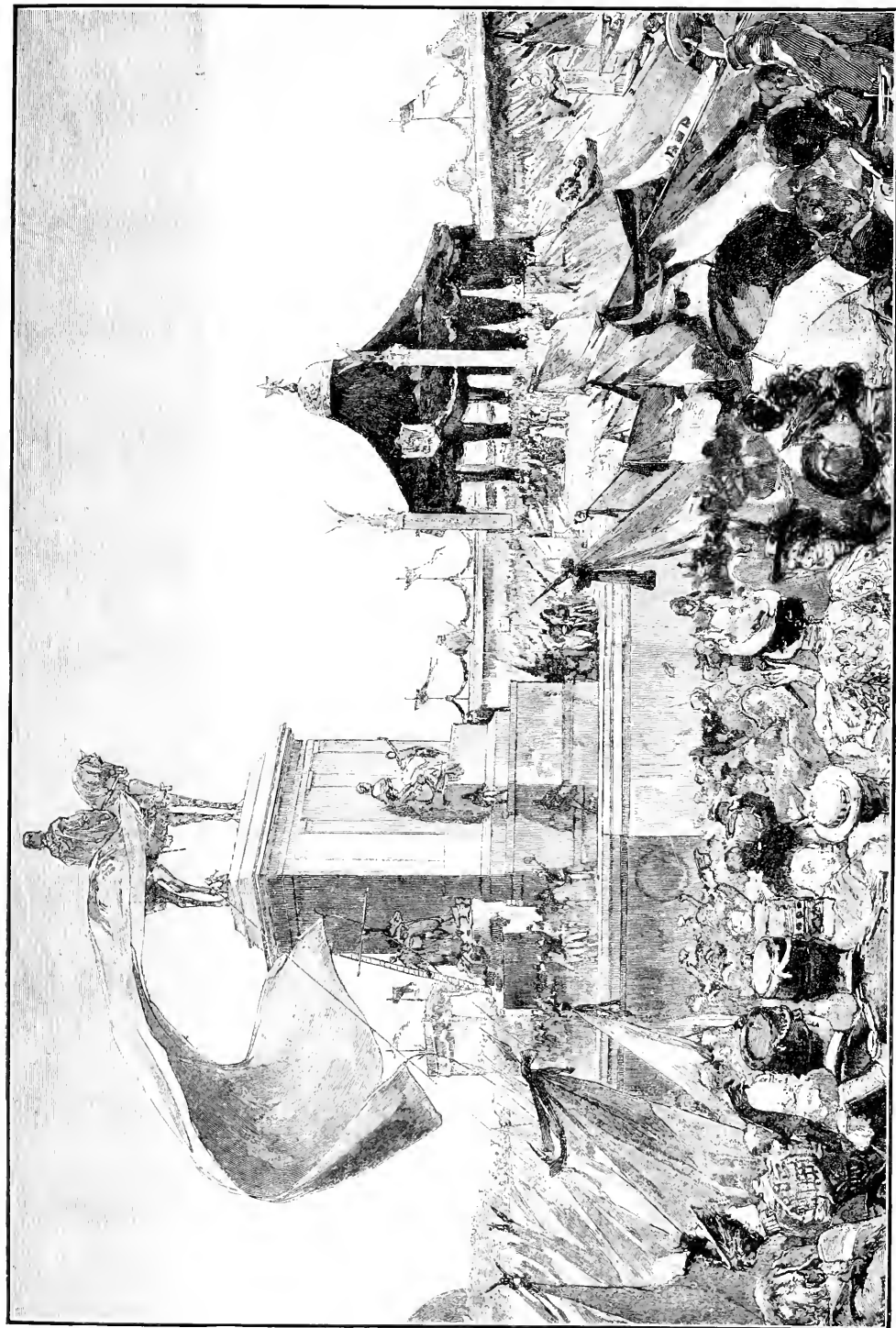
His two great assistants soon rallied again to his side. Together the three plucked success from the ashes of defeat. The treaty of peace had said that the little states of middle Italy were to take back their old rulers. But who was to compel them to obey? They refused positively, and Victor Emmanuel declared as positively that neither France nor Austria should use force upon them. They had appealed to him for protection, and he had promised it. So, after much diplomatic bickering, they were allowed to do as they wished. An election was held, and every little state voted to join itself with Piedmont and Lombardy to form the "Kingdom of Northern Italy."

All Southern Italy was still subject to the King of Naples. It was to be Garibaldi's contribution to the cause of "United Italy." In two old vessels with something less than a thousand men, he sailed secretly for Sicily. With this famous force, known to history as "the Thousand," he conquered both Sicily and the mainland. The first battle was the hardest. The Thousand attacked the Neapolitan troops at Calatafimi, stormed the entrenchments, fought their way up a mountain against overwhelming numbers, and swept the foe from the field. Of all Garibaldi's battles, this was his greatest personal triumph. Nothing but his almost superhuman will, energy, and magnetism carried his exhausted little army through the tremendous task imposed on them.

The rest was easy. The Sicilian peasants joined him. The Neapolitan troops were rapidly driven from the island. Garibaldi was made dictator; but he had no intention of stopping here. Gathering what volunteers he could, he crossed to the mainland, and marched against Naples. The Neapolitan army contained, on paper at least, eighty thousand men; Garibaldi had less than five thousand. Every one thought that, despite his heroism, he must fail now, as he had failed twelve years before at Rome. But the Neapolitan troops had little heart in their work, and their fear of Garibaldi and his wild, guerilla fighters was almost ludicrous. An army of seven thousand surrendered on being summoned to do so by a single unsupported officer. Garibaldi entered Naples without a battle, and here, too, he was declared dictator.

Victor Emmanuel and his great minister were prompt to see that the moment was favorable. To attack Rome itself would have meant war with France, and perhaps Austria as well. But they attacked what was left of the "States of the Church" outside of Rome, defeated the papal army, annexed the territory to their own, and established communication with Garibaldi in the South.

Garibaldi soundly defeated the Neapolitan army, which had at last rallied against him; then he rode north to meet Victor Emmanuel who, almost alone, was riding south to meet him. They found each other on the road, Italy's two heroes, the outlaw and the King. Sitting upon their horses, the two clasped



THE UNVEILING OF THE GARIBALDI STATUE IN 1895



hands like brothers. Garibaldi saluted his sovereign simply as "King of Italy," in those words resigning his dictatorship, and proclaiming their united triumph. Victor Emmanuel was no longer King of Piedmont, or of Northern Italy, but of Italy.

Venetia and Rome were still outside the pale. So Italy fought Austria again in 1866, and, though defeated in the field, won once more a diplomatic victory. Through the French Emperor's help she secured Venetia.

Only Rome remained. All the world recognized the famous old city as the natural capital of united Italy. Twice Garibaldi made sudden, characteristic dashes at the coveted goal, but without success. His government had finally to arrest him, lest he plunge the country into war with France, which, as a Catholic state, was resolute in support of the Pope. French troops protected Rome until 1870, when the disastrous Franco-Prussian war summoned them home to save the wreck of their own country. Then Victor Emmanuel with his troops marched in triumph into what has since been the capital of "United Italy." His work was accomplished.

The Pope, Pius IX., ordered his soldiers to resist until a breach was actually made in the walls, when he bade them surrender. Knowing resistance to be useless, he sought thus to save bloodshed; but he wished all the world to see that he had yielded only to force. The Italian Government offered him a large income, and guaranteed his spiritual control, as also his personal security, that of his palaces, and of the Church. But Pius IX. steadily refused to submit to the loss of his temporal power as an Italian prince. He declined all compromise, shut himself up in his splendid palace, the Vatican, and declared himself a prisoner there. He forbade all good Catholics to take part in, or even vote at, the elections of the Italian Government. This attitude the Church has maintained to this day. The Pope is still called "The Prisoner of the Vatican," and good Catholics are still compelled to leave the government of Italy to their Protestant countrymen.

One by one the men who had taken part in the splendid drama of Italian unity died and gave place to a younger generation. Cavour sank under his labors before the goal was reached. Victor Emmanuel died in 1878, mourned by all Italy. The Church continued in opposition to him, until he lay dying, when Pius IX. sent him his blessing, forgiving and loving the man, though still defying the king. The inevitable summons came to the Pope in the same year, and Cardinal Pecci was elected to succeed him as Leo XIII.

At the solemn coronation of Leo, it seemed almost as if he would make peace with the government. After receiving the tiara, or triple crown of the papacy, he rose as if to step out from the Vatican and address the people, as former popes had done. But his advisers hurriedly encircled

him, and reminded him that he was a prisoner—and a prisoner he has remained.

Garibaldi, the most picturesque figure of the nineteenth century, died in 1881. A national statue was erected to him in 1895, on Mount Janiculum, a hill just outside of Rome, where his defence during the siege of 1848 had been bravest and most successful.

King Humbert, Victor Emmanuel's eldest son, succeeded his father on the throne and reigned for twenty-two years. He was a brave and generous, though not a particularly brilliant king. His wife was his cousin, Margherita of Savoy. She was even more popular than her husband, for he is said to have neglected her, and the people sympathized with her unhappiness.

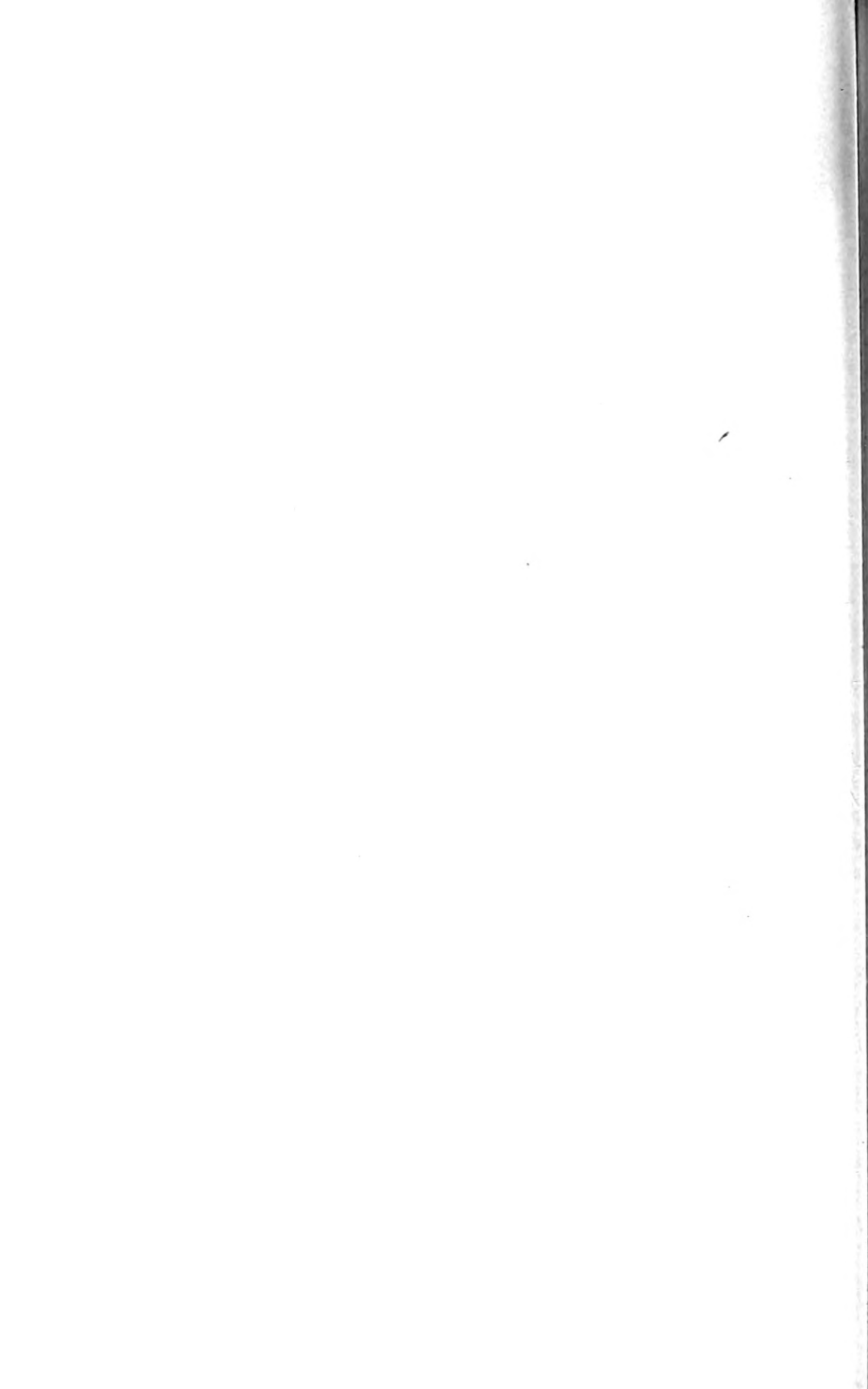
The task of Italy, during the generation that has elapsed since her enfranchisement, has not been an easy one. She had been impoverished by long wars; her people were ignorant, and brutalized by centuries of oppression. They had been taught to hate all law as the seal of tyranny. Their heroes were the free brigands of the mountains. Gradually all of these faults seem to be growing less under the watchful care of the government; but an evil equally serious remains. The Italians are not content with Italy; they keep dreaming of the old days when Rome ruled everywhere. Such an ambition has no place in our modern world, yet it has led Italy into squabbling with her neighbors, maintaining huge armies, building fleets, and trying to plant colonies. This has brought grinding taxes on her poor, and military disaster to her soldiers.

From 1882 to 1896, the government made strenuous efforts to conquer, or in diplomatic language establish a military protectorate over Abyssinia, an African negro kingdom, which has existed since the days of King Solomon. Twice small Italian forces were completely annihilated by overwhelming masses of the tall and muscular Abyssinians. At last an entire Italian army of fourteen thousand men was defeated in a desperate battle at Adowa, in 1896. Six thousand Italians were slain, and twenty-five hundred compelled to surrender to the Abyssinian king, or *negus*, Menelik. The Italian government wisely submitted to the rebuff, and abandoned its aggressive colonial policy. A treaty of peace was made in August, 1897, between Menelik and the Italian commissioner, Major Nerazzini. It provided for the return of the prisoners, and acknowledged the independence of Abyssinia.

On July 29th of the year 1900, King Humbert was assassinated at Monza near Milan, by the anarchist Bresci. The man was an Italian, who had emigrated to America, had learned his anarchy here, and then returned to Italy with the deliberate purpose of killing the King. Humbert, secure in the affections of his people, strong with the hereditary courage of the house of Savoy,



THE ITALIAN COMMISSIONERS ARRANGING PEACE WITH KING MENELIK

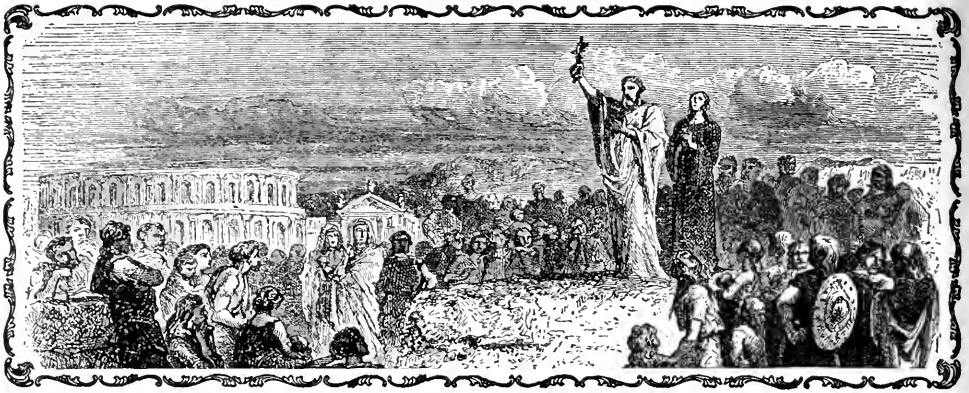


was protected by no guards. He rode into Monza from his country villa to distribute the prizes at an athletic meeting. As amid cheering crowds he re-seated himself in his carriage to return home, Bresci shot him. "It is nothing," said the King reassuringly, and sank back unconscious, and dying. The perverted mind of the anarchist seems to have led him to expect praise from the crowd around, but, in their rage at the cold-blooded murder, they almost tore the unfortunate criminal to pieces. Athletes, citizens, and even women, united in battering him to and fro, until he was rescued by the police. Later he committed suicide in prison.

For two days there was no king. Humbert's only son, Victor Emmanuel, a young man scarce thirty, was on the seas, no one knew precisely where. But there was no disorder; Victor Emmanuel was found and promptly took the oath as king, August 11, 1900, swearing to uphold the laws and constitution granted by his grandfather, for whom he was named. The new King, unlike most of his race, is physically weak, though mentally he is regarded as a man of ability. His wife is the Princess Helene of Montenegro, to whom he was united in 1896. They have only one daughter, born in 1901, and the heir to the throne is the King's cousin, Emmanuel, Duke of Aosta. The most popular member of the reigning family is the duke's younger brother Victor, Count of Turin. After Adowa he fought a duel with a French prince who had sneered at the Italian army. The Count of Turin has visited this country and is well known here.

The year 1901 saw a change in the Italian Government. The conservatives were overthrown, and Signor Zanardelli, an old Garibaldian, became prime minister. The followers of Garibaldi have always been bitter against the papacy, and under Zanardelli and his successors the breach between Pope and government may become even more serious than it has been. Pope Leo XIII. died in 1903, and the Bishop of Venice, Giuseppe Sarto, was chosen to succeed him as Pius X. His coronation took place on August 9th, in the basilica of St. Peter's, but as yet he has shown no disposition to alter the policy of his predecessor.

Italy is strong, however, in the "Triple Alliance," a political agreement between Germany, Austria, and Italy, which was reestablished in 1902 to guarantee the peace of Central Europe. Italy seeming thus secure from war, the quarrel between Pope and King is the only serious menace to her future. How can a government be successful when so large a fraction of its best and ablest subjects persistently refuse to bring their intellect to its aid, or take any share in its support and guidance? If only the disastrous antagonism between church and government can be brought to an end, Italy has every prospect of peace, happiness, and returning prosperity.



CHRISTIANITY AMID THE RUINS OF ROME

CHRONOLOGY OF ROME AND ITALY



THE early history of Rome is legendary and the dates conjectural.

B. C. 753—Foundation of the city laid by Romulus.

750—Romans seized the Sabine women and detained them as wives. **747**—War with the Sabines, who were

incorporated with the Romans as one nation. **710**—

Numa Pompilius instituted the priesthood, the augurs,

and the vestals. **667**—The three Horatii, Roman warriors, overcame the three Curiatii, Albans, and united Alba to Rome.

627—Ostia, at the mouth of the Tiber, built. **615**—The Capitol founded. **550**—Liberal laws of Servius Tullius. **509**

—Tarquinius II. and his family expelled, and royalty abolished; the Patricians established an aristocratical common-

wealth; Junius Brutus and Tarquinius Collatinus first prætors or consuls. **507**—War with the Etrurians under Lars Porsena.

The Capitol dedicated to Jupiter Capitolinus. **501**—First dictator Spurius Lartius. **498**—Latins conquered at Lake Regillus. **494**—Secession of the

Plebeians to the Sacred Mount; establishment of tribunes of the Plebeians. **491**—Wars with the Æquians and Volscians; exploits and exile of Corio-

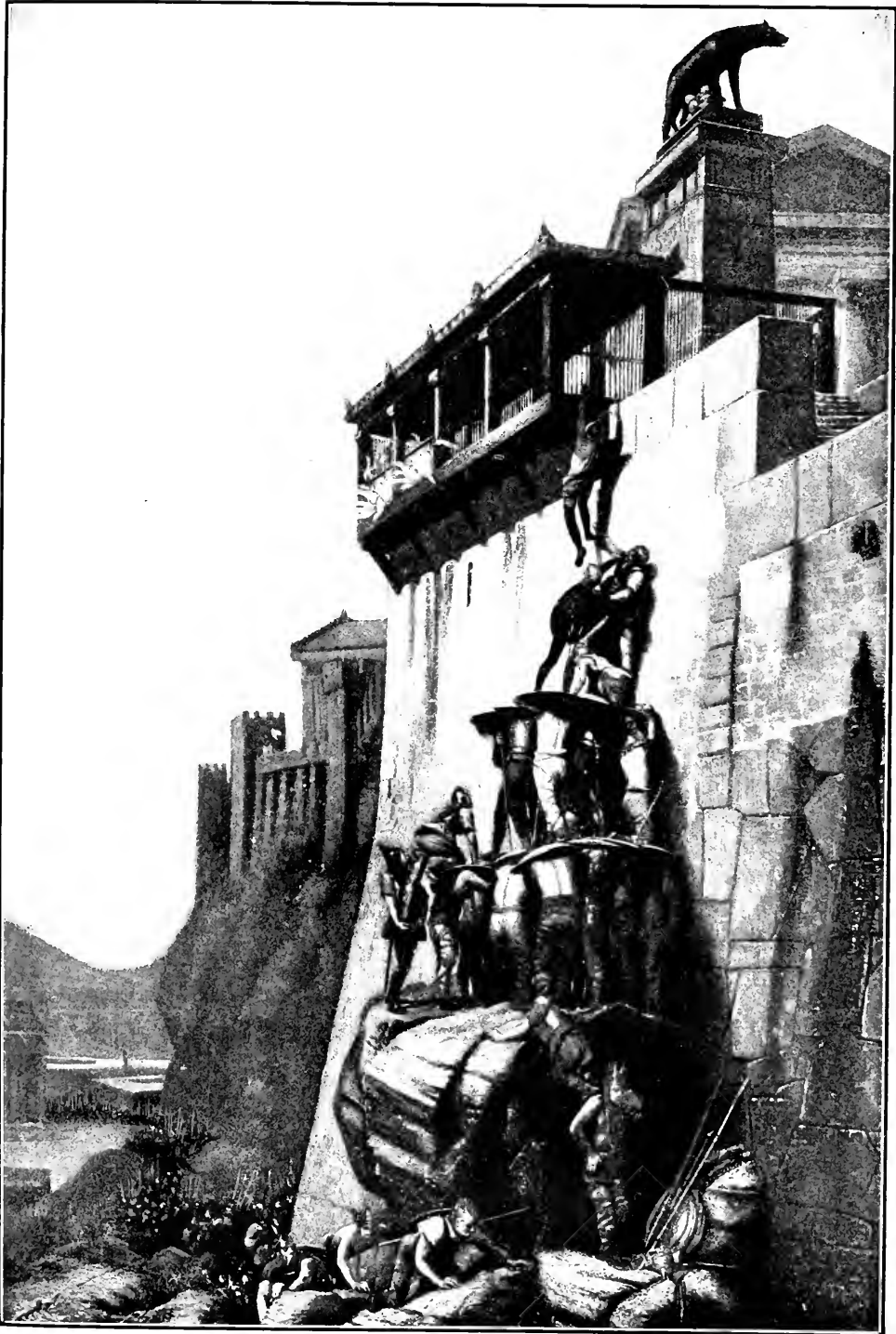
lanus, who besieged Rome, but retired at the intercession of his mother and wife. **486-5**—First agrarian law passed by Spurius Cassius, who was put

to death by the Patricians. **458**—Victory of Cincinnatus over the Æquians and liberation of the Roman army. **451-448**—Appointment and fall of

the decemvirs, death of Virginia. **444**—Military tribunes first created. **443**

—Office of censor instituted. **396**—Veii taken by Camillus after ten years' siege. **390**—Great victory of the Gauls, who sacked Rome, but were repulsed

in an attack on the Capitol; they accepted a heavy ransom and retired.



THE GEESSE SAVE ROME



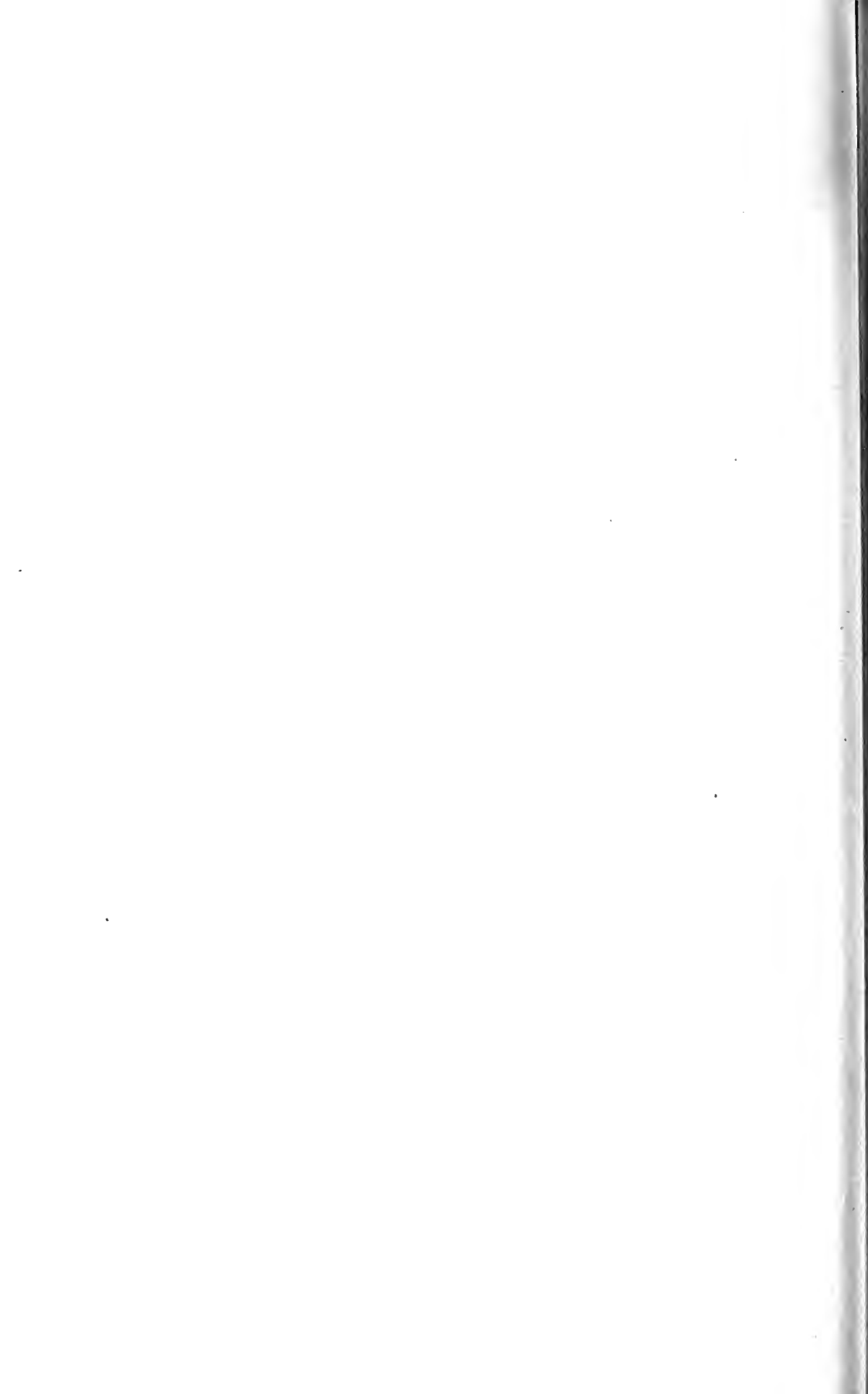
389—Rome gradually rebuilt amid great distress and wars with neighboring states. 367—Passage of the Licinian laws. 360—The Gauls defeated in Italy. 365-342—War with the Etruscans, ended by a truce; war with the Latins; league renewed. 343-340—First Samnite war, indecisive. 341—Mutiny in the army in Campania and rise of the commons in Rome; peace restored by concessions and the general abolition of debts caused by the Gaulish invasion. 339—The Publilian law passed, equalizing Plebeians with the Patricians in political rights. 326 *et seq.*—The second Samnite war. 311—War with Etruria. 309—Victories of Q. Fabius Maximus; the Etrurians and Umbrians submitted. 312-308—Appius Claudius Calvus, censor, favored the lower classes; with the public money made a road from Rome to Capua, termed the "Appian Way," and erected the first aqueduct. 304-302—Conquest of the Æquians, Marsians, etc. 300—Third Samnite war. 294-290—The Samnites subdued after desperate struggles. 281—The Tarentines formed a coalition against Rome and invited Pyrrhus, King of Epirus, to join them. 280—Pyrrhus defeated the Romans at Pandosia. 275—Romans defeated Pyrrhus at Beneventum. 272-265—Subjugation of Tarentum, Samnium, Bruttium, and their allies. Rome supreme in Italy (265). 264-241—First Punic war. 260—First Roman fleet built. Sea fight at Mylæ. 255—Regulus put to death at Carthage. 238 *et seq.*—Corsica and Sardinia annexed. 225—Invasion and defeat of the Gauls. 220—Building of the Flaminian Way. 218-201—Second Punic war. 216—Battle of Cannæ. Rome saved by the adhesion of eighteen colonies, by the free-will offerings of gold, silver, and money from the Senate and the people, and by the defeat of Hasdrubal at the Metaurus (207). 212—Syracuse taken by Marcellus. 202—Hannibal defeated by Scipio at Zama. 213-200—The Macedonian wars with Philip begun. 197—His defeat at Cynocephalæ. 171—Third Macedonian war begun. 168—Perseus beaten at Pydna; Macedon annexed. 149—Third Punic war begun. 146—Carthage and Corinth destroyed by the Romans. 153-133—Celtiberian and Numantine wars in Spain. 133—Civil strife begun; Tiberius Gracchus slain. 121—Further agrarian disturbances; Caius Gracchus driven to suicide. 111-106—The Jugurthine war. 108-63—The Mithridatic war. 102—Marius defeats the Teutones at Aquæ Sextiæ. 101—Marius annihilates the Cimbri at Vercellæ. 100—Julius Cæsar born. 90-88—The Social war. 87—Marius driven from Rome by Sulla, returns in triumph and institutes a savage massacre. 82—Sulla defeated Marius; sanguinary proscriptions; declared dictator. 79—Sulla abdicated. 73-71—Revolt of Spartacus and the slaves. 66—Pompey wipes out the Mediterranean pirates. 65-63—Syria conquered by Pompey. 62—The Catiline conspiracy defeated. 60—The First Triumvirate—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus. 58—Cæsar's campaigns

in Gaul. 55—Cæsar in Britain. 53—Crassus killed by the Parthians. 51—Gaul conquered and made a Roman province. 50—War between Cæsar and Pompey. 48—Pompey defeated at Pharsalia. 47—Cæsar defeated Pharnaces and wrote home, "Veni, vidi, vici." 46—Cato killed himself at Utica; end of the Republic. Cæsar made dictator. 44—Cæsar killed in the Senate house (March 15). 43—Second Triumvirate—Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus; Cicero killed. 42—Battle of Philippi; Brutus and Cassius defeated, and killed themselves. 36—Lepidus ejected from the Triumvirate. 32—War between Octavius and Antony. 31—Antony overthrown at Actium. 30—Egypt became a Roman province. 27—Octavius made Emperor, as Augustus Cæsar. 5—The Empire at peace with all the world; the temple of Janus closed. 4—Jesus Christ born. (There is an error of over three years in the date commonly used.)

A. D. 9—The Germans annihilated the army of Varus; Dalmatia subdued by Tiberius. 14—Augustus succeeded by Tiberius. 17—Cappadocia became a Roman province. 27—Thrace became a Roman province. 42—Mauretania conquered and divided into two provinces. 48—Lycia made a Roman province. 54—Nero becomes Emperor. 64—Destruction of Rome by fire, said to have been the work of Nero. 65-67—Persecution of Christians; St. Paul, St. Peter, Seneca, and others, put to death by Nero. 68—Nero stabbed himself. 69—Vitellius became ruler, and was mobbed to death. 70—Titus destroyed Jerusalem because of a rebellion. 75—Vespasian founded the Colosseum. 79—Destruction of Herculaneum and Pompeii by an eruption of Mt. Vesuvius. 105—Dacia was made a Roman province, and Arabia Petraea conquered. 115—Armenia became a province, and the Roman Empire under Trajan reached its widest extent. 131-135—Last rebellion of the Jews, the survivors driven from their country as wanderers over the earth. 161-180—Happy reign of Marcus Aurelius; persecution of the Christians. 215—Caracalla offered the privileges of Roman citizenship to all who would pay for them. 250—Invasion of the Goths. 273—Aurelian conquered Zenobia and destroyed Palmyra. 284—Diocletian and Maximian divided the Empire between them. 286—Last and cruelest persecution of the Christians begun under Diocletian. 292—A fourfold division of the Empire was made. 312—The Emperor Constantine was converted to Christianity and did all he could to make it the religion of the Empire. 330—Constantine dedicated Byzantium (Constantinople) as the capital of his Empire, and Rome lost much of its importance. 361-363—Brief reign of Julian the Apostate. 376—The Goths swarmed into the Empire. 379-395—Theodosius I. last Emperor to rule over the whole Roman Empire. 404—Stilicho defeats the Goths under Alaric and celebrates the three hundredth and last Roman triumph. 410—Rome sacked by Alaric. 412—Death



NERO RECEIVING THE BODY OF HIS MOTHER



of Alaric. 439—Carthage captured by the Vandals. 451—Invasion of the Huns under Attila, defeated at Chalons. 452—Venice founded by fugitives from Attila. 455—Rome captured and sacked by the Vandals. 476—Romulus Augustulus laid the insignia of the Roman Empire at the feet of Odoacer, who assumed the title of King of Italy; end of the Empire. 536—Belisarius captured Rome for Justinian. 553—Narses again captured Rome and annexed it to the Eastern Empire. 568–596—Invasion of the Lombards under Alboin; they conquered Italy. 590–604—Popehood of Gregory I. the Great. 728—Rome became an independent republic under the temporal sovereignty of the Pope. 754—Pepin gave the Pope the Lombard territories around Rome. 774—Desiderius, the last Lombard king, dethroned by Charlemagne. 800—Charlemagne crowned Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire by Pope Leo III. 896—Rome captured by the Germans. 962—Otho I. crowned at Rome, each German emperor henceforth receiving a triple coronation as King of Germany, as King of Italy, and as Emperor of Rome. 997—Venice established her independence from the Eastern Empire and began her career of foreign conquest. 1016—Normans invaded Sicily and began its conquest. 1021—The republics of Genoa and Pisa won the islands of Sardinia and Corsica from the Mahometans. 1045—Papal scandals ended by the Emperor Henry III., who appoints a German Pope. 1049—Pope Leo IX. reforms the church. 1051—The Normans seize Naples. They capture Pope Leo and make friends with him. 1059—Formal adoption of the method of selecting the popes by vote of cardinals. 1073—Hildebrand made Pope as Gregory VII.; he asserts the spiritual supremacy of the Pope over the Emperor. 1077—The Emperor, Henry IV., comes as a penitent to Gregory at Canossa. 1084—Henry avenges himself by seizing Rome; Gregory rescued by the Normans. 1085—Death of Gregory. 1094—Pope Urban II. authorizes the first crusade; the crusades vastly increase the power of the popes. 1115—Matilda of Tuscany leaves most of her kingdom to the popes. 1124—Venice captures Tyre and secures the trade of the East. 1154—Guelph and Ghibelline wars begin. 1162—Milan captured and destroyed by Frederick Barbarossa. 1167—The cities form the Lombard League and rebuild Milan. 1176—The Milanese defeat Frederick at Lignano. 1183—By the Peace of Constance Frederick frees the Italian cities. 1198–1216—Height of the papal power under Pope Innocent III.; he founds the Franciscans and Dominicans. 1204—Venice conquers Constantinople. 1229–1250—Wars of Frederick II. with the Italian cities, their triumph, and his death. 1268—Defeat and execution of Conradin, the last of the Hohenstaufen emperors. 1277—The Visconti become tyrants of Milan; the Italian cities begin sacrificing their liberty for peace; the “free companies” ransack Italy. 1282—The “Sicilian Vespers,” a massacre of all the French

conquerors in Sicily. 1284—The naval power of Pisa destroyed by her rival, Genoa, at Maloria. 1298—The Venetians humbled by Genoa in a naval battle at Curzola. 1301—Dante exiled from Florence; the first signs of the Renaissance. 1309—The court of the popes removed to Avignon by Pope Clement V. 1341—Petrarch crowned as poet-laureate at Rome. 1347—Cola di Rienzi holds Rome as a republic during seven months. 1354—Rienzi seizes power a second time and is slain by the people. 1360—Interest in Greek thought shown by the establishment of a Greek professorship in Florence. 1377-78—The popes return to Rome. 1379—Naval power of Genoa crushed by the Venetians at Chioggia. 1420-64—Cosimo di Medici rules Florence and makes it the centre of the Renaissance. 1447-55—Pope Nicholas V. rules Rome and starts its complete reconstruction in architecture and art. 1453—The capture of Constantinople by the Turks sends a flood of Greek learning over Italy. 1461-77—Venice wars with the Turks, loses much of her power, but checks their advance into Europe. 1469—Lorenzo di Medici becomes President of Florence and increases her artistic ascendancy. 1490—Savonarola preaches in Florence. 1492—Death of Lorenzo; Florence becomes a religious republic under Savonarola; Alexander VI., the wicked Borgia, becomes Pope. 1496—Michael Angelo begins work at Rome. 1498—Overthrow and death of Savonarola. 1503—Power of the Borgias overthrown by their own poisons; Julius II. becomes Pope. 1508-12—Michael-Angelo paints the Sistine Chapel. 1508-20—Raphael paints in Rome. 1525—Battle of Pavia, Germany defeats France for supremacy in Italy. 1527—Rome sacked by a German army. 1529—The Florentine republic crushed, the Medici become Dukes of Florence. 1530—Clement VII. starts the papal reformation. 1540—The Jesuit Society founded. 1571—The Turks crushed by Venetian and other ships in the great naval battle of Lepanto. 1626—The Cathedral of St. Peter dedicated. 1683-99—The Venetians once more win victories over the Turks in Greece. 1720—The Duke of Savoy made King of Sardinia. 1796—Napoleon invades Italy. 1797—He overthrows the various kingdoms and forms republics. 1805—He changes the republics to kingdoms of his own. 1815—The old rulers restored, Austria given the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom. 1821—The Piedmontese demand a constitution; it is granted by the regent, Charles Albert, but revoked. 1831—Charles Albert becomes King of Sardinia and Piedmont. 1831-33—Insurrections of "Young Italy" and other secret societies headed by Mazzini. 1846—Pius IX. is made Pope and displays liberal tendencies. 1848—Italians everywhere revolt against Austrian dominion. Piedmont changes her flag to the Italian tricolor, and heads the insurrection; defeated at Custoza. 1849—Piedmontese defeated at Novara; Victor Emmanuel made king; Austria everywhere triumphant; Rome declares itself a republic under Mazzini and Gari-



THE CORONATION OF POPE PIUS X.

baldi; is stormed by the French; Venice surrenders to Austria after a year's siege. **1859**—French and Italians war against Austria, and win victories at Magenta and Solferino; Victor Emmanuel is given Lombardy, but loses Savoy. **1860**—The states of Central Italy unite themselves by vote with Piedmont; Garibaldi heads a successful insurrection in Sicily and Naples; the papal states revolt and Victor Emmanuel interferes; he defeats the papal troops; Garibaldi turns over Sicily and Naples to the King. **1861**—First general Italian parliament meets; it votes Victor Emmanuel "King of Italy" (February 26th); the statesman Cavour died. **1862**—Garibaldi with volunteers makes an unsuccessful expedition against Rome; is defeated and made prisoner by Italian troops. **1866**—Disastrous war with Austria; Austria overwhelmed by Prussia; Venice, left free, joins the Italian kingdom. **1867**—Garibaldi again assaults Rome; defeated by Roman and French troops. **1870**—Italian troops seize Rome (September 20th); Rome declared the capital of Italy (December 5th). **1871**—Rome formally inaugurated as the capital (July 3d). **1878**—Victor Emmanuel died (January 9th); Pius IX. died (February 7th); Leo XIII. elected (February 20th). **1881**—Garibaldi died. **1896**—Terrible defeat of Italians at Adowa in Abyssinia. **1897**—Peace with Abyssinia. **1900**—King Humbert assassinated (July 29th), succeeded by his son Victor Emmanuel III. **1901**—Beginning of a liberal ministry under Zanardelli. **1903**—Pius X. elected Pope (August 4th).



KING HUMBERT



ROMAN THEATRE MASKS

RULERS OF ROME

EARLY KINGS.

	B.C.
Romulus,	753
Numa Pompilius,	715
Tullius Hostilius,	673
Ancus Martius,	640
Lucius Tarquinius,	616
Servius Tullius,	578
Tarquinius Superbus,	534

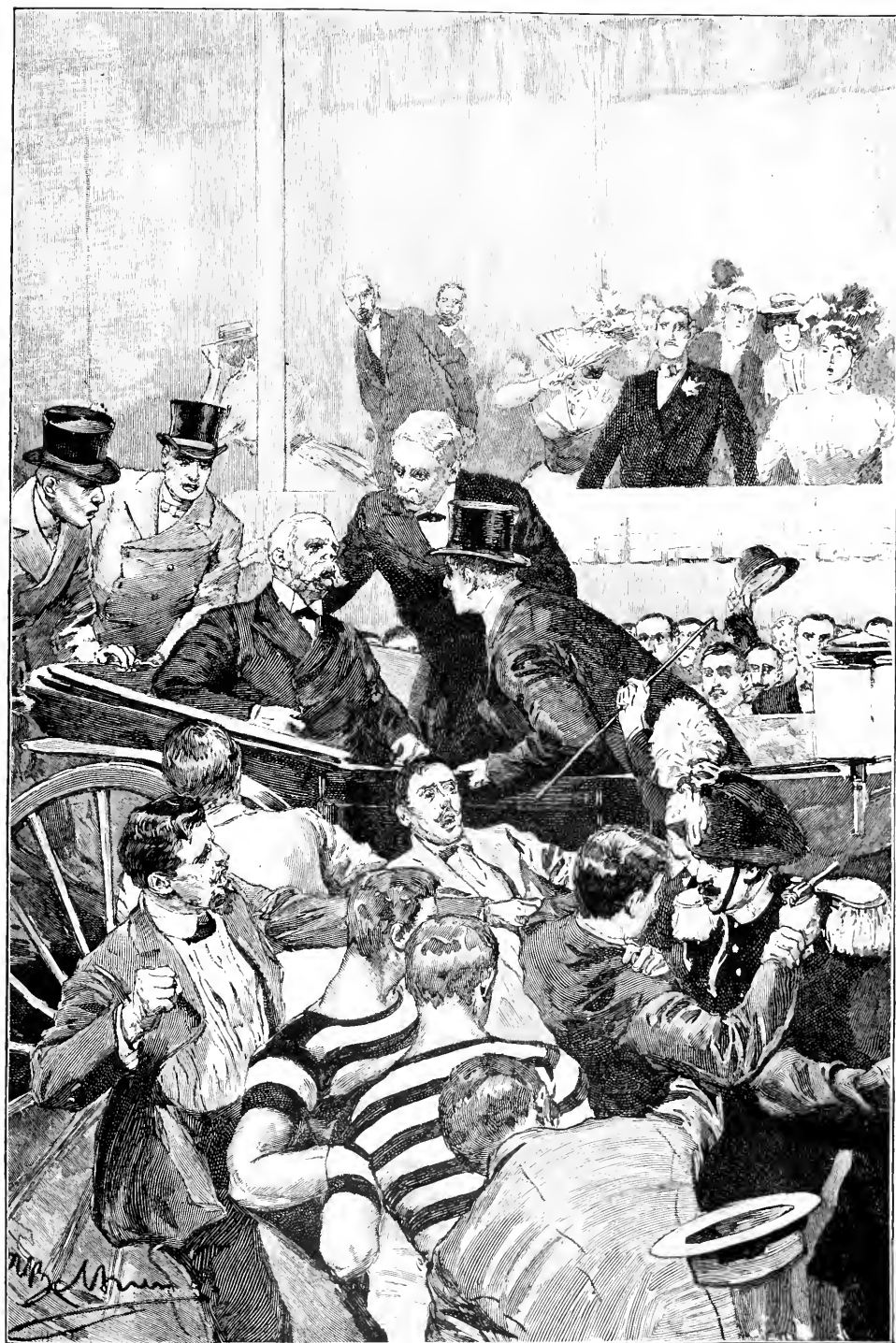
REPUBLIC.

Lasting from 509 to 27 B.C.

EMPERORS.

	A.D.
Augustus,	27
Tiberius,	14
Caligula,	37
Claudius,	41
Nero,	54
Galba,	68
Otho,	69
Vitellius,	69
Vespasian,	69
Titus,	79
Domitian,	81
Nerva,	96
Trajan,	98
Hadrian,	117
Antoninus Pius,	138
{ M. Aurelius,	
{ L. Verus (died 169),	161
Commodus,	180

	A.D.
Pertinax,	193
Julianus,	193
Septimius Severus,	193
{ Caracalla,	
{ Geta (slain 212),	211
Macrinus,	217
Elagabalus,	218
Alexander Severus,	222
Maximinus,	235
{ Gordianus I.,	
{ Gordianus II.	237
{ Pupienus,	
{ Balbinus,	238
Gordianus III.,	238
Philippus,	244
Decius,	249
Gallus,	251
Æmilianus,	253
{ Valerian (slain 260),	
{ Gallienus,	253
Claudius II.,	268
Aurelian,	270
Tacitus,	275
Florianus,	276
Probus,	276
Carus,	282
{ Carinus,	
{ Numerianus,	283
{ Diocletian,	284
{ Maximian,	286
{ Constantius,	305
{ Galerius,	305



ASSASSINATION OF KING HUMBERT

	A.D.
{ Galerius (died 311), . . .	305
{ Constantine I., the Great, . . .	306
{ Licinius (slain 324), . . .	307
{ Constantine II. (slain 340), . . .	
{ Constantius, . . .	
{ Constans (slain 350), . . .	337
Julian,	361
Jovian,	363

The successor of Jovian, Valentinian, divided his dominion and made his brother, Valens, Emperor of the East. Henceforth the two empires are separate, though Theodosius united them for about a year in 394.

EMPERORS OF THE WEST.

Valentinian I.,	364
Gratian,	367
Valentinian II.,	375
Eugenius,	392
Theodosius, the Great,	394
Honorius,	395
Interregnum,	423
Valentinian III.,	425
Maximus,	455
Avitus,	455
Majorianus,	457
Severus,	461
Interregnum,	465
Anthemius,	467
Olybrius,	472
Glycerius,	473
Julius Nepos,	474
Romulus Augustulus,	475

KINGS OF ITALY.

Odoacer,	476
Theodoric, the Great,	493
Athalaric,	526

	A.D.
Theodatus,	534
Vitiges,	536
Theodebald,	540
Tortila, or Baduila,	541
Teias,	552

Italy subject to the Eastern Empire till the time of the Lombard King,

Alboin,	568
Cleoph,	573
Autharis,	575
Agilulph,	591
Adaloald,	615
Arioald,	625
Rotharis,	636
Rodoald,	652
Aribert I.,	653
Bertharit and Godebert,	661
Grimoald,	662
Bertharit (re-established),	671
Cunibert,	686
Ragimbert,	700
Aribert II.,	700
Ausprand,	712
Luitprand,	712
Hildebrand,	744
Rachis,	744
Astolph,	749
Desiderius,	756

Charlemagne deposed Desiderius in 774, and Italy became nominally subject to the lands of the North.

MODERN KINGS OF ITALY.

Victor Emmanuel II. (of Sar-	
dinia),	1861
Humbert,	1878
Victor Emmanuel III.,	1900



TRIUMPHAL PROCESSION OF THEODOSIUS

PRONOUNCING VOCABULARY FOR ROME

Achillas (ā-kil'las)	Borgia (bör'jäh)
Adige (äd'ī-jē)	Brundisium (brün-dī'zhī-um)
Adowa (ah'dō-wă)	Bonarotti (bō-nă-rôt'te)
Ægades (ē'ga-dēz)	Byrsa (bēr'sa)
Æneas (ē-ne'as)	Byzantium (bī-zăn'shī-um)
Afranius (a-frā'nī-ūs)	Cæsar (sē'zār)
Agrippina (ă-grīp-pī'nă)	Calabria (kā-lă'bri-a)
Alboin (ăl'boin)	Calatafimi (kā-lăh'tă-fē'mē)
Amulius (a-mū'li-ūs)	Caligula (kā-līg'u-lă)
Angelo (ăn'jă-lo)	Camerinum (kăm'ē-rī'nūm)
Antiochus (an-tī'o-kūs)	Camillus (kā-mil'ūs)
Antoninus (ăn-tō-nī'nus)	Canossa (kā-nōs'să)
Apulia ((ă-pū'li-ă)	Caracalla (kăr'a-kăl'lă)
Araxes (a-răx'ēz)	Catana (kăt'ă-nă)
Archimedes (ar-kī-mē'dēz)	Catiline (kat'i-līn)
Ariminum (ā-rīm'ī-num)	Cavour (kā-voor')
Arminius (ār-mīn'ī-us)	Charlemagne (shăr'lě-măn)
Athanasius (ăth-a-nă'shī-us)	Chioggia (kē-öd'jă)
Attila (ăt'il-ă)	Cicero (sīs'e-rō)
Auletes (ō-lē'tēz)	Cincinnatus (sīn-sīn-nă'tūs)
Aurelius (ō-rē'li-us)	Claudius (klaw'dī-us)
Auximum (ōx'ī-mum)	Clodius (klō'dī-us)
Avignon (ah-vēn-yōn')	Cneus (nē'us)
Balearic (băl'ē-ar'ik)	Colonna (kō-lōn'na)
Belisarius (bēl-i-sā'rius)	Colosseum (kōl'o-sē'um)
Boccaccio (bök-kăt'cho)	Collatinus (kōl'lă-tī'nus)



VICTOR EMMANUEL III. TAKING THE OATH OF OFFICE



Constantinus (kõn'stãn-tĩ'nus)
 Corcyra (kor-sĩ'rǎ)
 Cosimo (kõs'ĩ-mo or kõs'mo)
 Crassus (krǎs'ũs)
 Curzola (koord-zõ'lǎ)
 Cyrenaica (sir'e-nǎ'ĩ-cǎ)
 Dandolo (dǎn'do-lo)
 Dante (dǎn'tě)
 Decimus (dēs'ĩ-mũs)
 Decius (dē'shĩ-ũs)
 Dentatus (dēn-tǎ'tũs)
 Divitiacus (dĩv'ĩ-tĩ'ǎ-kus)
 Domitian (dō-mĩsh'ĩ-an)
 Domitius (dō-mĩsh'ĩ-us)
 Donatello (dō-nǎ-tě'l'lo)
 Doria (dõ'rě-ǎ)
 Garibaldi (gǎr-ĩ-bal'dĩ)
 Genoa (jēn'o-ǎ)
 Ghibelline (gĩb'ěl-lēn)
 Gracchus (grǎk'us)
 Gregory (grěg'o-rĩ)
 Guelph (gwělf')
 Guiscard (gēs-kar')
 Hamilcar (hǎ-mĩl'kar)
 Hannibal (hǎn'nĩ-bǎl)
 Hasdrubal (hǎs'drũ-bal)
 Hiempsal (hĩ-ěmp'sǎl)
 Hiero (hĩ'ě-rõ)
 Hildebrand (hĩl'dě-brǎnd)
 Hohenstaufen (hõ'ēn-stow'fēn)
 Horace (hõr'ēs)
 Iapygians (ĩ'ǎ-pĩg'ĩ-ans)
 Icilius (ĩ-cĩl'ĩ-us)
 Iguvium (ĩ-gũ'vĩ-um)
 Ilerda (ĩ-lě'r'dǎ)
 Illyria (ĩl-lĩr'ĩ-ǎ)
 Jugurtha (jũ-gũr'thǎ)
 Justinian (jũs-tĩn'ĩ-ǎn)
 Juvenal (jũ'vẽn-al)
 Latium (lǎ'shĩ-um)

Leo (lě'õ)
 Lepanto (lě-pǎn'to)
 Lepidus (lěp'ĩ-dus)
 Libyan (lĩb'ǎ-ǎn)
 Lignano (lēn-yah'no)
 Lilybæum (lĩl'ĩ-bě'um)
 Licinus (lĩc'ĩ-nus)
 Lipari (lĩp'a-rě)
 Liris (lĩ'rĩs)
 Lombard (lõm'bard)
 Lorenzo (lõ-rěn'zõ)
 Luccæus (lũc-sě'yũs)
 Lucrece (lũ'krēs)
 Mæcenæus (mē-sē'nǎs)
 Magenta (mǎ-jēn'tǎ)
 Marco Polo (mar'ko põ'lo)
 Marius (mǎr'ĩ-us)
 Masinissa (mǎs'ĩ-nĩs'sǎ)
 Mazzini (mǎt-sē'nē)
 Maximianus (mǎx'ĩm-ĩ-ǎ'nus)
 Medici (mēdl'ě-chē)
 Meloria (mǎ-lõ'ĩ-ǎ)
 Messana (mēs-sǎ'na)
 Michael-Angelo (mĩ'kel-ǎn'jǎ-lõ)
 Micipsa (mĩ-sĩp'sǎ)
 Mithridates (mĩth'rĩ-dǎ'těz)
 Murviedro (moor-ve-ǎ'dro)
 Narses (nar'sēz)
 Nero (nē'rõ)
 Nice (nēs)
 Numa Pompilius (nũ'mǎ põm-pĩl'ĩ-us)
 Numitor (nu'mĩ-tor)
 Octavius (õc-tǎ'vĩ-us)
 Odoacer (o-do-ǎ'ser)
 Origen (õr'ĩ-jen)
 Orodes (o-rõ'děz)
 Orsini (õr-sē'nē)
 Ovid (õv'ĩd)
 Pantheon (pǎn-thē'cũ or pǎn'the-on)
 Papirius (pa-pĩr'ĩ-us)

Pelusium (pe-lū'sī-um)

Pepin (pěp'in)

Petrarch (pě'trark)

Pharnaces (fă'r'na-sēz)

Pharsalia (far-sā'li-ă)

Picenum (pi-sē'num)

Piedmont (pěd'mönt)

Pisa (pě'ză)

Polybius (po-lib'i-us)

Pompey (pôm'pē)

Porsena (pôr'sē-nă)

Pothinus (pō-thī'nus)

Prusias (pru'sī-as)

Ptolemæus (tôl'ē-mē'us)

Pyrrhus (pîr'us)

Quirites (kwî-rî'tēz)

Raphael (răf'ă-ěl)

Regillus (rě-jîl'lūs)

Regulus (rěg'u-lūs)

Rienzi (rē-ēn'zē)

Romulus (rôm'u-lūs)

Sabine (să'bîn)

Savonarola (sah-vō-nah-rō'lă)

Savoy (să-voi')

Scipio (sîp'i-o)

Sejanus (se-jă'nūs)

Solferino (sôl'fēr-ē'nō)

Sophonisba (sôf.-ô-nîs'bă)

Sosigenes (so-sîg'ē-nēz)

Sulla (sûl'lă)

Syphax (sî'fax)

Syrtis (sîr'tîs)

Tacitus (tăs'î-tus)

Tarentum (ta-rĕn'tum)

Tarpeia (tăr-pē'yă)

Tarquinius (tăr-kwîn'i-us)

Teias (tē'yăs)

Tertullian (tĕr-tûl'i-an)

Theodotus (thē-o-do'tus)

Tiberius (tî-bĕr'i-us)

Tigranes (tî-gră'nēz)

Titian (tîsh'yăn)

Trasimenus (trăs'î-mē'nus)

Tuscany (tûs'kă-nî)

Varus (vā'rus)

Veii (vē'yî)

Vercingetorix (vēr'sîn-gĕt'o-rîks)

Vespasian (vēs-pă'zhĭ-an)

Vinci (vîn'chĕ)

Virgil (vēr'jîl)

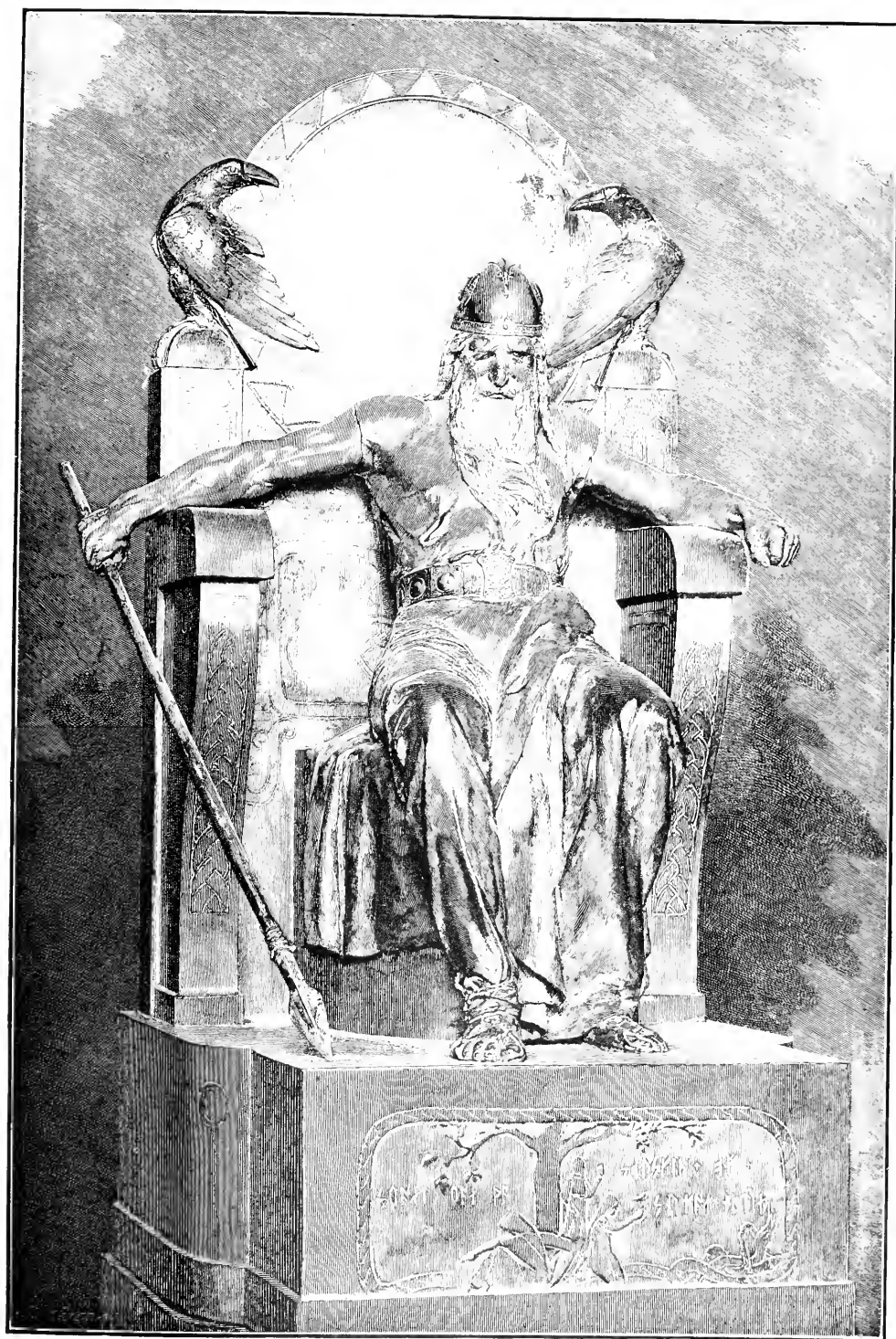
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Vitellius (vî-tĕl'i-us)

Zanardelli (zăn-ar-dĕl'lĕ)

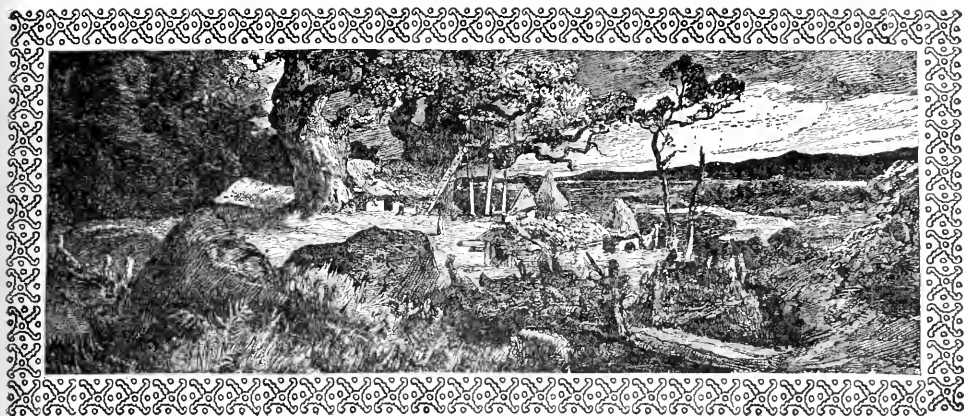
Zela (zē'lă)





WODEN





ANCIENT GERMAN FORTRESS

MODERN NATIONS—GERMANY

Chapter XLVI

THE ANCIENT GERMANS AND THEIR GODS

[*Authorities* : Baring-Gould, "Germany Past and Present"; Bigelow, "The German Emperor and His Eastern Neighbors"; Bryce, "Holy Roman Empire"; Carlyle, "Frederick the Great"; Dawson, "Germany and the Germans"; Fay, "Three Germanys"; Fisher, "The Medieval Empire"; Hallam, "Middle Ages"; Knouse, "Growth of German Unity"; Lewis, "History of Germany"; Mombert, "Charles the Great"; Menzel, "History of Germany"; Muller, "History of the German People"; Ranke, "History of the Reformation," "History of the Popes," etc.; Rydberg, "Teutonic Mythology"; Sime, "History of Germany"; Smith, "William I and the German Empire"; Taylor, "History of Germany"; Turner, "Sketch of the Germanic Constitution"; Grim, "Teutonic Mythology."]



MODERN history begins with the Germans. They overthrew the empire of Rome, and became for more than a thousand years the leading people of Europe.

This supremacy slipped from them in the sixteenth century, because of their own bloody civil wars, which left Germany almost a desert. It is only within the present generation that the larger part of the race have at last united, in what seems a permanent and powerful union.

Where these Germans originally came from is not positively known. They are an Aryan race, and we believe Persia to have been the early home of all the Aryans. The Germans seem to have wandered westward till they reached their present home somewhere about 700 B.C. The Romans knew vaguely that certain wild races existed there, in the forests to the north of

the Alps; and that is all that was known of them, until two German tribes, the Cimbri and Teutones, suddenly invaded Italy, making the strangest and most dramatic of all entrances into history.

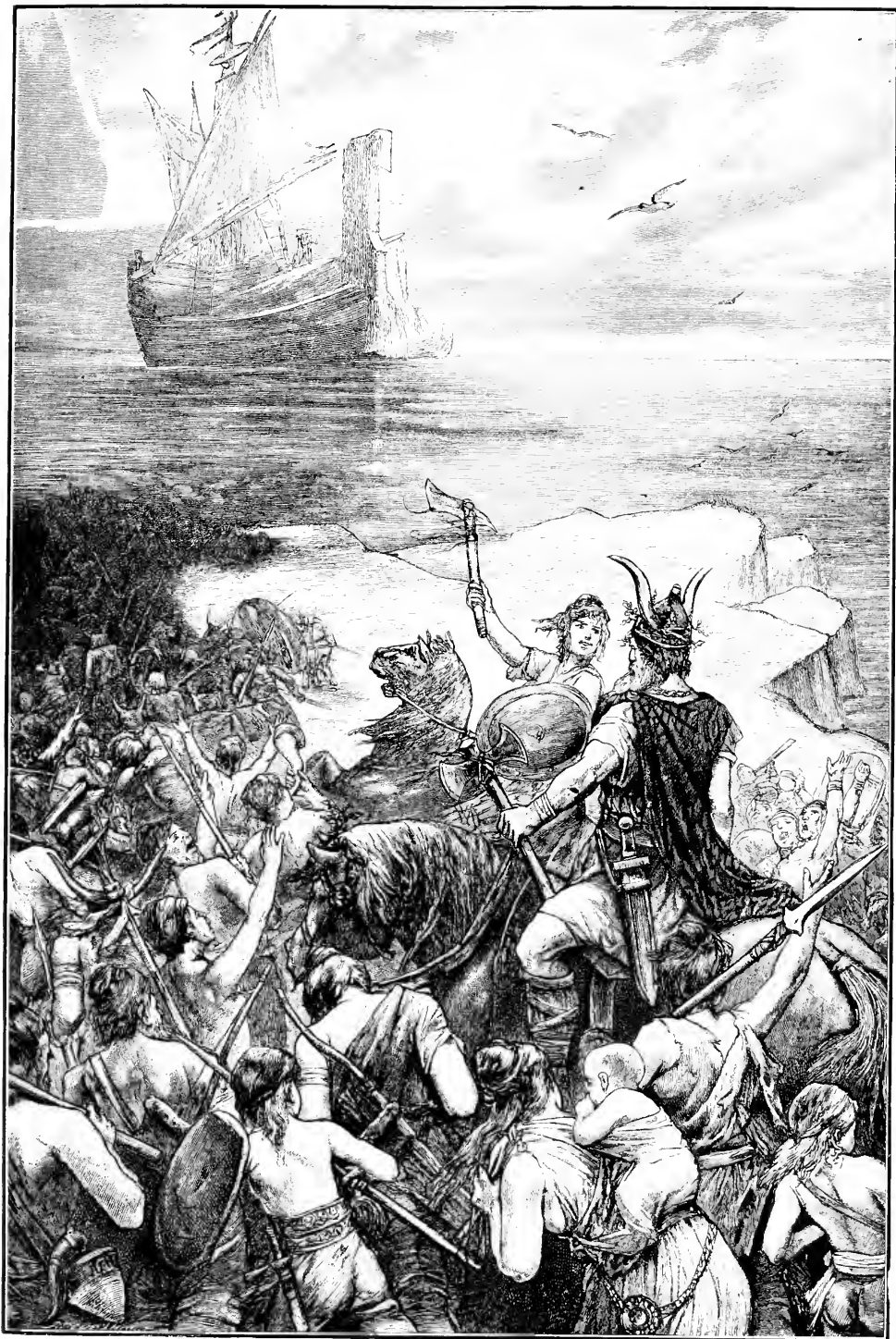
They did not march into the new land, as other invaders have done, with bands playing and flags flying; they slid into its fair plains with much boisterous merriment, on the queerest of sleds.

It certainly was the most famous sleighing party in the world; and if the old Roman writers are to be taken literally, it was such sleighing as few of us would care to attempt. The peasantry of Northern Italy had always looked up to the towering summits of the snowy Alps as an impassable barrier of defence, where crouched no enemy except the swirling hurricane and the awful avalanche. But, one morning in the year 113 B.C., they saw those tempestuous heights suddenly darkened with myriads of moving figures. They must have been the most astonished peasantry in the world, and then the most scared, as, with a whiz and a whir, one fierce-looking warrior after another shot suddenly among them. It was a human avalanche that had come plunging down to destroy them. The daring Germans had taken their shields as sleds, and were coasting down the tremendous slopes with dizzying swiftness into the fertile and defenceless plains.

Great sturdy fellows these invaders were, such as you may still see among their descendants to-day, fair-haired, blue-eyed, rollicking giants, who enjoyed their coasting like so many schoolboys. We can fancy them shouting with glee, as they plunged downward, striking an occasional snag and rolling heels over head in the snow, turned serious for an instant by some accident, or again battling royally with snowballs as they sped along.

But it was in no such sportive mood that the Romans learned to look upon their strange coming. There seemed no end to the hordes of invaders, nor to the trains of ox-carts that followed with their wives and children. Over two million people, we are told, entered Italy in this great migration, driven from their former homes by overcrowding, if not by actual starvation. So for them there could be no turning back. They must have food, and they were prepared to fight for it. They came like a swarm of locusts, or perhaps more like some terrible, deadly plague. Where they passed the land was left like a desert behind them, stripped bare, blackened often with fire, the trees hung with the dead and mutilated bodies of men and horses, offered as a sacrifice to their savage gods.

So the Romans thought of them only as fierce and dreadful robbers, and tell us of their grim faces, their blazing eyes, their helmets made of the furry heads and fangs of wolf and bear. Some of them wore the horned heads of oxen, beneath which they must have looked scarce human, but more like that old Minotaur, who, you remember, was slain by the Greek hero, Theseus. The Ger-



THE TEUTONES PASSING FROM ITALY INTO GAUL

mans fought with long spears. They charged in a solid, wedge-shaped body with some giant chieftain to the fore. When they started forward, they hammered their weapons on their shields and joined in a single ferocious shout, before which Roman courage oozed away like water.

Army after army marched against the invaders, only to be defeated; and if we do not hear of any great loss of life in these battles, this only shows more plainly the fright of the generally unconquerable Romans. They seem to have regarded their legs as the only safe defence against these huge, wild giants of the North.

You have already learned, in the Roman story, of the terror caused by this inroad, and of how the barbarians wandered at will for years through Northern Italy and Gaul. Why did they not attack Rome itself? Some unaccountable whim turned them aside along the sea-coast, into Gaul. Or rather let us say they were held back by that Divine Destiny, which has ever guided the course of the world with deepest insight, toward whatsoever is highest and best. The Roman civilization had not yet accomplished its mission of bringing together the scattered races of men. It was not ready to be destroyed. So the invaders wandered aimlessly until the great general Marius had trained his soldiers to meet them. Marius finally annihilated them, as you have been told, in two terrific battles. For this he was ranked with Romulus and Camillus as the third founder of Rome.

The Cimbri and Teutones were thus destroyed. But they were only the vanguard, outlying tribes of the great German race, hidden in the gloom of the Northern forests. For fifty years those tribes remained fairly quiet. Then, as their numbers increased, they renewed their invasion of the Roman world. This time they met a general even greater than Marius.

We know the name of the German who led this second invasion. The Romans called him Ariovistus, which may have been their form of the name "Ehrfürst," meaning "prince of honor." He was chief of a tribe called the Suevi. Being invited into Gaul by two warring districts, he conquered both, and proceeded to extend his sway over the other Gaulish tribes. These appealed for help to Julius Cæsar, then the Roman governor in Gaul. Cæsar sent a warning to Ariovistus, who returned the haughty answer, "If Cæsar wants me, let him come to me. What right have the Romans in *my* Gaul!"

The soldiers of Cæsar were as reluctant as those of Marius to face the savage Germans; but at last Cæsar attacked Ariovistus by surprise, and after a desperate battle the German chieftain fled almost alone from Gaul. The Roman dominion was extended to the Rhine, and Cæsar even made two brief expeditions across it, into the heart of Germany.

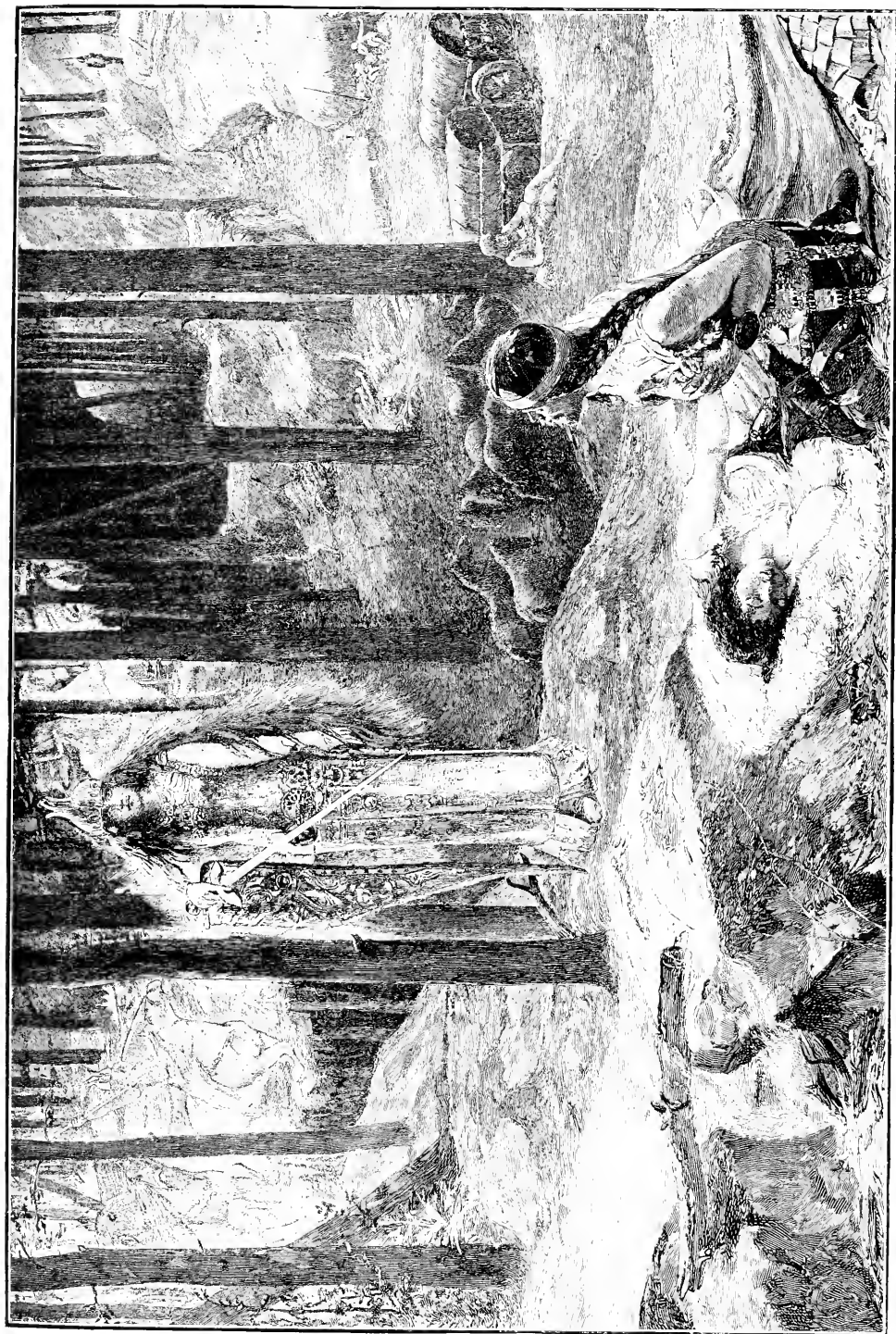
The two races thus began to know each other. Cæsar formed a high esti-

mate of German bravery, and induced many of the fair-haired warriors to enter his legions. These men, following him to other lands, learned the splendor and might of Rome. Noble German youths were sent sometimes to the great city for education and military training. The process of civilization had begun among the wild tribes.

The Roman historians of the period speak much of these splendid savages: and it is from such writings, more especially those of Tacitus, that we gather most of what we know of the early Germans. The race seems to have been divided into many small tribes, having little or no national feeling to unite them. They were a simple, hospitable, truthful people, but given to drunkenness, and when roused they could be fierce and cruel. One notable trait of the race was the respect and courtesy with which they treated their women. As a natural consequence, the women were as brave, as loyal, and almost as powerful as the men. An old proverb says an enemy's praise is the truest praise, and the Romans, speaking with an ever-increasing amazement of these sturdy Germans, rise to real enthusiasm in lauding the women, their beauty, strength, and virtue. You may remember how the wives of the Teutones died fighting, and how those of the Cimbri slew themselves and their children sooner than become slaves.

The Germans had no accurate ideas of their own previous history, but perhaps some traces of it are preserved in their myths, the stories they told of their gods. These tales echo the lives of the people. Their subject is the eternal warfare of the gods against the giants of cold and darkness. The stories ring with the clash of battle, they sigh with suffering heroically borne, they droop with the darkness of the long northern night. There is no more striking contrast than that between the light, almost frivolous love tales with which the Greeks enveloped their gods and the sombre earnestness of these German tragedies. It is southern warmth and sunshine against northern cold and night.

Originally, say the legends, nothing existed but ice and mist. From these were born the giants and especially the enormous frost giant Ymir. There came the gods, who slew Ymir and formed from his body the habitable earth. His bones are the rocks, his flesh the ground, his blood the rivers. From Ymir's breast sprang the great ash tree Yggdrasil, the tree of life. It is upheld by three deep-set roots. One of these lies in the abode of the gods and brings strength and nourishment to the tree. One rests in the home of the giants, who possess all the ancient wisdom of the earth, and hence comes that vague shadowy remembrance of the past, that sad foreboding of the future, which pervade all life. The third root reaches the old, formless land of darkness, where an adder gnaws ceaselessly at it, so that some day the tree must fall.



THE SUMMONS TO VALHALLA



This tone of despair, of final destruction to come, runs through all the story. The gods themselves are to die at last. There will come a mysterious time called "the twilight of the gods," when all the giants, all the strange monsters of the deep, the demons of the land of darkness and of the land of fire, shall all unite in battle against the gods. On that direful day death alone shall survive; life and all the earth shall be destroyed in flame.

The chief of the gods was named Woden or Odin. He is still honored in all Germanic languages, which preserve his name in Wednesday, Woden's day. With grim bitterness his worshippers represented him, and indeed many of their gods, as physically incomplete. Gods though they may be, they lack somewhat of being even perfect men. Woden has but one eye, or rather the other is partly blind. He gave its sight to the giants for one draught from the well of universal wisdom. The sun and the moon are his eyes. With the good one he searches everything by day, then with the other he stares half-blindly around at night, and thus sees all that passes, but sometimes faintly and imperfectly. On his shoulder perch two ravens, Thought and Memory, which daily fly abroad and report to him everything that happens in the world. At his feet lie the fierce wolves who follow him when he goes forth to war.

Woden knows full well the great battle he must one day fight, and he seeks help for it always. He has a band of maidens, the Valkyries, who hover over battlefields and pick out the bravest warriors that fall. These they bear away to Odin, who sits in his great hall, Valhalla, and eagerly welcomes the heroes, fit helpers for his approaching hour of trial. The Germans looked eagerly forward to winning admittance to this grim paradise, where every day the happy heroes fought one another till they were hacked to pieces. Then, with night they became whole again, and drank and caroused and sang till morning. How oddly that one note of tenderness obtrudes itself among their wild pleasures! They sang. It is to the modern German race that we owe one of our richest treasures, Music. Even among their ancestors, these ignorant barbarians, that one soft touch becomes strangely visible. On earth or in Valhalla, the one thing alone that had power to check their drunken uproar was the melody of song.

Most terrible of the monsters with whom the gods and heroes are to fight, are the Earth-Serpent and the wolf-monster Fenris. Woden cast the serpent into the vast ocean by which the earth is surrounded; but there the monster has grown and grown until, holding its tail in its mouth, it circles the entire world and holds the universe together. The gods tried to bind Fenris, but no chain was strong enough, until at last the mountain spirits wove a magic cord. It looked like a frail ribbon; but Fenris feared it and refused to be bound by it, unless some god would place his hand in the monster's mouth as a pledge

that the cord would be removed. The god Tyr or Tiu (from whom we have Tuesday) made himself the sacrifice. He held his hand firmly between the wolf's great jaws; the bonds held, and Fenris in his rage bit deep. So Tyr is one-handed; and Fenris chafes ever in his chain, which one day he will break with his growing strength. In the last contest his jaws will gape from heaven to earth, and Woden himself will be swallowed up in them.

Next to Woden, Donar or Thor was the leading god; and from him we have Thursday. He was the god of strength, the Thunderer. He had a magic hammer which, when hurled against his foes, returned to his hand; and the sign of this hammer, somewhat resembling the Christian cross, was made over new-born babes, when they were first washed. So they had Thor's protection against the frost giants, the enemies of man.

Thor was the hero of most of the northern wonder tales. One of the most famous stories about him reveals many characteristics of the race. He went with his servant, Thialfi, and with Loki, the god of mischief, to the land of the giants. Night overtook them in a vast forest, and they came to what they took for a large building, wholly open on one side. They slept within it, but were awakened again and again by earthquakes. Finally they found a smaller chamber, off the main one, and while his companions rested in this, Thor stood guard at the entrance. In the morning they discovered a giant lying near, of such prodigious size that his breathing had caused their earthquakes. Their sleeping-place proved to be his mitten, the smaller chamber being the thumb. He readily offered to guide them to the giants' home, and kept them all day at such a pace as they could hardly endure, though Thor and Loki were gods, and Thialfi was the swiftest of men.

At night the giant gave them his wallet of provisions and fell asleep. But they could by no effort untie the strings of the wallet, and Thor in a rage seized his hammer, and with all his strength smote the giant on the forehead. "Was that a leaf?" asked the monster, waking. "Something fell on my brow." At midnight, Thor rose again and hurled his hammer with such force against the giant's skull, that a deep rent appeared. "Ho!" cried the sleeper, starting up, "there must be birds in this tree! Or was it a bit of moss dropped on me." Just before morning Thor tried again, and sank his hammer this time to the very hilt in the giant's brow. "Really," said the monster, rousing at last, "it is time to move on. It must be the acorns from this tree that keep constantly bothering me."

Thor was wofully perplexed. What chance had he, or any of the gods, against such a being? Really, however, it was by wise enchantments that the giants were baffling him. They had learned of his coming to Jötunheim (the giants' home) and were prepared for him. It was the greatest of them all,



LOKI AND SIGYN



their king, Utgard-Loki, who had met the wanderers in the forest. When Thor smote at him, Utgard-Loki placed a mountain between them. In this the god's hammer had sunk and cut three valleys, so deep that the last had almost cloven the mountain asunder and reached to where the king lay beyond. So the giants were already sorely frightened.

When Thor entered their city, they challenged him and his followers to various contests, in which again enchantment was used. Thor's comrade Loki offered to eat more than any one. Men prided themselves, you see, in those days on the amount they could eat; and indeed, it seems that "beefsteak contests" have not yet gone wholly out of fashion. A rival was chosen for Loki, and a great platter of meat set between the two. They ate until they met fairly in the middle; but while Loki had swallowed only the meat, the other had devoured meat, bones, and platter as well. So Loki was defeated. Loki was hunger itself; but his opponent was really Flame, which devours what hunger spares.

Then Thialfi, swiftest of men, challenged the giants to a race. But the rival set against him was, in truth, Thought, which flashed round the course and back, before Thialfi was fairly started.

It was now Thor's turn, and he dared the giants to what, next to fighting, was the Germans' greatest pride, a drinking contest. They brought him a horn of liquor, and bade him empty it at one draught. It did not look over-large, but really, at its other end, lay all the oceans of the world. Thor essayed three times to drain the cup. At each draught the waters of the ocean sank until the monsters of the deep shrieked in fear. Yet the liquor in the cup seemed not much diminished; and Thor was ashamed, and laid it by.

Utgard-Loki laughed at him. "Come," he said, "here is a child's game for you. You shall lift my cat." Thor set his arms under the mewing, gray pussy, and lifted with all his strength. The cat arched her back and stood still. For a moment she trembled, and one leg came slowly from the ground. Then Thor gave over the attempt; and the giant king laughed at him again. But there was terror in the laugh; for the cat was really the Earth-Serpent, which, as you have learned, held the world together within its circle. Thor had stretched the monster, until almost he had separated mouth from tail, and dissolved the universe.

Wild with rage at his repeated shame, Thor dared any one in the land to wrestle with him. "Nay," said Utgard-Loki, "you are a child. You shall wrestle with my old nurse." Then a withered and toothless hag tottered into the hall and seized upon Thor. Strive as the god of strength might, he found himself slowly bowing and bending under her grip. At last he sank upon one knee, and the king called on them to give over.

Crushed by this third defeat, Thor went despairing home, not knowing that he had wrestled with Old Age, before whom gods as well as men must bow at last. When the god and his companions were safely outside of Jötunheim, the king confessed to them his enchantments, but when Thor turned to strike him in anger the king had disappeared, nor will he ever admit Thor again within his domain.

The god Loki, who was with Thor, is the spirit of mischief and of all evil. He is really not one of the gods' kin at all. He comes of the giants, but has allied himself with the superior race. He was Woden's foster brother, and so Woden has loved him and sheltered him through many evil deeds. Still the gods should never have had aught to do with the giant race, and their alliance with Loki has ever brought them disaster.

The wolf Fenris and the Earth-Serpent are Loki's children. He has a third child, the giantess Hela, who rules the realms of darkness. Thither go all the dead who have not won the warrior's reward, Valhalla. The dismal land is called Hel, from which, of course, comes our word hell.

It is Loki who will lead the forces of evil in that final battle. Meanwhile he pretends friendship to the gods, while seeking by all underhand means to do them harm. He is handsome and shrewd and wonderfully subtle of speech, but underneath his words lurks always some poisoned malice. The greatest of his crimes as yet has been the death of Baldur, for which he now suffers the wrath of gods and men.

Baldur was the god of springtime, of the sunshine, and of all that is fair and noble; though there was also a goddess of spring, Freya, from whose name we get Friday. A rumor spread through the world that Baldur must die. Perhaps this means no more than that spring must pass and winter come. At any rate, the gods sent far over the wide earth and entreated all things not to harm Baldur. And all things loved him and promised. So the gods had a glad feast-time to celebrate the saving of Baldur. At the feast Loki suggested that they attack Baldur with many things and see how each would keep its promise and avoid injuring him. The game was entered into with much merriment, and strange consequences followed, for all deadly weapons, however well-aimed, turning backward of themselves, from Baldur's breast. Even Thor's hammer returned to his hand, refusing for once to strike its mark. Now, the treacherous Loki had learned that when Baldur's mother prayed mercy of the oak, she had neglected to ask the mistletoe, which twined round it. So he slipped a bunch of mistletoe leaves into the hand of the blind god Hoder, who is winter, and bade him strike Baldur with them. All laughed at the harmless missile. But lo! when it struck Baldur, he fell dead.

All light and sunshine and happiness vanished at once from the world, and



THE DEFEAT OF VARUS



in deepest woe the gods sent to Hela's abode to beg Baldur's return. She pretended to doubt whether there was really so much need of him on earth as the gods claimed, and offered to give him up if every earth-creature would unite in weeping for him. Once more the gods sped through the world spreading the message; and all things eagerly gave their tears, except one shrivelled old crone, into whose body Loki slipped his own evil mind. "Is Baldur dead?" she asked. "I do not miss his sunshine here in my cave, so what is that to me? Neither he nor you shall have tears of mine. Let Baldur stay with Hela."

Woden's terrible wrath was roused at last against his foster brother. Far in the frozen north, he bound Loki to a cliff overlooking the sea. A serpent is coiled above him, from whose fangs a deadly venom drops upon his face. His wife Sigyn still loves him, and she crouches by him with a cup to catch the poison. When her cup is full, she takes it away to empty into the ocean. During that single moment, twist as he may, Loki is exposed to the terrible poison, and his frantic writhings are what cause the earthquakes.

These stories have been preserved for us mainly by the more northerly German tribes, who lived in Norway; but the religion and its tales were common to all the race. Their customs were also similar, as we have shown them; and their language was the same.

These things did not, however, bind together the various tribes or even the families. They seem to have had no national feeling, and did not even speak of themselves as a single nation. They fought as savagely among themselves as against alien races. The Romans recognized this, and were quick to take advantage of it. Tacitus wrote: "Since the Germans cannot learn to love Rome, may they always preserve their hatred of one another. So shall we find safety in their discord."



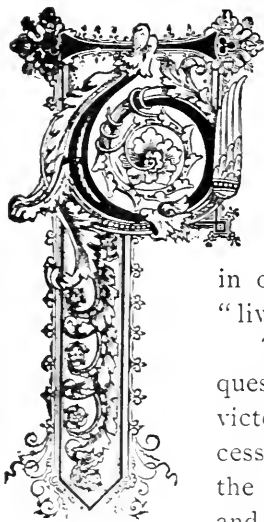
THE GERMAN FATES



HERMANN ELOPING WITH THÜSNELDA

Chapter XLVII

HERMANN AND THE ROMANS



THAT same fatal spirit of discord, which Tacitus noted among the Germans, has remained their weakness ever since. They have too much self-confidence; each man is too sure of himself to feel the necessity for union. Bismarck, the greatest of modern Germans and the foremost of statesmen, has not hesitated to repeat against his people the charge of Tacitus. "Germans," said he in one of his later speeches before the Prussian parliament, "live by quarrelling with their countrymen."

The crafty Romans used this disunion to attempt the conquest of Germany. Julius Cæsar left the scene of his early victories to contend for the rule of the empire; but his successor, Augustus, when once firmly fixed upon his seat, renewed the attack upon the Germans. He sent his stepsons, Drusus and Tiberius, with orders to subjugate the land. First came Drusus in the year 12 B.C. He crossed the Rhine, won several bloody battles, and penetrated deep into the heart of the gloomy forests. Legend says that a weird prophetess appeared suddenly before him on the banks of the Elbe River, and cried out in scorn that he should be so greedy a robber of wide land, when soon he would need only enough of earth for a grave. He turned back from his conquests in fear and died on the homeward road.

Tiberius succeeded to his brother's authority and brought a considerable part of central Germany under his control. This required several years, and then Tiberius was called away by a rebellion elsewhere, leaving the Roman general Varus to command the only half-submissive tribes. Tiberius had won



HERMANN'S TRIUMPHANT PROCESSION AFTER THE DEFEAT OF VARUS



their respect, and even their reluctant admiration, but Varus, by his cruelty and injustice, roused their fiercest hatred.

Trodden upon and bitterly humiliated, they needed only the guidance of a leader, who would show them how to make their vengeance felt. Such a leader appeared in Hermann, the Arminius of the Roman writers. He was a chief of the Cherusci tribe, but had been trained in warfare under the Romans. He had visited many parts of the empire and risen to be commander of a legion in the service. Returning to his German home, already a man of note, though only twenty-five years old, he made a romantic match with Thusnelda, daughter of another Cheruscan chief. There seems to have been some enmity between the two families, for Hermann had to steal the maid from her home, and her father, Segestes, became his bitter and lifelong foe.

How it was Hermann first conceived the idea of heading his countrymen in their threatened revolt, we do not know; but he formed a secret conspiracy among them, and soon a large number stood ready to spring to arms at his call. He was still an officer in the Roman service, and his position under Varus became hourly more dangerous. Many of the Germans, even members of his own family, had refused to join in his revolt. He might be betrayed at any moment. His father-in-law, Segestes, did reveal all he knew, but luckily that all was very little, and Varus only laughed at the warning.

Hermann held his post in the Roman camp with splendid coolness, till his plans were completed. Then a message was brought to Varus of a pretended uprising, and the general hurried with all his available troops to crush it. The guides led the forty thousand doomed Romans through the wild Teutoburger forest on the borders of Westphalia, just where the mountains of central Germany sink to the level of the broad Rhine plain.

Within this forest Hermann had prepared an ambush. With a force of savage Germans, probably fully equal in number to the Roman troops, he burst suddenly upon them. There was no room for regular formations or tactics, and the struggle must have resembled in some respects the Braddock massacre of 1755. The Germans rushed from the woods, furiously attacked and then dashed back into cover. The Romans marched on with steady precision, though growing more and more panic-stricken as one charge followed swiftly upon another. For three days the battle raged. The Romans forced their way to the very edge of the forest, and saw the fair plain and safety below. But without rest, without food, they were utterly exhausted, and the vengeful Germans closed round their doomed victims for the final rush. The despairing Varus threw himself upon his sword. Scarce a handful of Romans escaped the carnage and fled across the Rhine to carry the tidings of the great disaster.

This happened in the year A.D. 9; and you will remember the despair with

which the Emperor Augustus heard the news. He let his hair and beard grow for months, and beating his head against the wall frequently cried out in his anguish, "Varus, Varus, give me back my legions!"

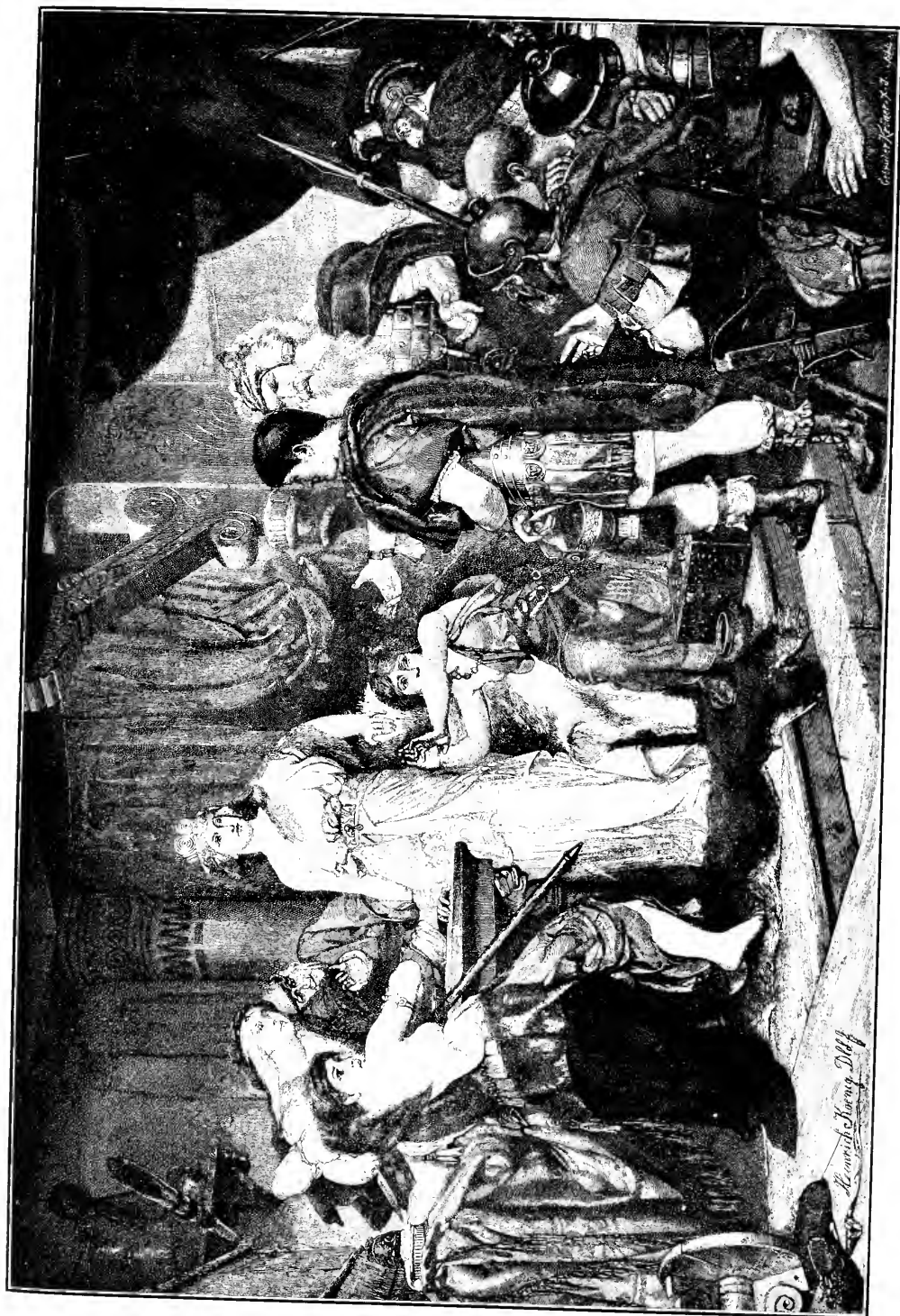
Once more the united Germans might have overwhelmed Rome. But even Hermann could hold his people together no longer. Under the stress of a great wrong, they had united for one instant, and in that effort had freed themselves forever from Roman dominion. The next year Tiberius, leading a fresh army against them, could find no one to fight. They were already quarrelling among themselves, and the little broken bands, hidden in the forests, easily eluded his cautious advance. He boasted that he had tamed the Germans again; but he made no serious effort to establish his power, and was shortly summoned back to Rome to be emperor, leaving the barbarians to themselves.

Hermann had celebrated his victory with a triumphal procession, had presented the spoils to the savage German priests or druids, and had even slain the Roman prisoners, especially a few lawyers found among them, as sacrifices to his people's gods. He was seeking to use the glamour of his success to draw all the Germans together in a firm union. His plans seem to have been broad and wise, but not such as could succeed with that wild and factious people. He found himself unable even to retain the leadership of his own tribe, the Cherusci. The lower classes supported him, but a faction of the nobles, headed by Segestes, opposed his every move. He was entrapped by his foes and held in prison with his loyal, brave-hearted wife.

Meanwhile Tiberius' nephew, afterward known as Germanicus, succeeded to the command of the Roman forces for a campaign against Germany. He led an expedition of revenge across the Rhine, deep into the forests. Several small tribes were defeated by him, then the Germans rallied once more. Hermann made a daring escape from his prison, and was raised to be again their leader. Germanicus, hard pressed and fearful of the fate of Varus, retreated in haste across the Rhine.

It seemed Hermann's unhappy doom to sacrifice every human affection, every tie of family, in the service of his ungrateful country. Most of his kinsmen opposed his schemes from the start. Now his beloved wife was in the hands of his enemy. He led his troops against Segestes to secure her release. The allies of the cruel father deserted him, but sooner than admit defeat Segestes summoned the Romans to his help, and delivered his unfortunate daughter to them as their prisoner. The husband and wife never met again.

Hermann, in hot rage at his loss, sped like a flame among all the tribes and roused them to war. His burning words, and the fame of his former victory, brought round him the largest army he had yet commanded. Meanwhile, Germanicus had marched to the scene of Varus' defeat and interred with pathetic



SEGESTES SURRENDERING HIS DAUGHTER TO GERMANICUS



ceremonies the whitening bones that still lay thick upon the ground. The two armies met not far from the former battlefield, each side fighting for revenge.

The Romans say this was a drawn battle, but Germanicus immediately embarked all the troops his ships could carry and fled with them down the Weser River to the sea. A tempest shattered many of his vessels, and it was a badly battered remnant that crept back to Gaul. The legions he had left behind suffered even more severely. They endeavored, as had those of Varus, to retreat through the forests to the Rhine. Hermann with his men assailed them constantly. "It shall be another day of Varus!" was his war-cry.

Fortunately for the Romans, they were nearer than formerly to their refuge. Moreover, they had just looked upon their comrades' bleaching skeletons, and knew the fate that awaited all who surrendered. Thus, though sore pressed, they managed to hold firm in their ranks as they struggled onward. Those who fell were left behind; but the survivors reached the Rhine with their standards still held aloft, and their military formation unbroken.

Germanicus was a man not easily turned from his purpose. Twice again he led large armies into the German forests, and each time Hermann met him with bloody battle. Once Hermann was wounded and wellnigh made prisoner. Another time Germanicus was in similar plight. The Romans claim to have gained victories, but this probably means no more than that they succeeded in standing off the wild German rushes. Hermann still presented to them a menacing and unbroken front, and the shrewd Emperor Tiberius summoned Germanicus home. "It is easier," he said, "to leave the Germans to slay one another, rather than have them unite for the slaughter of the bravest legions of Rome." So ended the last effort of the "mistress of the world" to extend her power beyond the Rhine.

When Germanicus returned home he was given a magnificent triumphal procession in honor of his victories, though you know how little he had actually accomplished. The central figure in the triumph was poor Thusnelda, whom he had not really captured at all, but received from Segestes. She was compelled to walk in the procession with her little son, born since her captivity. After that, history is silent concerning her. Her father fled from Germany to escape Hermann's wrath, and died in some obscure spot in Gaul.

Tiberius had reckoned only too surely when he decided to leave the Germans to themselves. A chieftain named Maroboduus had arisen in southern Germany among the Marcomanni. He also planned to bring all the Germans under one head; but that head was to be himself, their king. Those tribes that refused to submit to his rule he overcame by force. His dominion spread rapidly northward until the weaker tribes, threatened by his armies, appealed to Hermann for protection. A huge civil war followed, the south of Germany

against the north. No details of the strife have come down to us, but we know that it was long and bloody; that Maroboduus received the help of the Romans against their old enemy; and that in the end the Marcomanni were completely defeated. Maroboduus fled, and lived out his life on Roman territory as a pensioner of the Empire.

If Hermann, after his early Roman training and experience, still believed in Valhalla, he had certainly earned a place there by his long and heroic warfare. He was no theoretical general to plan battles, and then bid his men go on and win them. He was a great warrior, leading his fellows, charging at the head of the terrible German wedge, wild with Bersekir rage, his blue eyes flaming, and his great two-handed sword swinging in deadly action. Only such a man could have retained his place. His countrymen might admire his wisdom, or be roused to sudden fury by his eloquence, but they loved and clung to him for his mad valor in the battle. How he so long escaped death is a marvel, except it were indeed that he also had his work appointed, and earth could not spare him till that work was done.

But now the Valkyrie were soon to come for him. You have read how his family had opposed him from the first. Indeed, there is a story that on the eve of one of his battles with Germanicus, his brother Flavius, who had remained faithful to the Romans, rode out from their ranks and endeavored to win Hermann back from rebellion. The parley ended unfortunately; Hermann taunted Flavius for his servile submission, and the brother, equally swift to anger, responded with gibes against Hermann's folly and savagery. Only that a river flowed between, the brothers would have joined in mortal combat. After the war with the Marcomanni, Hermann, his last external enemy overcome, met further trouble with his kinsmen. The circumstances are unknown, but there was a conspiracy of his relatives against him and he was attacked and slain. He was thirty-seven years old when he fell, his stormy career among his people having lasted twelve years.

There is no question that Hermann must be regarded, not only as a magnificent heroic figure, but also as the liberator of Germany. His own countrymen hailed him as such; and the Romans have been equally ready to admit both the nobility of his character and the importance of his work. Tacitus says: "Hermann was beyond doubt Germany's liberator. He dared to attack the Roman power, not in its infancy, as did others, but in the full growth of its strength. In single battles he was not always victorious, but in a war he was never defeated." We can scarcely regret his death, for his work was done, his love was lost; and further life among his people, with his aims, could have meant for him nothing but defeat and disappointment. Not the least factor, perhaps, in raising his fame to its lofty height is that he died before age or evil fate could tarnish it.



THE RETREAT OF THE TROOPS OF GERMANICUS



The location of his first and most memorable victory over the Romans has always been preserved by tradition, and in recent times the Germans have erected there a monument to his glory. It is a colossal bronze statue of the chieftain, ninety feet high, and visible for fifty miles across the fair Rhine plain, over which a shattered Roman army twice fled before him.

For three centuries and a half after Hermann's death, our knowledge of Germany is slight and vague. There was a prophetess, Vellada, who, about the year 69 A.D., urged the Germans to attack the Roman power in Gaul. Many Gaulish tribes united in league with the assailants; and for a moment Gaul was free. But again the allies fell to disputing among themselves, and the Germans were driven back to their forests. In the second century the Marcomanni and several kindred races attempted an invasion of Roman territory, by crossing the Danube river where Austria now lies. It took forty years of hard fighting to hold them back; but who their leaders were, or what their purpose, the Romans themselves do not seem to have known.

During these misty centuries important changes were slowly developing the German race. In the first place they became far more civilized, for they learned from Rome herself, many of the arts of peace as well as war. In the second place they became partly Christianized through the efforts of the celebrated Ulfilas and other apostles. This conversion, rough and imperfect as it must have been, softened their savage brutality. Thirdly, the many little tribes disappear; their very names are forgotten, and we find the people uniting in some half-dozen larger, and hence infinitely more powerful, confederations. These begin to assume the permanence and individual importance of separate nations.

As you will hear constantly of these various Germanic nations, and as some of them exist even to-day, it is as well to try to fix the principal ones in your mind at once so as to recognize them. They were:

(1) The GOTHES. These were the most numerous, the most cultured, and for a time the most important of the Germans. They settled along the lower Danube and the Black Sea, where Hungary, Roumania, and Southern Russia are to-day. Their home was originally in Sweden, where some of the race still live in Gothland, but from which increasing population had compelled the majority to migrate. Through their vast numbers they became divided into the eastern or Ostro-Goths, and the western or Visi-Goths. They were to play the chief part in the destruction of the Roman Empire.

(2) The FRANKS. After the fall of the Goths, the Franks became the most powerful Germanic tribe. Perhaps they were the descendants of Hermann's warriors. They lived where he had lived, along the lower Rhine, whence in the fourth century they spread over Gaul, fighting the Romans, and even setting

up Frankish generals to dispute for possession of the Roman empire. They were temporarily defeated by Theodosius the Great, but later renewed their aggressions and became the founders of modern Germany and France. Please do not, however, make the common mistake of confounding Franks and Frenchmen. It is true that the modern French are descendants of one branch of these Franks. But by far the larger part of the Franks remained in Germany, and built up the German empire. So when we speak of Franks, remember that we are talking of a German race, only a small number of whom conquered Gaul, and so gave it its modern name of France.

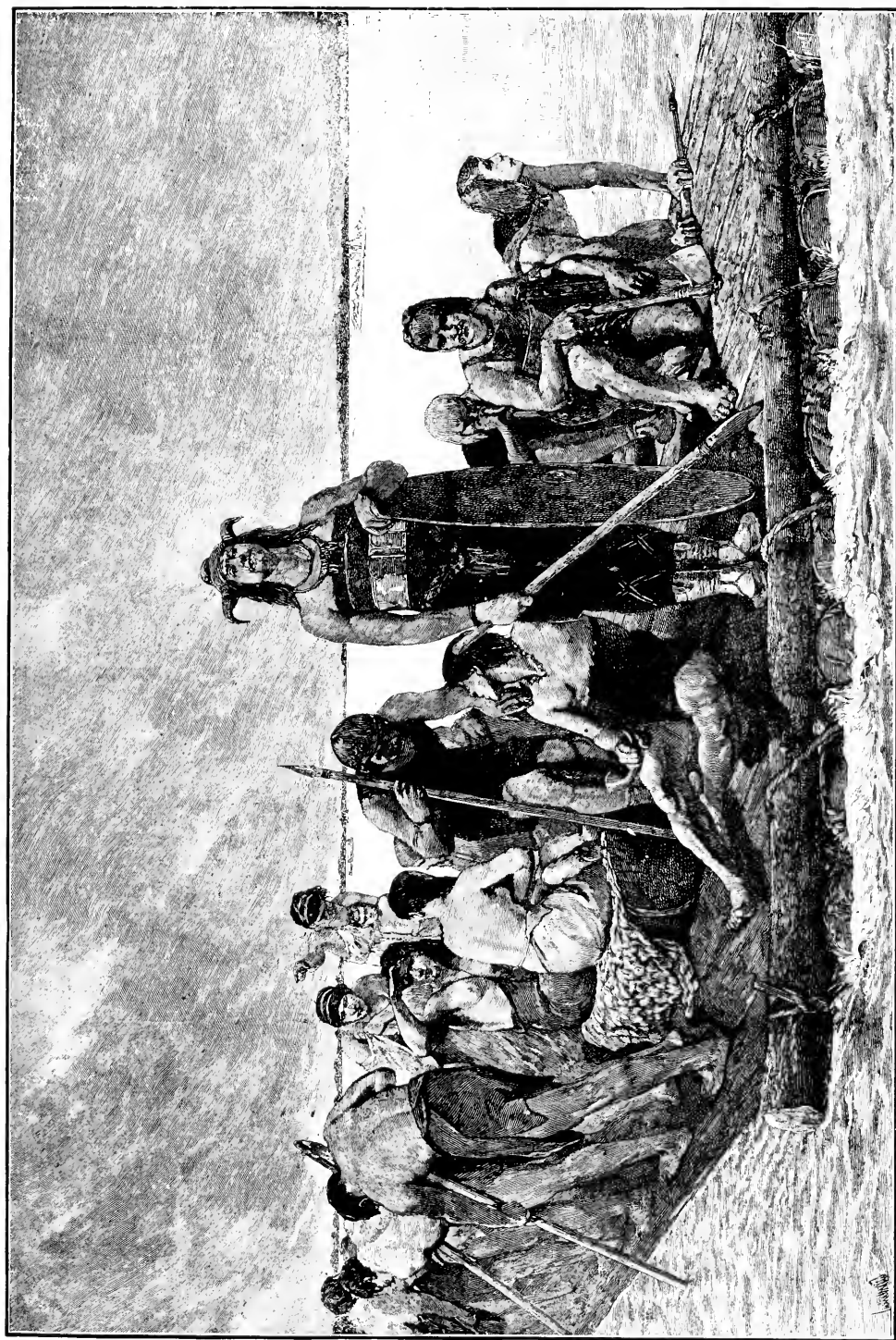
(3) The SAXONS. Their home was Central Germany, where the kingdom of Saxony, though much reduced in size, still exists in the hands of their descendants. Wandering bands of them seized on England and made that too a Germanic kingdom. The Saxons, so called from their *sa/s* or short swords, were the wildest and least civilized of all the tribes. They clung to their old customs, their woodland life, and their pagan gods, for centuries after the other tribes had become conquerors and city builders.

(4) The BURGUNDIANS. Their early home was along the Baltic, but they joined the general southward movement of the tribes, and established themselves along the upper Rhine. Modern Burgundy retains their name and marks a portion of the district where they settled. Their capital was the still standing city of Worms. It is the Burgundians who have preserved for us most of the old German legends.

(5) The ALEMANNI. These seem to have been the descendants of the Marcomanni and other southern German tribes. They remained in their ancient homes, and their descendants occupy the south of Germany to-day, in modern Württemberg and the surrounding regions.

(6) The VANDALS. These were a tribe closely allied to the Goths; but they need special mention because they established their rule over a vast Vandal kingdom, covering all Northern Africa.

Of the way in which the German tribes overran the Roman Empire in the fourth and fifth centuries, you have already learned in the story of Rome. Their general southward movement was started by the Huns, a strange Asiatic people, who pressed upon them from the East. The Huns were, as a race, much smaller than the Germans; but they were splendid horsemen and very fierce, and they shot arrows with deadly precision from a distance much farther than a German spear could be thrown. Besides, they moved in a compact body, and thus easily brushed aside their more scattered opponents. The latter, as they crowded southward, became themselves more unified and powerful. Alaric and his Goths captured Rome; Geiseric and his Vandals sacked it in their turn.



THE FIRST INVASION OF THE FRANKS INTO GAUL



Even the show of resistance which the ancient Empire made against the invaders, was not really her own. You must bear in mind that from the time of Cæsar, German soldiers had been entering the Roman army in ever increasing numbers, until they formed the heart and sinew of all the legions. This should be clearly understood; for in the battles waged in defence of dying Rome, it was often Germans who fought Germans. There were generals and even emperors of their race. So, whichever side won, Germans reaped the spoils, and the unhappy degenerates of decaying Rome paid and suffered for all.



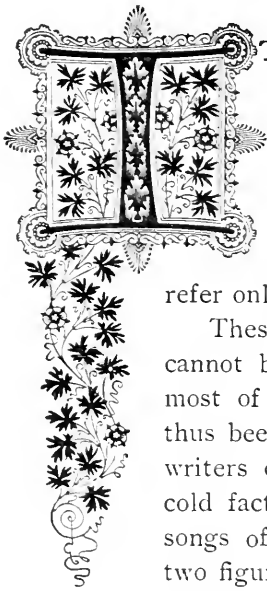
ULFILAS WRITING THE GOTHIC GOSPEL



THE NIBELUNG SONG

Chapter XLVIII

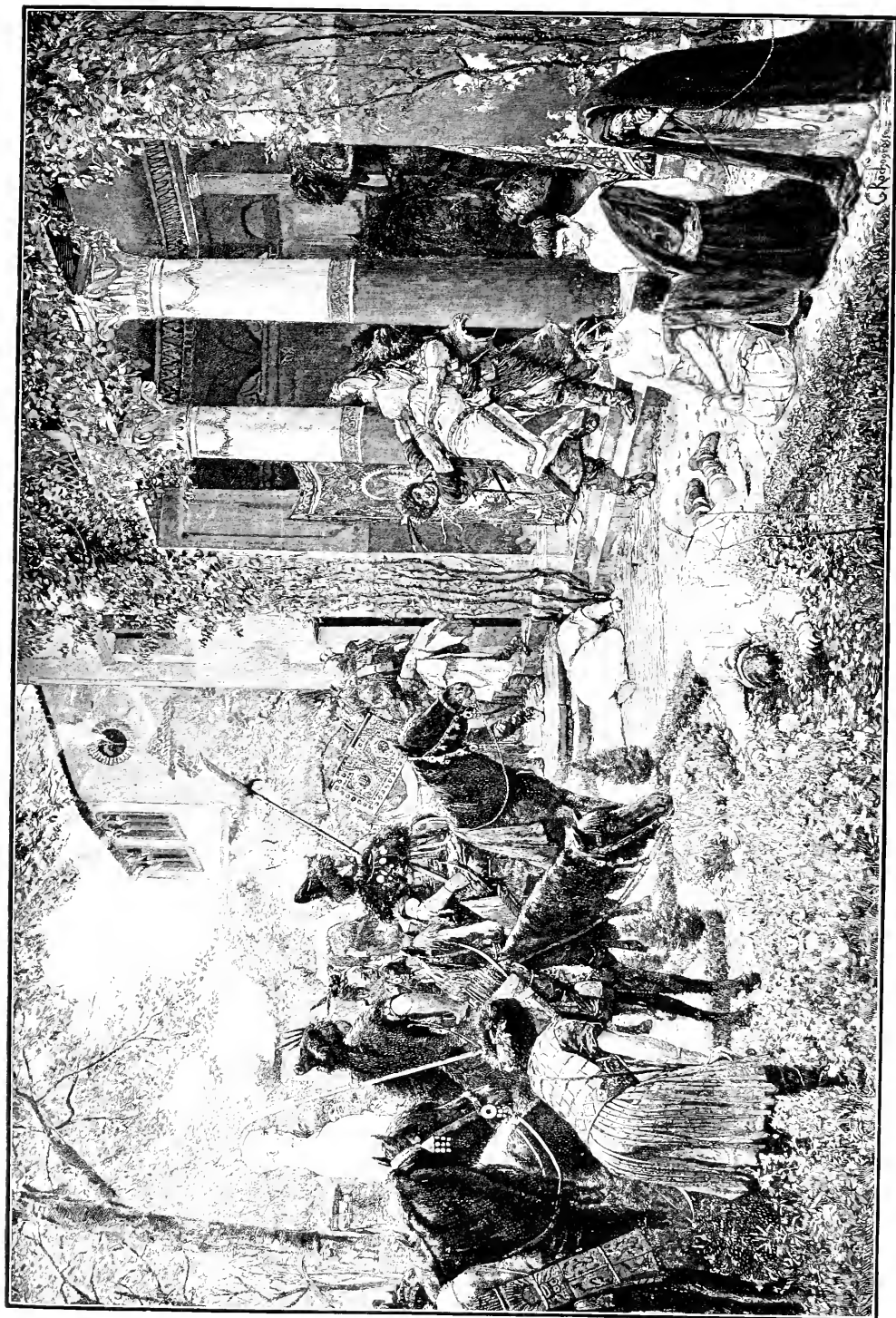
THEODORIC AND THE LEGENDS



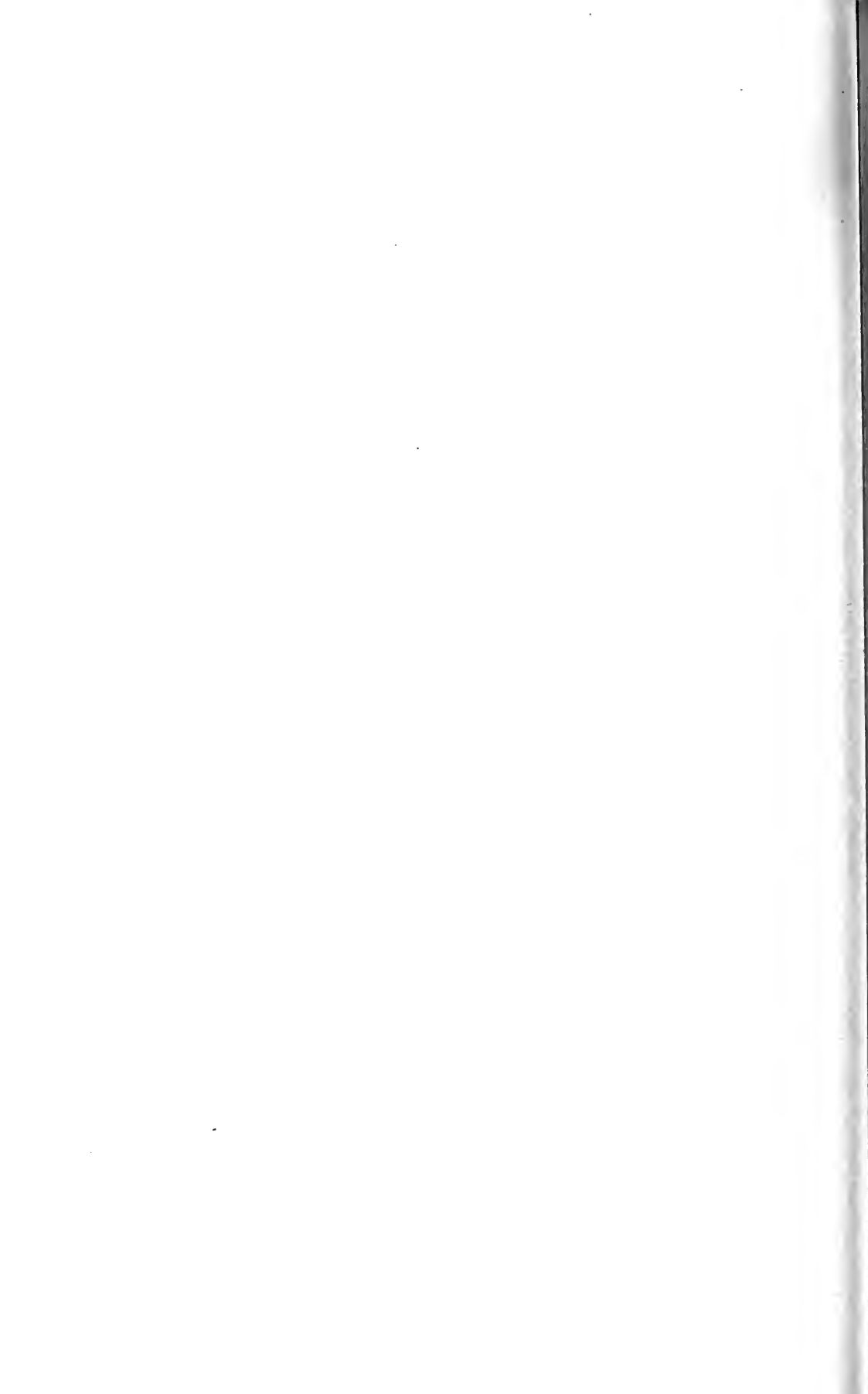
It is only as the Germans thus rush out upon the Roman world that they show themselves clearly to our view. They have kept no record or remembrance of their earlier history, and what you have just learned of it is gathered from the chance notices of Roman writers. Even Hermann himself seems to have faded from the minds of his countrymen. Their very earliest legends refer only to the period at which we have now arrived.

These legends are very famous. Their chief hero, Siegfried, cannot be positively identified, and may be wholly fabulous; but most of the other personages had a real existence. They have thus been preserved for us in two oddly contrasting lights. The writers of antique Latin chronicles describe and label them as cold facts; while they flash as heroes of romance through the songs of long generations of northern minstrels. Sometimes the two figures are quite similar, sometimes they are so distorted on one side or the other that it is doubtful whether they can be indeed the same. It is not merely that surrounding circumstances are shifted; the very spirit and soul of the man become dualized, as interpreted now by critic, now by poet minds.

You will find worth pondering, the comparison which can here be made between history and legend, because of its illustration of their resemblance and relative value. Thus with other legends you may learn to figure roughly the unknown history that may lie behind them. It is not always the legend that exaggerates. Sometimes it has forgotten history's most thrilling portions.



ATTILA'S HUNS PLUNDERING A ROME VILLA IN GAUL



Let us first take the historical side. The two most prominent men of the fifth century A.D. were Attila the Hun and Theodoric the Goth. A lesser personage to the world, but one who naturally filled a large space in the eyes of Burgundians, was their own king, Gunther. You have learned something already of the first two. The terrible Huns had rested for a moment in their career of destruction, and had settled in what is still called Hungary. Many of the German tribes had become their subjects or allies. Hence when Attila, now king, and as he called himself "The Scourge of God," hurled the Huns once more against the western races, many of the less civilized Germans, and especially the Ostrogoths, marched under his banners. King Gunther marshalled his Burgundians on the banks of the Rhine and endeavored to defend his kingdom against this vast horde. He had only ten thousand men, while Attila's force was over half a million strong; and the attempt, therefore, was as hopeless as it was heroic. Gunther was killed and his men were annihilated.

Attila swept into Gaul to meet a sturdier foe. Theodoric, the young king of the Visigoths, at that time held all southern Gaul. He united with Aëtius, a Goth in command of the Roman armies, and the two met Attila at that astounding battle of Chalons. Chalons should never be spoken of as a Roman battle. Vastly more was at stake there than a few added years of miserable existence for worthless, tottering Rome. Probably the combatants themselves did not recognize the most important issue, for the Ostrogoths fought upon Attila's side. But it was really the battle of civilization that was waged. Should Asia conquer Europe? Should the world be Hun or German? Tartar or Aryan? With two thousand years of time, and all northern Asia to work in, the Tartar has shown himself incapable of solving the problem of civilization. The Aryan races of Europe, and they alone, have proved able to do God's work, in carrying forward the world to where it now stands upon the upward path.

So once again it was Destiny that struck with the swords of Theodoric and Aëtius at Chalons. Theodoric was the hero of the day. Again and again he charged with his men against the enemies' centre, where Attila commanded in person. The Huns at last broke and fled, but Theodoric had fallen in the assault. His people immediately raised his son, Thorismund, upon their shields as king, and under him continued the battle, inspired now by irrestrainable revenge. Two hundred and fifty thousand men perished upon the field. Legend describes the contest as so awful that the spirits of the slaughtered men, leaping from their bodies, continued the appalling contest in the air. The Huns were utterly defeated and Attila led his shattered forces back into Hungary. The Tartar sun went down forever; Europe was to be Aryan.

Theodoric the Visigoth, with his one day of heroism, was not, however, the

Theodoric who is called "the Great." The title is used to distinguish Theodoric, king of the Ostrogoths, born just about the time of the battle of Chalons. When the German chief Odoacer finally put an end to the Western Roman Empire in 473, this Theodoric the Ostrogoth was commissioned by the Emperors of the East to win Italy back for them—if he could. He led his entire people thither, overthrew Odoacer in 493, slew him rather treacherously, and established himself as Emperor of the West.

This position he held for over thirty years, the leading German of his day. Something like the old power of the Empire came back for the moment under his wise rule. The other German tribes looked up to him; messengers from the various chieftains came constantly to his court in Verona or Ravenna, to seek his advice and aid. Even Clovis, the newly risen Frankish conqueror of whom you shall hear later, dared not meet Theodoric in battle. Clovis had defeated and slain the king of the Visigoths in southern Gaul, who was related to Theodoric by marriage. Clovis claimed the conquered land, but when Theodoric marched against him, he retreated and allowed the emperor to establish his little grandson upon the vacant throne. After that, Theodoric's influence was supreme in Western Europe, and he exerted this influence for peace. So a brief quarter-century of quiet, golden indeed by comparison with the troublous times before and after, spread like a balm over Europe, and earned for the Emperor the grateful recognition of his world of subjects and friends as "Theodoric the Great."

Now for the legendary stories of these same men and times. Siegfried is the chief hero of the legends. His later life resembles considerably that of Siegbert, a king of the Franks in the sixth century; but portions of the tale are far older than this, and in these Siegfried is a demigod, the daylight perhaps or the splendor of the sun. There are many different songs about him, some of them coming even from Norway and far-off Iceland, and of course they do not all tell the story in precisely the same way. They all agree, however, on the main points.

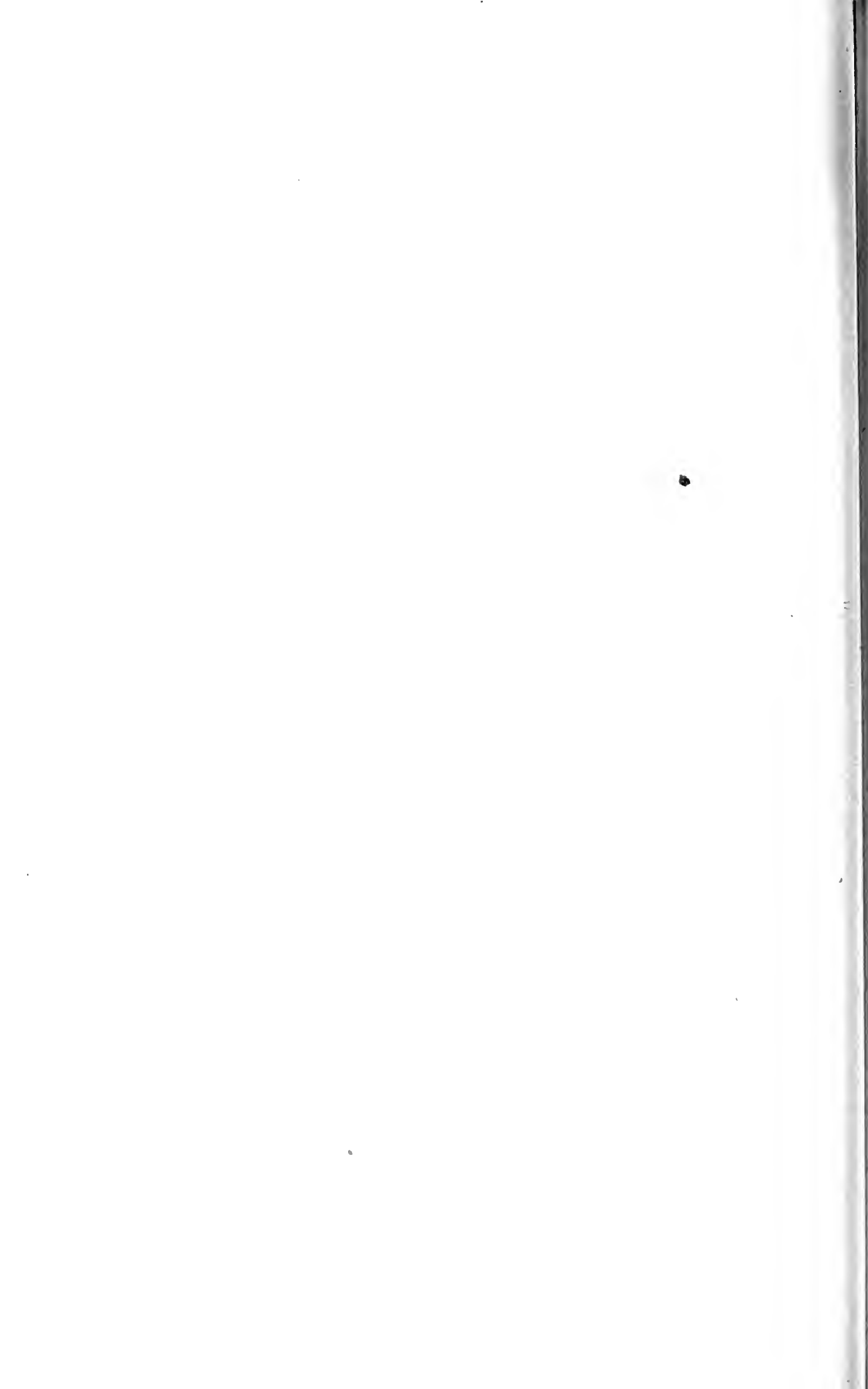
The hero was a prince of the lower Rhineland, that is to say, of the Franks, with his capital at Xanthen. He slew the dragon that guarded an immense treasure, so vast that

Were all the world brought from it, and all the price outpaid,
Not one the less would the jewels seem, nor the gold heap lower laid."

This was the Nibelungs' hoard. The Nibelungs were a vague and mysterious people, who dwelt in the land of darkness, Norway perhaps, or possibly the earth itself underground, where there were the gnomes and dwarfs, the human dead, and all the phantasms of gloom and night. The treasure, according to the poetic form of the story preserved in the North, was brought to earth by the



THORISMUND CROWNED ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE AT CHALONS



gods themselves. Once Woden, having taken human form, was snared by a magician and threatened with death. He secured a respite by promising his captor endless wealth, and Loki, who was with him, was sent to seize the treasure which the earth dwarfs had been gathering since the beginning of time. The crafty Alberich, their king, attempted to evade Loki by assuming a thousand different forms of beast and fish; but Loki, more subtle even than he, followed him through all and seized him at last. Alberich gave up the whole Nibelung hoard, and then Loki insisted that he give also his ring, which carried with it the sovereignty of the Nibelungs. Whoever owned it became thus himself a Nibelung, their king.

Alberich had to surrender it, but in his rage he put a curse upon the ring, upon the treasure, and upon all who should ever possess them. Loki, god of mischief, thanked him for the curse even more than for the treasure; and, passing both to the magician, set Woden free. At once the curse began to work. The magician's two sons slew him for the treasure. Then the elder brother, Fafnir, drove the younger away, and not daring to leave the treasure, lay down beside it to watch. He tried even to coil himself around it; and gradually this became easy to him. His heart grew stony, his blood cold, his life sluggish and dull. He had turned into a great snake or dragon, and as such lay guarding his treasure through the passing centuries.

Meanwhile, the younger brother, Regin or Mimer, wandered through the world, kept alive by his hate, growing older and older, wiser and wiser, until no man was ever like him for weird age and crafty knowledge. It was he who sent Siegfried against the dragon, as he had sent many another, hoping against hope that Fafnir might be slain. After a tremendous fight the fair-haired hero slew the dark Nibelung dragon and possessed the hoard. Thus he became himself a Nibelung, with the shadowy, mysterious wisdom of the darkness. Therefore he slew his aged counsellor, seeing clearly that Regin would now seek to rob and murder him. He also bathed himself in the dragon's blood, thus making his skin like the dragon's, unpiercable by sword or spear. But the Nibelung curse was already upon him, and a leaf clung to his back, so that one place was not touched by the blood. It was this one unprotected spot that brought him to his death at last.

The young Nibelung king had many other wonderful adventures, among them being the waking of Brunhild. Brunhild was originally a Valkyrie, who disobeyed Woden and was therefore doomed to a human existence of sorrow. She was set asleep in a castle, surrounded by a wall of flames. Siegfried rode through the wall, waked her with a kiss, and loved her. But the Nibelung curse followed him. He was made by magic to forget her, and was sent once more wandering through the world.

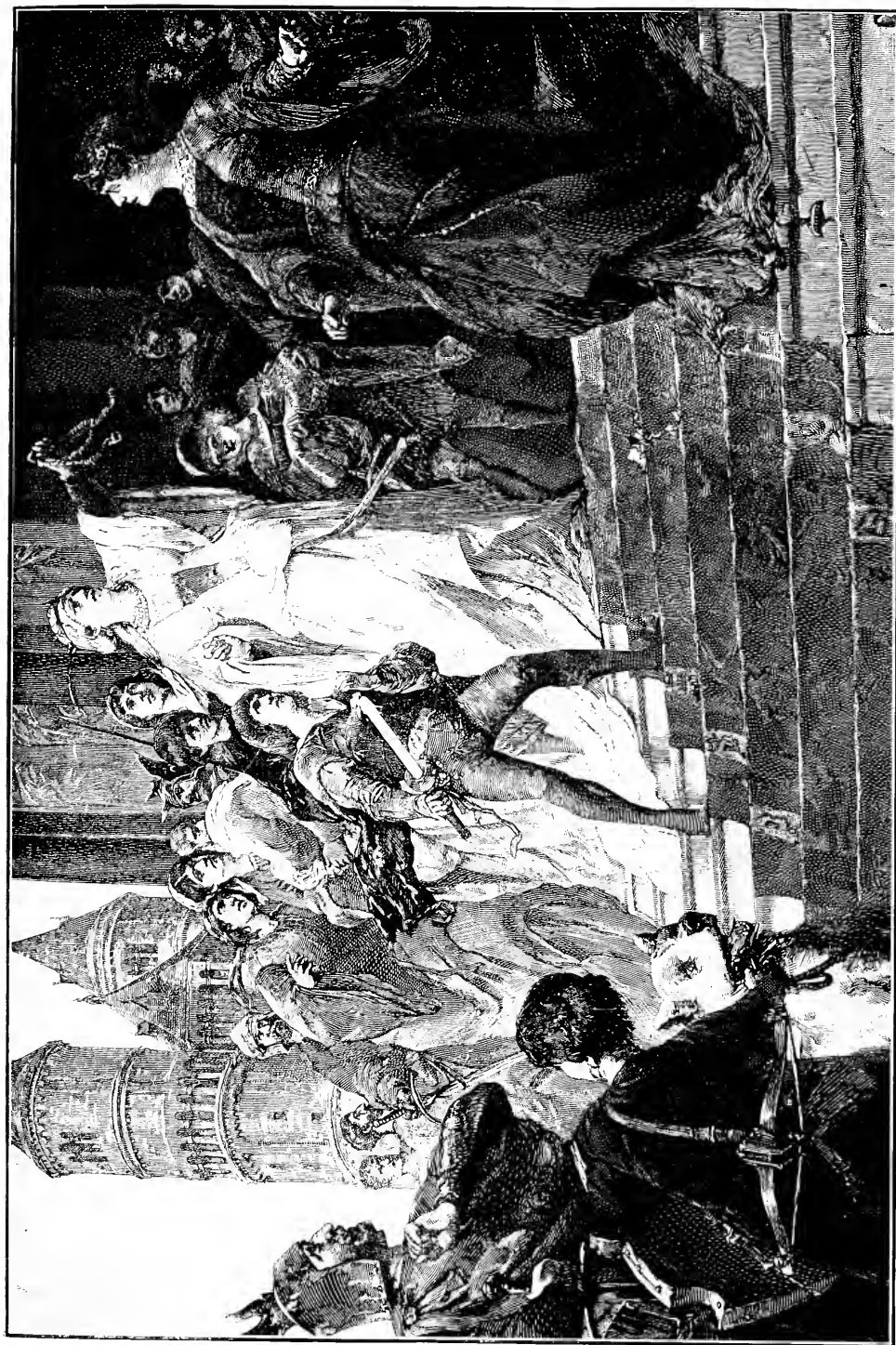
Now we take up the tale of his life from the "Nibelungen Lied," or tale of the Nibelungs, the finest of old German songs, which enthusiastic Teutons rank but a little below the works of Homer. Siegfried travelled to the court of the Burgundians at Worms. He was royally welcomed by their king, Gunther, whom you have already met from his historic side. Gunther had a beautiful sister, Kriemhild, who had been wooed by Dietrich of Berne or Verona (Theodoric the Great), and other heroes. Siegfried sought to see the famous beauty, but she was kept hidden from him. Then the Saxons and Danes declared war against the Burgundians, and Siegfried offered to go with his twelve attendant knights and conquer these nations. Here we have something that is clearly historic. The Franks, as allies of the Burgundians, attack the Saxons and Danes.

Of course Siegfried is victorious. He defeats one king, and the other surrenders. The hero returns to Worms; and now he is allowed to see Kriemhild, and falls deeply in love with her. Meanwhile, King Gunther has heard of Brunhild, who holds her court in Iceland, and, still retaining her Valkyrie spirit and strength, vows she will wed no man who cannot outdo her in feats of arms. Gunther seeks to win her, and Siegfried, wholly forgetful of his former love for her, offers to assist the king in return for Kriemhild's hand. The two heroes sail for Iceland, and there is a splendid contest of strength, in which Siegfried, made invisible by a magic cloak of darkness, helps Gunther, who, stalwart as he is, would else have been utterly defeated.

Brunhild, unsuspecting of the trickery, returns with them to Worms and weds Gunther, while Kriemhild and Siegfried are united. Once more, however, Siegfried has to go to the king's help, for Brunhild, secretly loving the great hero, rather than her husband, will have naught to do with Gunther. Siegfried in his cloak of darkness again vanquishes her, and she surrenders to what she supposes is her husband's strength.

Siegfried returns to his own kingdom, where for a time he lives happily with Kriemhild. Then the tragedy opens. He and his bride return to Worms on a visit. The two wives quarrel. Siegfried has been misrepresented from the first to Brunhild as a vassal of Gunther. Hence she claims homage from Kriemhild, and this is angrily refused. The ladies meet before the great cathedral at Worms, and each insists on entering first. Kriemhild, who has learned from her husband the facts of Gunther's wedding, proclaims them in her anger with brutal plainness. Brunhild is stricken to the heart, silent with despair and murderous rage.

King Gunther is equally furious that Siegfried should have betrayed their secret even to his wife; but he cannot take vengeance on the man who has done so much for him. His uncle, the gloomy and terrible Hagen, is less



THE QUARREL OF BRUNHILD AND KRIEMHILD



scrupulous. He plots with Brunhild, and they draw from the too talkative Kriemhild the secret of the one vulnerable spot in Siegfried's skin. She is even persuaded to mark its exact location with an embroidered red cross on her husband's mantle, that Hagen may guard him from all danger. There is a hunting party; the wine is purposely left behind, and Siegfried kneels to drink from a spring. Hagen promises to protect him while he stoops, then guided by the fateful red cross, drives a deadly spear deep into the hero's back.

Great is the lamentation when Siegfried's body is brought home. Brunhild, having accomplished her sad destiny and sad revenge, stabs herself upon the body. Kriemhild accuses everybody of the murder in hysterical despair. Gunther and all his knights in turn lay hands upon the body and swear to their innocence. When it comes Hagen's turn, the wound bleeds afresh under his touch, and he defiantly boasts of his deed and its cause. "Siegfried was too mighty to live among other men."

Hagen then wrests from Kriemhild the Nibelung hoard, lest she purchase revenge with it. He and King Gunther hide it by sinking it in the Rhine; and thus the Nibelung power, the name, and the doom pass to the Burgundians.

Now comes the second part of the story, "The Nibelungs' Need." Kriemhild, become silent, secretive, and murderous, is wooed by the mighty conqueror Etzel (Attila), king of the Huns. Hagen, with the dark Nibelung wisdom, sees the danger, and warns King Gunther of Kriemhild's deadly purpose. But Gunther is only too anxious to do anything that will atone to his wronged sister. With a numerous train she goes to the land of the Huns, and becoming their queen, urges her brother to visit her. Still warned by Hagen, and still obstinate, Gunther sets out with ten thousand Burgundian warriors. They are made welcome by Etzel, who unlike his historic double seems a kindly and rather feeble man, and they are glad to find their old friend Dietrich of Berne (Theodoric) a visitor at Etzel's court. Kriemhild, however, has lured them there to die. She stirs up a sudden wrangle in the great banquet hall; each side flies to arms; Dietrich, reminding the Burgundians of their ancient friendship, takes Etzel and Kriemhild under his protection and leads them unharmed from the hall; but all the remaining Hunnish chiefs are slain.

Kriemhild urges others on, to avenge the slaughter of their friends. The Hunnish hordes rush again and again upon the hall where the Burgundians, grim and terrible, slay all who come; but their own number steadily grows less. At last only Hagen and Gunther are left, wounded and outworn. Even Dietrich's followers have been drawn into the assault against them and been destroyed. When Dietrich himself hears this he comes in sorrowful wrath, binds the two exhausted champions and delivers them to Queen Kriemhild.

She is eager to learn the hiding place of the Nibelung hoard, and has Gun-

ther thrown into a den of serpents. He refuses to tell the secret, and instead chants a splendid swan song, glorying in his great deeds, and so dies unafraid, singing amid the poison bites. Kriemhild then tries to bribe Hagen into revealing the hidden wealth. The iron warrior declares that first he must be assured of Gunther's death; but when his king's severed head is shown him, he laughs, saying that the hoard is now safe indeed. Kriemhild slays him in her rage, and thus he passes into the true Nibelung world of darkness, defiant and unyielding. An aged chief who stands near stabs Kriemhild because of all the slaughter she has caused. So ends the poem, with the Nibelung curse accomplished upon all the Burgundians, and the treasure lost forever in the Rhine.

There are other tales of Dietrich, also representing him as the friend of Attila, sometimes as a wandering fugitive at Attila's court. This is, perhaps, a confusion of Theodoric the Great with his uncles, Ostrogoth chiefs of the previous generation, who really were among the Ostrogoth allies of Attila. Dietrich's friendship for the Burgundians may be confounded with the other Theodoric, the Visigoth king, who fell as did Gunther's ten thousand Burgundians, fighting Attila.



HAGEN* AT SIEGFRIED'S BIER



SIEGFRIED SLAIN BY HAGEN





THE BURGUNDIANS TAKING POSSESSION OF THE RHONE VALLEY

Chapter XLIX

CLOVIS AND THE FRANKISH KINGDOM

WITH Clovis we tread once more on assured historic ground. The kingdom which he established covered a considerable part of both Germany and France, as we know them to-day. Hence French and German historians claim him equally as the founder of their modern kingdoms. Clovis is the old French form of the name Louis, and it is as Clovis that the king is generally known, though the Germans regard their harsher form, Chlod-

wig, as more correct.

After the battle of Chalons we find the Franks ruling in the north of Gaul, and the Visigoths in the south, the central portion remaining an independent Roman kingdom. The Franks were not as yet one compact nation; they were scattered in little bands, most of them, indeed, still remaining in their old homes along the Rhine. Those Franks who had moved to the low plains by the sea, about where Belgium lies to-day, were called the Salic Franks; and the father of Clovis was a king or rather chieftain, ruling one section among them. This chief was deposed and banished by his people for his depravity, but was afterward restored "on trial" as it were. We are told that his wife was a sorceress, who showed him in a vision the future of his race. First there came a mighty lion, surrounded by other magnificent beasts. These passed, and were followed by a troop of ravening wolves and bears, who fought among themselves. Then came little, yelping, frisking dogs, and against these advanced tiny beasts of an unknown kind, which grew ever larger until at last they swallowed up the helpless puppies.

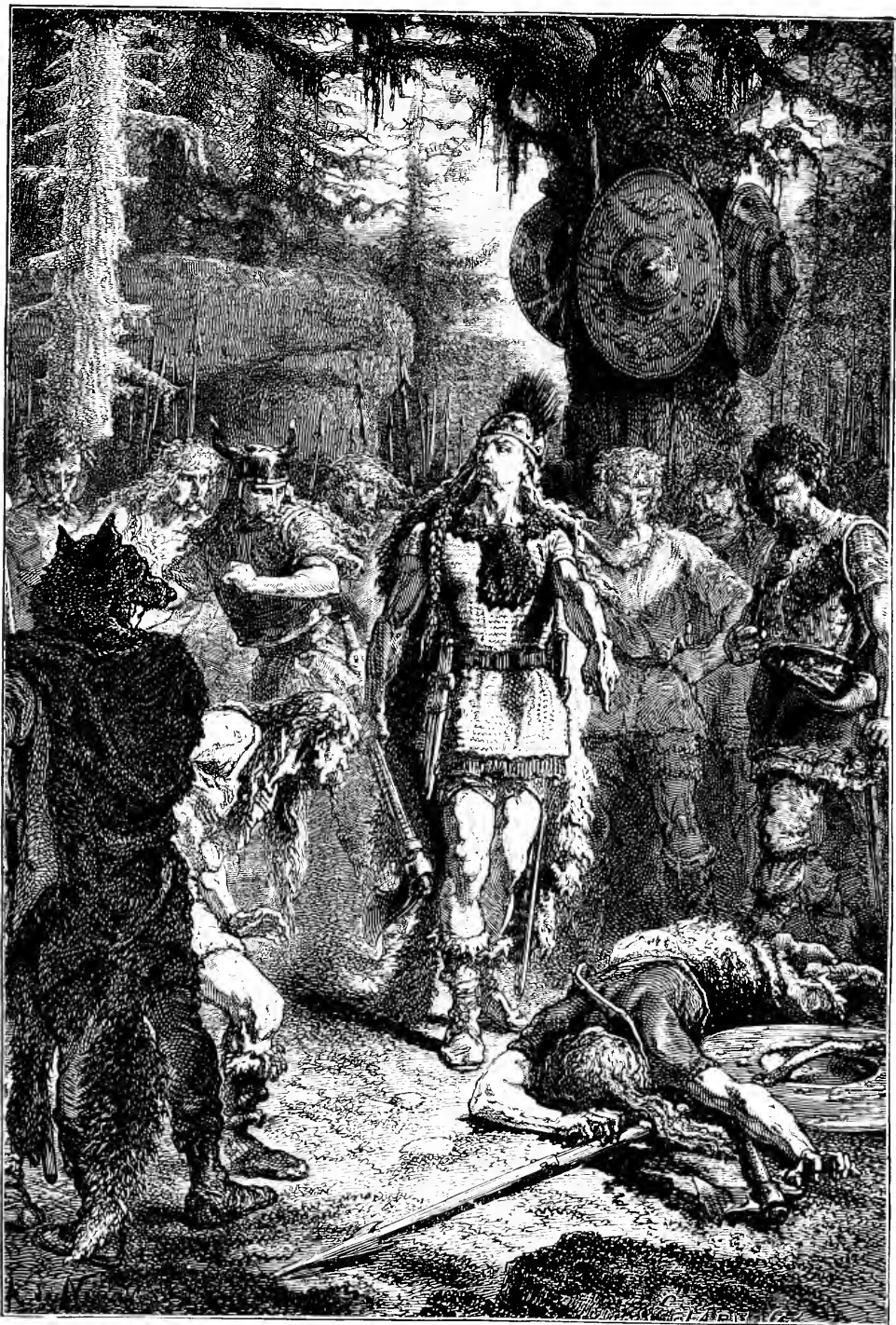
Clovis, the son of this worthy couple, was clearly the lion of the vision. He was only fifteen when, in the year 481, he came to his father's throne; but he set to work at once to increase his power and draw warriors to his standard,—the splendid beasts of the prophecy. Thus, before he was of age he was able to lead a formidable force into the heart of Gaul. Following the fashion of the Germans, he challenged the Roman ruler of Gaul, Syagrius, to meet him in battle. Syagrius seems to have agreed eagerly. The armies met at Soissons, in 486, and the Romans were utterly defeated. Clovis found himself master of all central Gaul.

This was a tremendous advance for the petty king of a small band of Franks, and Clovis seems to have spent some ten years organizing, and establishing himself in his new domain. To this period of his life belongs the well-known story of the Soissons vase. This vase belonged to the Christian cathedral at Rheims, and was part of the spoil won by the Franks at Soissons. It seemed of small use to the wild warriors, and the Bishop of Rheims begged Clovis to return it. The Frankish race was still heathen; but Clovis seems to have felt even then a kindliness for Christianity and he requested his men to give up the vase. All were willing except one man, who seemed to have a special liking for it; perhaps it had been assigned to him as his share of the booty; at any rate, he refused. "We are all equal here," he cried. "It is only in battle you have the right to command us." And to prove his equality he smashed the vase with his battle-axe.

Clovis said nothing; though we can fancy how his young face must have flushed. He knew his followers, and knew that they would support their comrade in this assertion of their rights, however rudely proclaimed. The secret of Clovis' success was, that he ruled always with a craft equal to his strength.

More than a year passed and still Clovis bided his time. Perhaps his opponent had forgotten; at any rate when the man appeared one day at a great parade of the army, his weapons were not in perfect order. Some such slight excuse, some such public occasion, were what the king had waited for. With words of savage reproval for the weapons' condition, Clovis threw them on the ground; then as the man stooped to pick them up, the king whirled his battle-axe aloft, and crashed it through his enemy's skull. No protest was heard: this time it was the king who was within his right. But as Clovis struck, he cried aloud for all men to hear, "'Twas thus you broke my vase at Soissons."

To this period belongs also the tale of Clovis' marriage. You remember the Burgundians, who opposed Attila's hordes at the Rhine? The survivors of that terrible devastation had established a Burgundian kingdom farther south, around the sources of the Rhine and all down the beautiful Rhone valley almost to the Mediterranean. Two brothers became king together, and one



THE REVENGE OF CLOVIS



slew the other. The murdered man's beautiful daughter, Clotilde, was permitted to survive, but was kept under the close watch of the murderer. Clovis, whose power was beginning to be recognized by surrounding kings, and who may have already formed ambitious plans for the conquest of Burgundy, thought to wed Clotilde. But first he wished to be assured that she was indeed as beautiful as rumor said; and perhaps he wished also to be certain she would help his plans against her usurping uncle. So he sent his friend Aurelian to her in secret.

Now Clotilde was a Christian, and Aurelian came to her in the dress of a beggar. So she took him into her house, in accordance with the kindly Christian custom, and she herself brought water and knelt to wash his weary feet. Aurelian, satisfied of both her beauty and goodness, dropped his master's royal ring into the water, and whispered that he bore a message for her from the Frankish king. In a secret interview he also became satisfied that, Christian as she was, she would seek vengeance for her murdered father, so he gave her the king's pledge and accepted hers.

Then there came a royal embassy from Clovis to the Burgundian king, requesting Clotilde's hand as a seal of peace between the two nations. The king hesitated, but when Clotilde showed her ring, declaring that she and Clovis were already pledged, her uncle allowed her to go. As she was driven toward the Burgundian frontier with her stately escort of Franks, she kept urging them to move faster, faster, for she knew well her uncle's uncertain mind. He did, in fact, yield to the warning of his friends. They showed him that he was giving the ambitious Clovis a claim against his throne; was in truth sending him, not peace, but war. So a troop of soldiers galloped after Clotilde to bring her back, but they found only her empty carriage—or rather wagon—where she had abandoned it on the road. Changing to horseback, she had spurred with the swiftest of her escort across the frontier, setting fire to all the villages behind her as she passed, that her uncle might know with what hate and bitterness she left him.

In such sad and threatening guise did Christianity enter the Frankish land. For you must understand that when these German tribes declared themselves Christian, no great and sudden change took place in their savage natures. The true softening and purifying influence of the faith acted more slowly upon them. It was centuries before most of them fully recognized the beauty of their new religion. Such Christianity, however, as Clotilde had she did bring among the Franks. She was always urging her husband to embrace her faith. She brought priests and bishops around her court. Moreover, the bulk of Clovis' subjects, the Roman population over which he and his Franks ruled, were Christian; and the king could not fail to see how vastly his influence over them

would be increased if he were of their faith and supported by their clergy. But what would his own Franks say if he abandoned his and their fiercer gods!

Clovis must have pondered these problems deeply. They were in his mind when he made war upon the Alemanni in southern Germany. He appears to have claimed some sort of lordship over these tribes, which they refused to acknowledge. They gathered in a great battle against him at Zulpich in Germany, in 496. The day seemed going against the Franks, when Clovis called on the God of Clotilde for help, vowing to serve only him if the Franks won the victory. Then the king flung himself furiously into the battle, the Alemanni fled, and the Frankish power was established throughout southern Germany.

Clovis immediately carried out his vow, and called on his men to join with him in worshipping this new God of Victory. He was baptized soon after at Rheims, by Saint Remigius, the same bishop for whom he had sought to secure the Soissons vase. Three thousand of the Frankish warriors became Christians on the same day. The scene was solemn and impressive. Legend declares that a sacred vial of oil was brought down from heaven by a dove, for the anointment of Clovis in the ceremony. As the king knelt, the bishop poured the oil upon his head, saying: "Bow thy head, Sicambrian. Worship what thou hast hitherto destroyed, and destroy what thou hast hitherto worshipped."

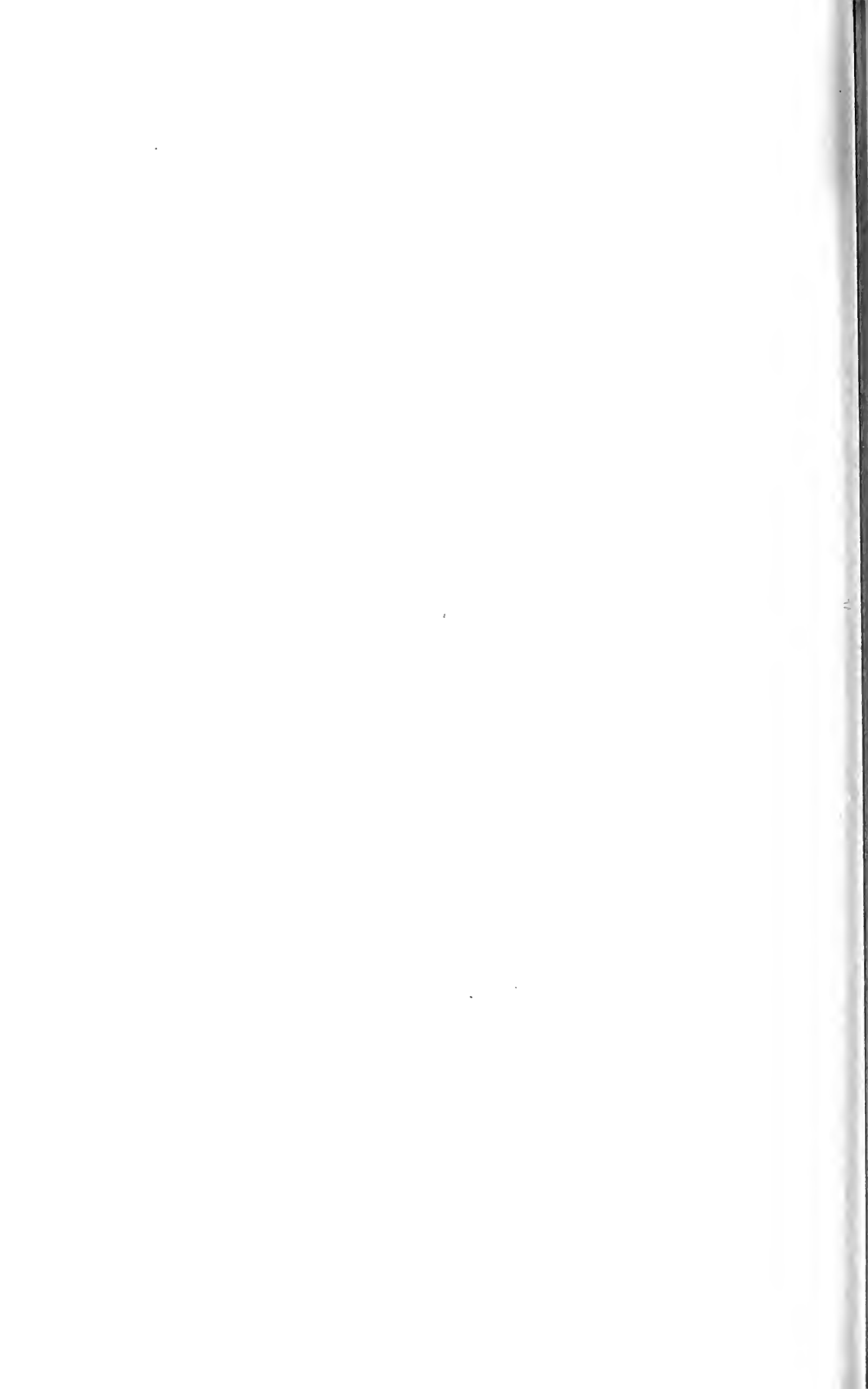
By this formula you will see that the bishop, saint though he was, had called the king not to a life of peace, but to one of war. He was only to cease attacking Christians, and to attack the heathen instead. Any more pacific advice would certainly have been thrown away on the warlike king. The Sicambri, by whose name the king was addressed, were the particular tribe of Franks of whom he had been originally king.

Even yet Clovis was not king of all the Franks, but only of such as had voluntarily joined him, attracted by his fame and the hope of plunder. In his war against the Alemanni, however, he had practically commanded the whole Frankish nation, for the Franks in their old German home on the Rhine, and many of the little tribes from his own Belgium birthplace, had rallied under their chiefs and helped him. Being thus satisfied of the personal convenience of having all the nation united under one head, Clovis, throughout the rest of his life, pursued steadily the aim of becoming that head. By force, fraud, or deliberate murder he overthrew the little kings around him, many of whom were his relatives.

Most powerful of these other Frankish kings was Siegbert, who ruled the tribes along the Rhine. He had been Clovis' most valued ally against the Alemanni, and was wounded and permanently disabled at the battle of Zulpich. Clovis sent word to the son of Siegbert: "Your father is lame and grows old.



CLOTILDE RECEIVING THE RING OF CLOVIS



When he is dead you will be king, and I your friend." The young prince took the hint and soon after slew his father. He then showed all Siegbert's treasures to an envoy from Clovis, saying, "Take what you will for the great king who is my friend." But the envoy had other instructions, and he stabbed the prince, who was bending over an open chest, so that his blood poured out amid the jewels. "Thus," said the envoy, "the great king punishes the death of his old friend Siegbert."

After that Clovis called a meeting of the Rhine nobles, and persuaded them that he had rightly avenged their king. They, having already served under his banner and proved his prowess, gladly elected him to the vacant throne. By this and similar deeds he gradually attained undisputed sway over all the Franks. The warrior race learned to fear as well as to admire him. The old equality of chief and followers disappeared, and there was no danger, during his latter years, that he would be disturbed by any such rude challenge as had denied him the Soissons vase.

In the midst of these continued usurpations Clovis, urged by Clotilde to renew his plans against her uncle, made war upon Burgundy about the year 500. The country proved too strong and united to be overcome; but its king was compelled to do homage to the Frankish conqueror and acknowledge him as his overlord. It was after this that Clovis defied Theodoric the Great by attacking the Emperor's friends, the Visigoths. "Come," he said to his followers, "it annoys me that these heretics should possess the fairest part of Gaul! Let us, with God's help, march forth and destroy them."

The Roman Christians, both of his own domain and in the Visigothic lands, united their force to his, and he won a decisive victory at Poitiers in 507, being much helped by his successful passage of the Vienne River, where, legend says, a white doe fleeing from the Franks showed them an unknown and unguarded ford. The Visigoth king was slain, much of the land was added to Clovis' kingdom, and the remnant was only saved to the Visigoths by the direct interposition of the Emperor Theodoric. He, as you have already heard, marched an army into the land and established his little grandson on the throne.

Clovis was still a comparatively young man when he died in 511. He had established a great kingdom, the earliest permanent one of the German tribes. It included all northern France, most of Belgium and Holland, and much of the south and west of modern Germany. It was bounded on the south by the fading Gothic kingdoms, and by Burgundy, which was already tributary to Clovis, and was soon after entirely merged in the Frankish land. To the east of Clovis' domains lay the Saxons, another German tribe, who remained for centuries independent and worthy enemies of the mighty Franks.

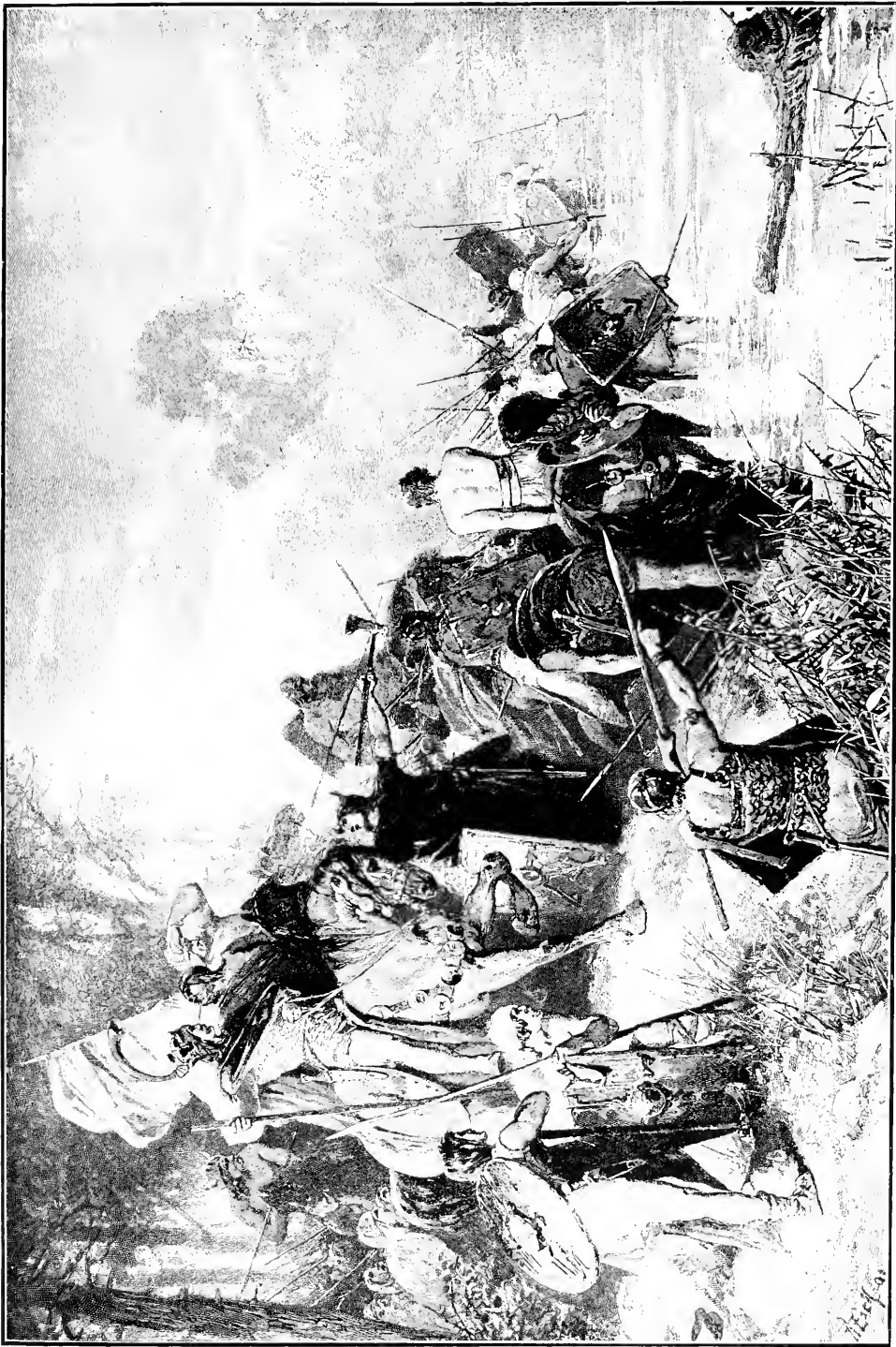
It was Clovis who first called his kingdom France, that is to say, the land of

the Franks; and he made Paris his capital. But the confusion of modern names must not lead us to regard his reign as a French conquest of Germany. Clovis was a German conqueror, speaking a German tongue and leading a German tribe to the mastery of the Roman land of Gaul. Those of his people who followed him blended with the conquered Romans to form the French race. Those who remained in Germany, also elected him as their king; but they remained thoroughly German, and their descendants continue to this day dwelling in the same district. They have even preserved the name of their ancestors and call their home Franconia.

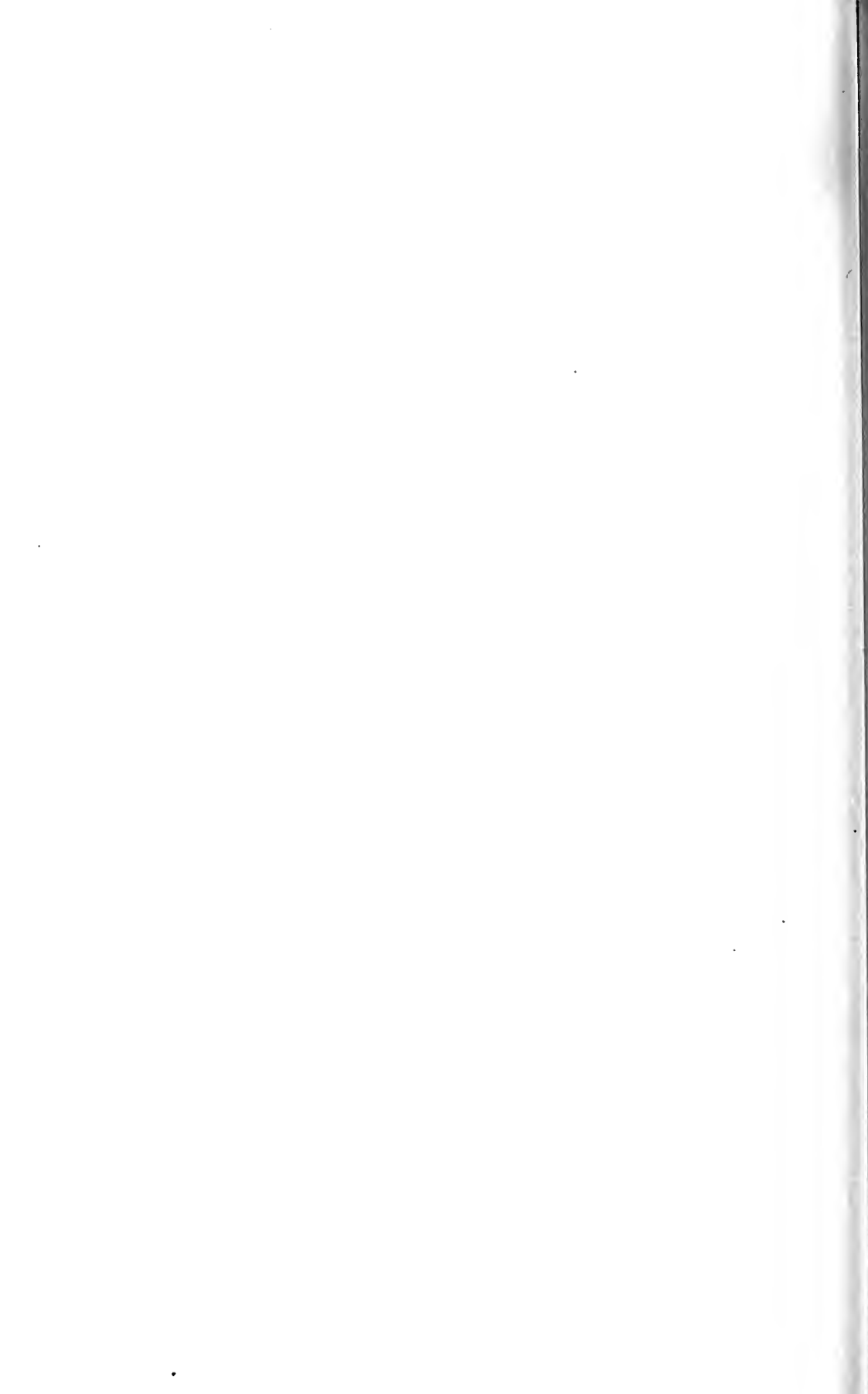
Clovis left his kingdom to his four sons, apparently expecting them to rule together in harmony. But you will remember that when Clovis' father was shown the vision of the future, he saw coming after the lion, not lambs, but the cruelest of wolves and bears, fighting among themselves. Such, for a hundred years, were the sons and grandsons of Clovis. No crime was too hideous for them to commit against one another. Sons betrayed fathers to death; fathers, sons; and brothers, brothers. The most frightful passions sprang to life and seemed to rage unrestrained in this degenerate family. The whole line are called the Merovingian kings, taking the name of Merovæus, grandfather of Clovis. Legend declared Merovæus to have been only half a man, web-footed and web-handed, the son of a terrible river monster that rose out of the Rhine. The old chronicles insist on this strange origin of the race, and trace from it their cold-blooded treachery, their craft and fierceness, their lack of human tenderness and feeling.

We would gladly pass by the whole confused period of blood and crime. Most of it we may safely omit, but one of the tales is too well known to be slighted. This is the rivalry of the queens Brunhild and Fredegund, in which some students trace the origin of the story of the rivalry between the legendary Brunhild and Kriemhild in the *Nibelungen Lied*.

These Franks were, as you must have realized, not unlike the more modern pirates. They sallied out into the world, among more peaceful or timid people, seizing whatever they could lay hands on. Thus the kings had accumulated an enormous treasure at Paris; and the struggles and crimes of the various Merovingians for possession of this wealth may have suggested the idea of the precious Nibelung hoard, with its curse upon all who owned it. Siegbert, a grandson of Clovis, succeeded to the part of the kingdom lying along the Rhine, in 561. His three brothers ruled over the fragments of Gaul. Siegbert possessed the most extensive domain and was apparently the most manly of the four. He added considerably to his kingdom by conquest over other German tribes, and altogether seems to have been the flower of the Merovingian line. He wedded Brunhild, one of the two daughters of the powerful Visigothic king of Spain.



CLOVIS AT THE FORD OF THE VIENNE



Brunhild was a stately, majestic woman, and the importance, beauty, and wealth of the bride Siegbert had won, still further roused the jealousy of his brothers. One of them, Chilperic, sued at once for the hand of Brunhild's sister. He had already three or four wives of his own, the worst of them being Fredegund, a woman of low birth, but great beauty and wit, whose fascinations had bewitched the king. Chilperic promised to divorce all these wives, and he did so. The Visigothic queen came in great state to his capital of Soissons. But soon after her wedding she was murdered at the command of Fredegund, who quickly regained all her former influence over the weak king.

Brunhild vowed vengeance against the murderess of her sister. Chilperic, anticipating this, did not wait for Brunhild or her husband to act, but promptly invaded their territory. In the war which followed, Siegbert with his more German Franks was completely successful. Chilperic fled; and the conqueror was raised on the shields of his followers in his brother's capital as king of all the Franks.

Some say it was at the very moment of his elevation that Siegbert was stabbed in the back. At any rate he was assassinated (576), and Chilperic regained much of his former power. Brunhild continued the war, as guardian of her young son. Chilperic was assassinated in his turn, probably by the direction of Fredegund, who feared the loss of her influence over him. The war was then continued by the two queens, each acting in her son's name.

The hatred of the two women hung like a poisonous plague over all the land. In the long struggle Brunhild seems to have grown as wicked and abandoned as her rival, and they tortured and slew all who opposed them. They grew old; Fredegund died, and Brunhild, her vengeance yet unaccomplished, continued the warfare against her enemy's son, Clotar II. Brunhild's own son wearied of the eternal strife and sought peace. He died, perhaps poisoned by his relentless mother, who now urged her grandsons to continue the contest. At last they also wavered. She had both slain and placed her infant great-grandsons on the throne.

She was defeated in the end. Her punishment, it is often called; but do you not think her whole long, hard, and loveless life must have been its own bitterest punishment? Her own subjects abandoned her and delivered her to Clotar. She was tortured for three days and then bound to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to death (613).

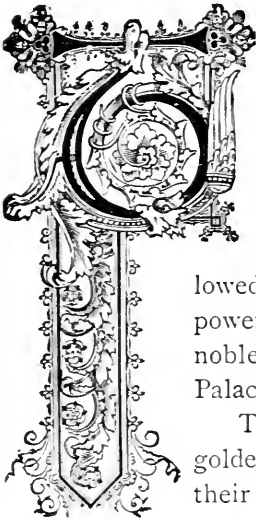




ST. BONIFACE FELLING THE OAK OF THOR

Chapter L

SAINT BONIFACE AND THE MAYORS OF THE PALACE



HE generation of Merovingian kings who followed Clotar were the poor puppies of the fabled vision. They lost what little power the long civil wars of their fathers had left them. The nobility had learned to keep out of the contests of their rulers, and to use every evil turn in a king's fortune for establishing more firmly their own positions. This, under the feeble monarchs that followed, brought about a strange state of affairs. The whole power and government of the country became centred in a few nobles, chief of whom was the one called the "Mayor of the Palace."

The kings became mere figure-heads, wearing their long golden hair down their backs in sign of royalty, and wasting their lives in luxurious idleness in the recesses of their palaces. They appeared before the people only on state occasions, to nod their heads in approval of whatever the mayor of the palace might decree.

These mayors seem to have been originally stewards or superintendents of the public lands, which belonged to all the Franks in common. Then they became stewards of the king's lands as well. Thus the office was a mere business one, but carrying with it from the start, vast power. As land is the great original source of all wealth, the ownership of large tracts of it has ever been looked upon as a position of high dignity. Followers of the king had now to seek all such dignity, all such reward, from the mayors of the palace. Hence



FREDEGONDE WATCHING THE CORONATION OF HER RIVAL



came their rapidly increasing power. The office became hereditary, that is, the king could no longer appoint as steward whomever he would, but each father passed the title as an inheritance to his son.

A series of really remarkable men, strong, able, and determined, held the position. They became the leaders of the Franks in war, going forth to battle while the "sluggard kings," as they are called, dozed at home. All power naturally became centred in the hands of these mayors. They created and deposed their monarchs at will, and became more powerful than any king since Clovis' time. The first of the mayors to gain a world-wide name was Charles Martel.

The Frankish kingdom, as in the case of Siegbert and his brothers, had been broken and reunited many times among the Merovingians. Gradually people recognized that it consisted of two or perhaps three clearly marked divisions. The inhabitants of the western part, ancient Gaul, or Neustria as it was now called, were more Roman than German, and began to regard themselves as a different race from the other Franks. The land along the Rhine and extending far into central Germany was called Austrasia, which means the East-land. Its people were wilder and fiercer, slower of intellect perhaps, but weightier and surer than their Romanized brethren. Farther south and partly between the two lay Burgundy, whose inhabitants partook somewhat of the character of each.

Pepin or Pippin of Herestál, the father of Charles Martel, was mayor of the palace in the East-land. He quarrelled with the mayor of Neustria, the West-land, led an army against him, and completely defeated him at Testri, in 687. Pepin is said to have gained the victory by a clever stratagem. He set fire to his own camp. His foes thinking he was retreating, rushed eagerly to plunder it, each scurrying to be first; and in their confusion they were easily overcome.

This battle of Testri, or St. Quentin, was important because it established a supremacy of East-Franks over West-Franks. Pepin became mayor of both districts and distributed many of the higher offices of Neustria among his own East Franks. He was the mightiest ruler of his time, embassies came to him from many lands; but he wisely remained in name the mere steward that his ancestors had been.

Why did he not follow the vision of Clovis, and swallow the puppet kings? An earlier mayor had already made the attempt, and been surprised to find how strong a feeling of loyalty still remained among the Franks for their ancient leaders. Even more dangerous to this ambitious steward had proved the jealousy of the other nobles. As mayor of the palace they had looked upon him as one of themselves, their leader and champion. As *king* he was posing as

their superior, their enemy and oppressor. They promptly turned against him, and the ambitious steward was slain.

Pepin, therefore, true to the established policy of his family, made search for a new king to crown, his own Austrasian one having been slain. It was not an easy matter, for Merovingians were getting scarce; so he finally took the very one his adversaries had been upholding, and placed him on the throne. Naturally Pepin did not allow the new king even the shadowy pretense of power former ones had retained. Because of this, the date of the victory at Testri is often given as the real ending of the Merovingian line.

When Pepin died in 714 his oldest son was already dead. The mayorship passed therefore to a child grandson under the guardianship of Pepin's wife. The famous Charles Martel was only Pepin's younger son, perhaps an illegitimate one. His step-mother put him in prison to prevent his making trouble for his little nephew.

It was soon proved impossible, however, for a woman and a child to perform the difficult duties, or hold the high leadership of the palace mayors. The land was thrown into anarchy. Claimants for the place sprang up all over the kingdom. The Saxons and other heathen tribes took advantage of the discord among their ancient foes to invade the country. Charles was released from prison, or perhaps escaped from it, and the Austrasians rallied round him. After many battles and more than one defeat which would have destroyed a lesser man, he finally overcame the last of his opponents, drove out all invaders, and succeeded undisputed to the rank and power of his father.

Charles now determined to carry Christianity among the Saxons, hoping thus to make them friends instead of foes. For many years and through many campaigns he labored faithfully at this purpose with his sword, but the Saxons, retreating into their forests, remained unconvinced and defiant. Softer methods were also tried. Missionaries from England and Ireland, many of whom were themselves Saxon, had been for a century past journeying through the district, facing and often meeting martyrdom in their devotion to the new faith.

Most famous of these brave and devoted men was the English priest Winfred, better known as St. Boniface (doer of good deeds), who is often called the Apostle of the Germans. He went among them from his English home about the year 700, and remained for over half a century their chief preacher and spiritual leader. In the land of Hesse, near the Saxon border, stood an ancient oak, consecrated to Thor, the god of thunder. The heathens and their priests, the druids, held this oak very sacred, while even the converted Christians continued to look upon it with secret awe, and tell of the strange whisperings and cries that issued from its branches. One day, when a great heathen ceremony



THE PUNISHMENT OF BRUNHILD



was being held around it, Winfred appeared on the scene with an axe and boldly began chopping at the sacred tree. He seems to have been unprotected, but even the druid priests did not attack him. All parties held back in silence, watching for Thor to defend his own, and strike down with his lightnings this daring intermeddler. Winfred chopped on; and a sturdy woodsman he must have been, for at last the great oak crashed to the earth beneath his blows. The power of the old gods fell with their tree. Their worshippers, convinced that they were either dead or shorn of their strength, deserted them and joined the church of Winfred in great numbers.

It was after this that Winfred was made a bishop by the Pope, under the name of Boniface (723). He always worked in close sympathy with and in support of the popes and the Frankish rulers. In the establishment of the faith he built schools and monasteries, and founded bishoprics through all southern and western Germany, where many even of the Franks themselves had hitherto clung to the pagan faith. Boniface himself became Archbishop of Mainz or Mayence, chief among the German religious centres. He must be regarded, not only as the Christianizer, but as the civilizer, the city-builder of Germany.

It was on an expedition among the Frisians, in 755, that Boniface met the martyrdom he had prayed for all his life. Of the German tribes at this time only the Saxons, and the Frisians along the Holland coast, still clung to their ancient faith. The Frisians regarded Christianity as a sort of badge of submission to the Franks and were, therefore, specially incensed against it. While Boniface was preaching among them, a band of the fiercer ones rushed upon him from the forest. At first Boniface thought they had been suddenly converted. Then, recognizing their savage intent, he forbade his attendants to protect him, and calmly advanced toward his assailants, still exhorting, and holding aloft the Book of God. But they were fully wrought up to their purpose, and the white-haired, reverend old man perished, beaten down by their battle-axes. "No man before Charlemagne," says one authority, "had a greater influence upon the destinies of Germany than Boniface."

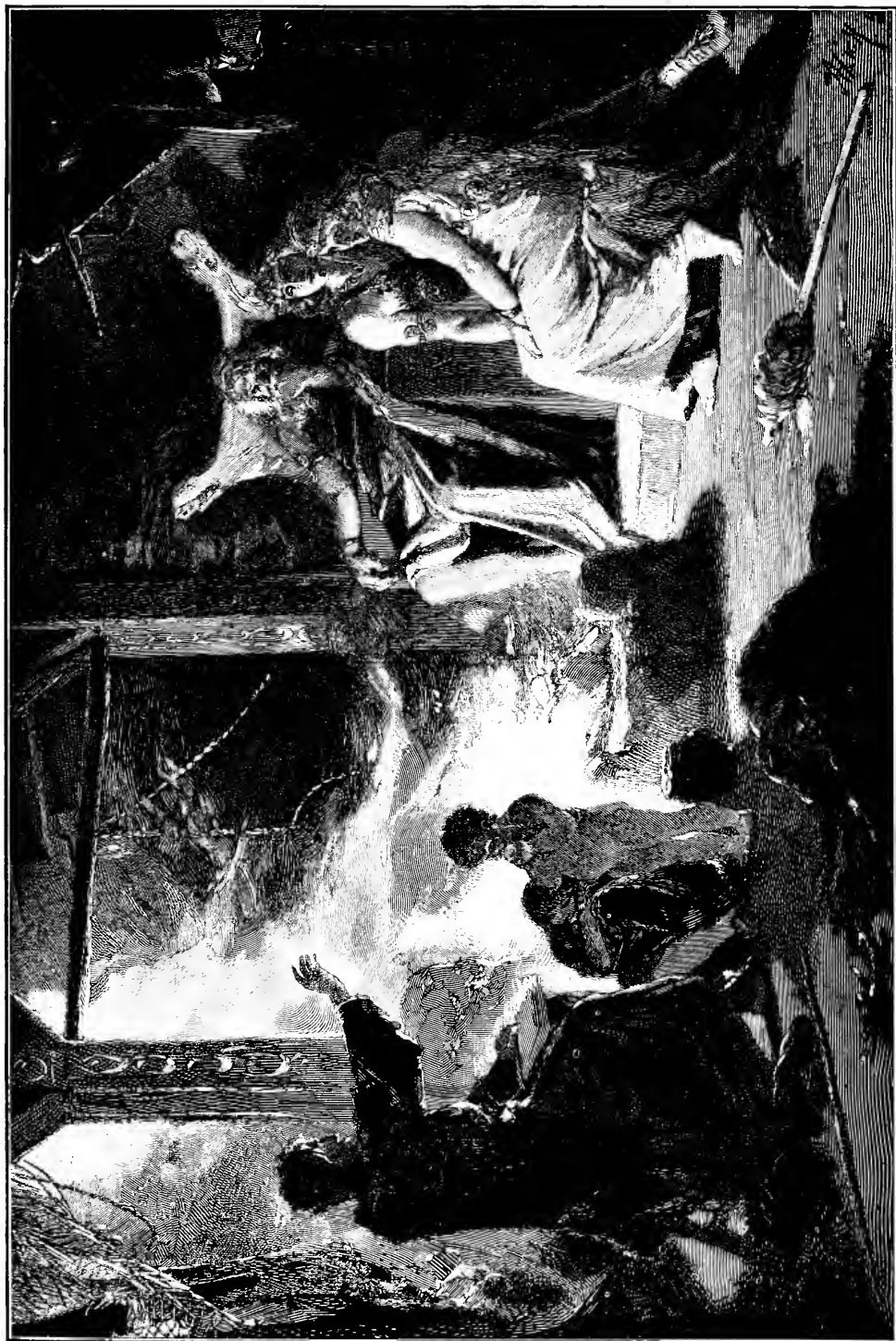
But we are passing beyond the time of Charles Martel. A foe confronted him even more dangerous than the Saxons. The Arab prophet, Mahomet, preached his religion early in the seventh century; and his believers rushed forth from Arabia on their amazing career. They were determined to spread their religion by the sword, and to make all the world accept Mahometanism, or perish. They conquered Persia and Syria, Egypt and all northern Africa. They swept like an irresistible flame over immense regions, carried forward by a fanatical assurance that death, fighting for their faith, meant instant paradise. At the beginning of the eighth century they threatened Europe, attacking

Constantinople in the East, and swarming across the Strait of Gibraltar to the conquest of Spain, in the West. The struggle between Europe and Mahometanism lasted in the East for ten centuries, the followers of the Arab prophet penetrating at one time as far as Vienna. In the West, they were checked and hurled back forever by Charles Martel and his Franks at the great battle of Tours.

This was the most important contest since the overthrow of the Huns at Chalons three centuries before, and it ranks with that event as one of the tremendous battles which have been decisive in the history of mankind. The Mahometans, or Moslems, as they were called, had conquered what was left of the Vandals in Africa; they had destroyed the Visigoths' kingdom in Spain; and now their hordes poured over the Pyrenees into France, confident of extirpating this last remnant of the Germans. They meant thus to complete the circle, and sweeping back through Germany, join their brethren in the final conquest of Constantinople and the world. Christianity, not yet fully established over the expiring paganism of Europe, was called on to meet a rival, newer, more powerful, and far more dangerous than the old.

The dukes and lesser chiefs of southern France fell or fled before the Moslem host. For a moment Christianity seemed doomed. Then came Charles Martel to the rescue. Recognizing the power of his foe and the importance of the struggle, he gathered all the strength of his kingdom. He even sent to seek help from the free German tribes, and from the Lombards of Italy, the latter of whom, and possibly the former as well, rallied to his aid.

The Arab host under their great leader, Abd-er-rahman, had reached Poitiers and were besieging the town. Learning of the approach of Charles, they advanced toward Tours to meet him. The two forces encountered on the open plain between the cities. It is impossible to arrive at any accurate estimate of their numbers. These were somewhere in the hundred thousands, and probably the two armies were nearly equal. For six days they confronted each other, light skirmishing going on between their lines. Then the Arabs began the real battle by a general charge of their fierce and famous cavalry. The Franks stood up against them like a stone wall, their mighty leader in the van, dealing against the foe those tremendous blows which won for him his surname of Martel, which means "the hammer." Hammer of the Mahometans he was indeed! They fled before his blows at last, helped perhaps by a rumor that the Franks had surrounded them and were plundering their camp. But their attack had been savage; it had lasted till nightfall, and the Christian host had suffered severely. The Franks who pursued drew back, fearing an Arab trick. They waited in their ranks till morning, grim and resolute, expecting a renewal of the assault. None came, and there was no sign of life from the Moslem



SAINT BONIFACE PREACHING IN GERMANY

camp. Hardly believing their senses, a few warriors ventured upon a cautious reconnoissance and found the camp indeed empty. The Mahometan chieftain had fallen on the previous day, and his followers, broken and dissipated, had fled secretly in the night, leaving their dead and most of their plunder to the victorious Franks.

One chronicler sets the number of the Mahometan slain at over three hundred thousand; but as an Arab writer rates his countrymen's whole force at only eighty thousand, we are clearly not dealing with exact mathematics. Would you like to hear the Arab's own quaint account of the great fight and defeat, whose seriousness they sorrowfully admit? Here is Professor Creasy's translation from one of their ancient chronicles:

The Arab writer describes how his people conquered southern France, "laid waste the country and took captives without number. And that army went through all places like a desolating storm. . . . So Abd-er-rahman and his host attacked Tours to gain still more spoil, and they fought against it so fiercely that they stormed the city almost before the eyes of the army that came to save it; and the fury and cruelty of the Moslems toward the inhabitants of the city was like the fury and cruelty of raging tigers. It was manifest that God's chastisement was sure to follow such excesses; and Fortune thereupon turned her back upon the Moslems.

"Near the river Loire the two great hosts of the two languages and the two creeds were set in array against each other. The hearts of Abd-er-rahman, his captains, and his men, were filled with wrath and pride, and they were the first to begin the fight. The Moslem horsemen dashed fierce and frequent forward against the battalions of the Franks, who resisted manfully, and many fell dead on either side until the going down of the sun. Night parted the two armies; but in the gray of the morning the Moslems returned to battle. Their cavaliers had soon hewn their way into the centre of the Christian host. But many of the Moslems were fearful for the safety of the spoil which they had stored in their tents, and a false cry arose in their ranks that some of the enemy were plundering the camp; whereupon several squadrons of the Moslem horsemen rode off to protect their tents. But it seemed as if they fled; and all the host was troubled. And while Abd-er-rahman strove to check their tumult, and to lead them back to battle, the warriors of the Franks came around him, and he was pierced through with many spears, so that he died. Then all the host fled before the enemy, and many died in the flight. This deadly defeat of the Moslems, and the loss of the great leader and good cavalier, Abd-er-rahman, took place in the hundred and fifteenth year."

You will note that the two narratives disagree in some details, as was, of course, to be expected. The victor and the vanquished never remember their

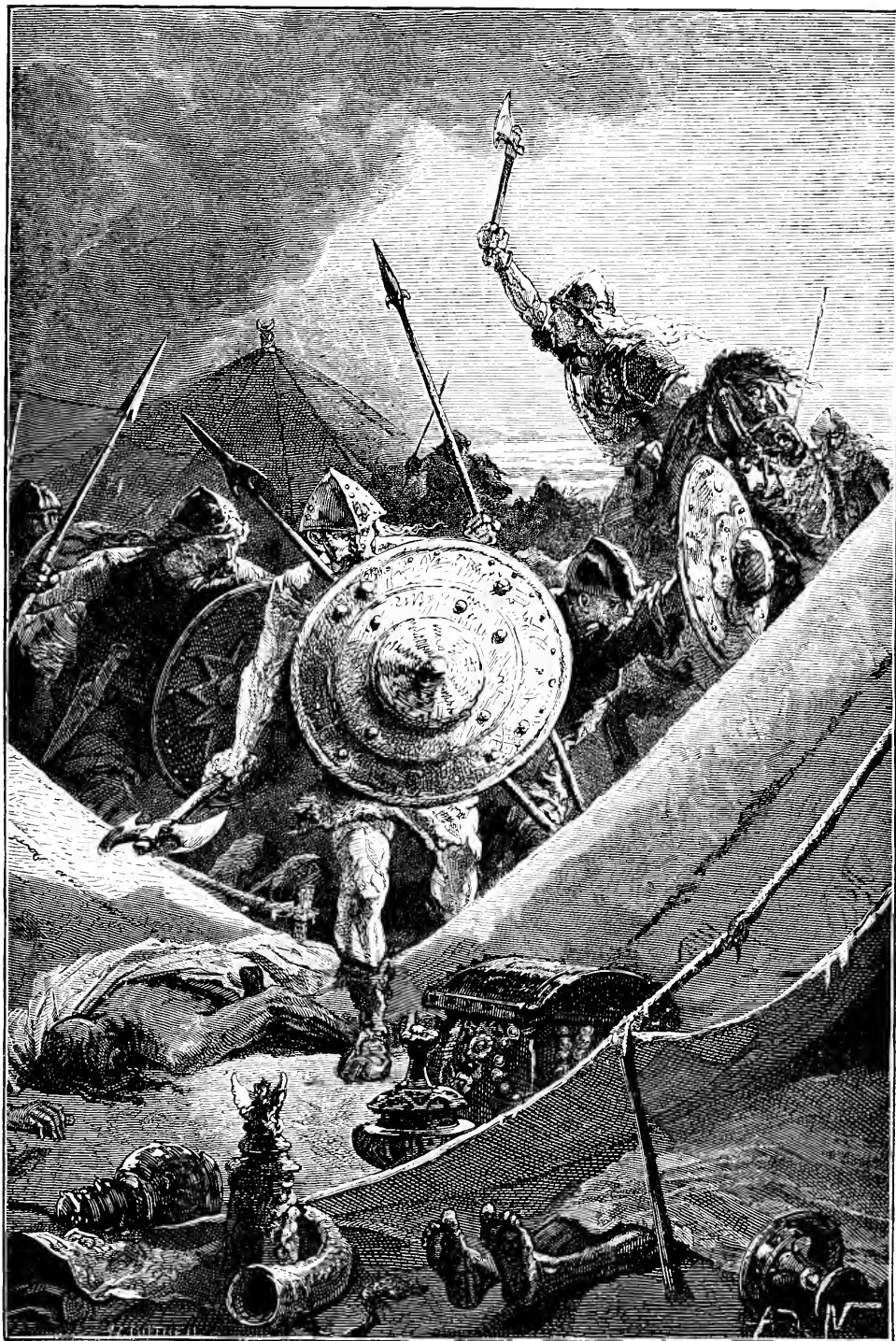
struggle in just the same way. Frequently both claim to have had the best of it. Here the one central fact is fully admitted. This was a great Mahometan defeat. Their writers refer to it constantly as "the deadly battle," "the disgraceful overthrow." Whether Tours and Poitiers were actually captured, or rescued as the Christian historians assert, are questions of minor importance. That the Franks lost heavily in the fight is proven by the fact that they did not follow up their victory.

The Arabs were left in peace and allowed so to recruit their strength that they ventured another, though lesser, invasion a few years later, while Charles was away fighting once more against the Saxons. He returned and settled the Arab question forever by a second great victory at Narbonne. The power of the Franks was thus extended over the kingdom the Visigoths had formerly held in southern France. The boundary of the Frankish land became as we know it to-day, the Pyrenees.

Charles Martel was everywhere acknowledged as the hero and savior of Europe. His puppet Merovingian king died, and Charles delayed for four years the coronation of his successor. Scarce a murmur was heard from the people. Evidently the time was approaching when the ancient kings could be entirely supplanted. But whatever plans Charles may have had were ended by his death in 741. He left his power to his two sons, Carloman and Pepin, —or rather to Pepin, for Carloman the elder soon resigned his rank and retired to a monastery, leaving the entire kingdom to his brother. Carloman's action is said to have been caused by remorse, he himself having put to death a huge number of rebellious Alemanni. Such sudden revulsions of feeling were not uncommon in those days. Pepin himself is said to have been haunted for years with remorse at having secured the murder of an enemy, the rebellious Duke Waifre of Aquitaine.

It was this Pepin who finally swallowed up the frisking puppy kings. You have heard already in Rome's story of his famous appeal to the Pope, "Which should be king, he who has the name or he who has the power?" It was St. Boniface who counselled Pepin to seek the Pope's help, and doubtless Boniface also influenced the Pope's reply. The change, being thus authorized by the church, was accomplished without a single protesting voice, unless it may have been that of the poor dethroned Merovingian himself, Childeric III. His long golden hair, the sign of royalty, was shorn off, and he was forced, helpless, into the monastery of St. Omer.

Then there was a great ceremonial held at Soissons in 751; Pepin was raised on the shields of his followers amid the acclamation of all beholders. Bishop Boniface blessed him, and pronounced the curse of the Church upon any man who should ever attempt to take away the kingship thus con-



THE FRANKS AT TOURS SEARCHING THE ARAB CAMP



ferred upon the race of the great Charles Martel. The bishop then crowned Pepin with elaborate formalities, and poured upon his head oil from the sacred vial of Clovis. The Merovingian line of kings passed away, and the Carolingian, so called from Charlemagne, greatest of the race, reigned in its stead.



BONIFACE DECLARING PEPIN KING



CHARLEMAGNE AND HIS PALADINS

Chapter LI

CHARLEMAGNE AND THE ROMAN EMPIRE



EPIN LE BREF, which means Pepin the Short, reigned as king for seventeen years. You will recall how he repaid the service of the Pope by defeating the Lombards in Italy, relieving Rome from their attack and making them tributaries of the Franks.

Pepin was by no means the least noteworthy man of his remarkable race. He ruled over his turbulent people strongly and well. The nickname of "the short," at first perhaps given him in derision, became one of respect and admiration among his followers; for though not tall, he seems to have been remarkably sturdy and heavily built. It is told of him that one day, when a lion and a bull were being exhibited in combat, he dared any of his nobles to leap between and separate the enraged beasts. They unhesitatingly declined: whereupon Pepin himself performed the daring feat, and armed only with a short sword, slew both the monsters. "You call me short, behind my back," he said, "but which of your tallest can do as much as I?"

At Pepin's death he followed the unfortunate policy which was hereditary among the Franks, and divided his kingdom between his two sons. One of these died shortly, and Charles, the other, ignoring the claims of his brother's children, seized with strong hand upon the whole kingdom. This resolute new king was Charlemagne, which means Charles the Great. He is one of the grandest figures in the whole range of history.



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THE LAST OF THE MEROVINGIANS

Writers of his own day tell us that Charles was seven feet tall; that his arm was as irresistible as his genius; that no man could match him with weapons or, oddly intermingling with his other accomplishments, in swimming. His bearing was majestic, his beard light brown and curling, his eyes blue and so keen that no man was ever found who could face his look. Even if we subtract a few inches from this description, we have still remaining a tall and imposing figure. Like his father and grandfather, Charles was a man of iron, the chief of his nation, not simply in rank, but also in intellectual ability and bodily strength.

We are told that when Charles took up the Pope's quarrel and attacked the Lombards, their king, Desiderius, watched from his city walls the coming of the Frankish host. When Charles himself appeared, the splendor of his bearing, the awful aspect of his menacing figure in full armor upon a superb steed, so overwhelmed the poor Lombard that he cried, "Let us leave the wall and hide ourselves even beneath the earth to escape the angry eye of this mighty enemy."

Such speeches, when they occur in the old chronicles, are not to be taken literally, but rather as expressing the enthusiasm of the writer. Yet it is certain that, through all his reign, wherever Charlemagne fought in person, he was victorious. Wherever he withdrew and left the command to his lieutenants, they failed before the desperate and dangerous enemies who circled the Franks upon all sides.

This Lombard campaign was Charles' first great military exploit. The unfortunate Desiderius made but a feeble showing against him, was deposed and put in a monastery. Charles placed upon his own head the crown of the Lombards, which they regarded with peculiar veneration. It was called the iron crown, as containing one of the iron nails from the cross of Christ. The Lombards seem to have accepted willingly the rule of Charles, who thereafter called himself "King of the Franks and Lombards."

The marvel of Charlemagne's life has always been how, in the midst of his constant military operations, he found time to be so great as a statesman, a lawgiver, an educator, and a civilizer. All of these proud titles he fully merits, yet he personally led thirty-seven different campaigns against the foes of his kingdom. Most famous of these, in modern French eyes, were his wars against the Mohammedans in Spain. He extended the frontier of his dominions far beyond the Pyrenees, forming a Frankish province in northern Spain. French romance is full of the mighty achievements of his twelve knights or "paladins," the greatest of whom, Roland, fell in these Moslem wars.

From a German standpoint, however, Charlemagne's most important work was in the east of his kingdom, where after thirty years of warfare he finally

crushed the resistance of the Saxons, and made the survivors one nation with his German Franks. It must be understood that up to this date, it had sometimes seemed doubtful which of the two tribes was the stronger, and which would conquer in the end. If so far, we have said little about the Saxons and much about the Franks, it is partly because the wilder race have left no records behind them, and what we know of them is only what their foes choose to tell.

The Saxon campaigns of Charlemagne may be divided into two periods: the first, a war of conquest, the second, one of extermination. The hero of the first is Wittekind, a Saxon noble. It was in 772 that Charles first marched into Saxony with the avowed purpose of punishing certain inroads into France. The Saxons, after being twice defeated, promised to behave themselves. But now came Wittekind, calling upon them to defy the haughty Franks and stand by their ancient gods. There was a foray, some Frankish towns were burned, a noted church narrowly escaped, and Charles swore an oath to continue warring against the Saxons until they were "either subdued and converted to the Christian religion or all destroyed."

Almost every year thereafter, until 785, he marched with an army through the Saxon land. At first the enemy fought against him; then, despairing of success, they surrendered, promised amendment, and accepted baptism with sullen resignation. Secret societies spread through the land, and every man who voluntarily accepted the Christian faith was marked as a foe. Each time that Charles departed, the people rose suddenly against his lieutenants, defeated them, slew many of their Christian brethren, and returned to the worship of their former gods. Wittekind was the heart and soul of every revolt. As each effort failed he fled into the wilderness, only to return and rouse his countrymen again.

At last, in 782, there was an uprising more than usually successful, and a whole Frankish army was annihilated. Charles' patience was exhausted. The feigned submission and promises of conversion with which the Saxons met him, no longer appeased him. He demanded to know the leaders of the insurrection. All threw the blame on Wittekind; but as Wittekind, scorning submission, had fled again, Charles seized forty-five hundred of the leading Saxons on the charge of being involved in the treachery, and had them beheaded in one day at Verdun. The number of the victims makes absurd the old legend that he slew them with his own hand, but the gruesome fact remains that they were slain.

Not content with this appalling vengeance, the king swept through the land ravaging it everywhere with fire and sword, until winter sent him back to his capital and to repose. The Saxons were not cowed; rather they were roused to furious revenge for their dead relatives, their blackened and desolate homes.



THE BAPTISM OF WITKIND



Rebellion sprang up full-armed behind the retiring army, and the following spring Charlemagne found all his work of years undone, to be begun once more. If the king was heroic in his unbending resolution, the Saxons were not less so in their defiant resistance. By this time they must have recognized the hopelessness of their cause, yet they fought for freedom to the bitter end.

There was a desperate battle at Detmold, Wittekind against Charles; and the best result the great conqueror could secure seems to have been a drawn contest. He found it advisable to retreat and wait for reinforcements. The Saxons had no longer reinforcements to count upon. They were defeated utterly in a second battle. Then for three years their land was systematically laid waste from end to end. Whole districts of fertile farm land were reduced to uninhabited deserts. The people fled into the remoter parts of the country, as yet beyond the conqueror's grasp.

Wittekind saw that the end had come, and that the Franks were victorious. He voluntarily sought Charlemagne, promised loyalty to him and accepted baptism. When their great champion thus yielded, the Saxons knew that their cause was indeed hopeless, and the mass of them reluctantly followed his example. Great was the triumph of the Frankish court. There had been false appearances of success before, but here at last was success itself. Wittekind's baptism was made a great event. Charlemagne acted as his godfather and assisted him through the ceremony. He was made Duke of Saxony and sent back to govern his people. The first period of the war was over (785).

Here Wittekind passes from history. We only know that his word once given remained unbroken, that he was faithful to Charlemagne and labored for his people. He has been adopted by the Germans as one of their great heroes, a worthy successor to Hermann as the champion of liberty. Many German families, even royal ones, still claim him as an ancestor.

Paganism had met its downfall. With returning peace, prosperity began to spread among the Saxons. Their forced conversions became, in many cases, genuine. The civilization of the race began. Something of their former wild state may be judged from the laws Charlemagne established among them, one of which forbade further eating of human flesh.

Still the wild, free race must have found the Frankish yoke galling, and the more northern ones, further removed from Frankish influence, broke again into rebellion in 792. The war against these became a war of extermination. Charlemagne, withdrawn by their revolt from greater conquests which he had in hand, was bitterly determined that they should not interfere with his plans again. Campaign followed campaign. Tens of thousands of the unhappy people were marched as prisoners from their homes and settled in other parts of the Frankish kingdom. How many thousands were slain we have no way of

knowing, but the land, after the final rounding up and transplanting of a wretched remnant in 804, seems to have been left deserted. Farmhands were sent from other parts of the kingdom to cultivate it.

The conquest from which this last Saxon revolt had turned Charles aside was that of the people of Hungary, a wild heathen race called the *Avari*, though this name is perhaps a confusion with the word *Bavarians*, a German tribe with whom the Hungarians often allied themselves. It is quite possible that these Avari were descendants of Attila's Huns. At any rate they were a similar race, fierce, ugly, and warlike. For two hundred years they had been making inroads among the German people, and gathering enormous masses of treasure in their immense ring-forts. These forts were walls built of huge trees and logs interwoven and grown together. The largest of the fortresses consisted of seven such impenetrable ramparts, one within the other, in huge circles, the outermost covering many miles of territory.

Charlemagne broke the power of these people by repeated invasions. A force under his son, Pepin, stormed the great ring-fort, clambering over wall after wall, sword in hand, and capturing all the accumulated treasures at the centre. Most of the Avari perished. The survivors were kept in subjection by colonies of Germans planted along their frontier. The land thus settled was called the East-realm, or *Aust-reich*, and was the origin of the Austria of to-day.

In similar ways the great monarch established a sort of supremacy over all the tribes to the east of Germany. These were a scarcely known, barbaric people of different race from the Germans. They had occupied the land once German, but left vacant by the general southward movement of that race against Rome. These eastern people were called *Sclavs*. Russia is the great Slavonic kingdom of the present time.

Charlemagne built a palace at Paderborn in the heart of Saxony, and here he held, in 799, a splendid assembly, to which there came ambassadors of all nations, to do him honor. Even the Mahometan caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights" fame, sought the friendship of the European conqueror, and sent him presents, including an elephant which caused much marvelling among the Franks.

The next year Charlemagne went to Rome to protect the Pope from enemies who had attempted to dethrone him; and there occurred that famous coronation of which you have read in Rome's story. The old days when one man ruled the world seemed to have come again, and so on Christmas day of the year 800 Charlemagne was crowned Emperor, amid the universal acclamation of his subjects. Thus began the German or, as Charlemagne himself named it, the Holy Roman Empire, which was to last through many vicissitudes for a thousand



THE CORONATION OF CHARLEMAGNE AT ROME



years. It did not expire until Napoleon's time, when the defeated Emperor of Austria, who had inherited the outworn title, resigned it in 1806.

As Emperor, Charlemagne required a new and higher oath of allegiance from his subjects. Hitherto his Franks had only been pledged to follow their king in war and submit to certain general laws. Now a solemn ceremony was everywhere enacted by which they vowed to obey their emperor in all things. His power became, as that of the Roman emperors had been, absolute and unquestioned. His plans soared even higher, he hoped once more to unite East and West. The Empire of the East was at the moment in the hands of a woman, the Empress Irene. She was a horrible tyrant, stained with blood and every atrocity. Nevertheless, being possessed with quite other thoughts than those of love, Charles sent an embassy seeking her hand in marriage. The offer never reached her; while it was on the way, her own outraged people rebelled and slew her. The Eastern Empire was to continue its feeble, separate existence for yet another six hundred and fifty years.

The last days of Charles were days of peace, though darkened by much domestic misfortune. His gigantic frame seems to have been incapable of growing old. He was seventy-two when he died in 814, yet he continued hunting in the woods and exercising on horseback to within a week of his death. A fever seized him. He is said to have used the starvation treatment in all his illnesses, but this time it failed him. He abstained from food for seven days, but the fever became more violent, and he saw that his end had come. His last words were a Christian prayer, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

The greatness of Charlemagne lies not so much in that he built up an empire, for that was disrupted after his death. It lies rather in that he laid the foundations of our modern world. He gave to his people peace and order. He built up an elaborate system of laws, which served to guide them in their conduct toward each other, and which gradually took the place of—

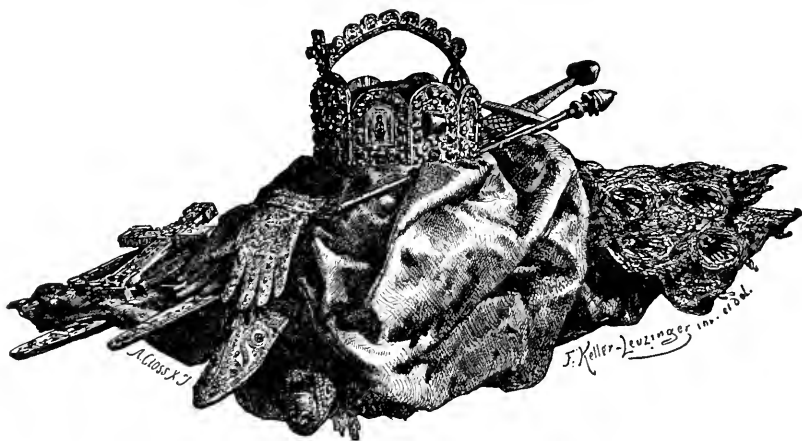
"The good old rule, the simple plan,
That they shall take who have the power,
And they shall keep who can."

He founded a literature, and was himself a poet and a musician. Above all, he began the education of his people. He established schools which were his special pride, and which he visited constantly. All the boys of the higher ranks were compelled to attend. Hands which in former ages would have known only the sword, were now taught to grasp the pen. We can almost see to-day the mighty monarch, with deep-seeing, flashing, blue eyes, as once, finding the common lads doing better work than the young nobles, he thundered forth: "Look here, ye scions of our best nobility, ye pampered ones who, trust-

ing to your birth or fortune, have disobeyed me, and instead of studying, as ye were bound, and I expected ye to do, have wasted your time in idleness, on play, luxury, or unprofitable occupation! By the King of heaven, let others admire ye as much as they please; as for me, I set little store by your birth or beauty, understand ye and remember it well, that unless ye give heed speedily to amend your past negligence by diligent study, ye will never obtain anything from Charles."

The main strength of Charlemagne's empire lay among his East-Franks, and among them he planted his capital at Aachen, the modern Aix-la-Chapelle. The city had been founded by his father Pepin, but it was much beautified and enlarged by Charlemagne. He built here a palace, and also a cathedral. In the latter he was buried, amid the lamentation of a people who loved as much as they honored him. A rather untrustworthy old chronicle says that his dead body was dressed in his imperial robes and crown, and seated upon a golden throne within the sepulchre, girt with a golden sword and with the dead hands resting on a golden Book of the Gospels. To this day the stone covering his grave still remains in the centre of the great Aix cathedral with only the two simple words upon it "Carolo Magno."

With Charles the age of destruction ends. The Middle Ages, as they are called, begin. The old period had been one of partial paganism, of wandering tribes warring against all they met, a confusion of savage, almost purposeless inroads, burnings, and general desolation. The new period was still one of cruel and sometimes senseless warfare; but there were settled nations, a gradually advancing civilization, and above all there was Christianity, bringing with it a slow recognition of the wickedness of war, and the greater power, wisdom, and worthiness of Christ's peace.



CROWN AND INSIGNIA OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE



CHARLEMAGNE PRESIDING OVER THE PALACE SCHOOL

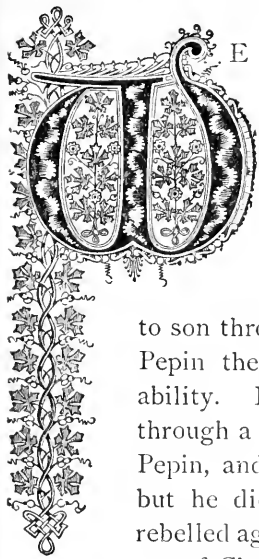




LEWIS THE PIOUS DETHRONED BY HIS SON

Chapter LII

THE GERMAN KINGDOM AND HENRY THE CITY-BUILDER



WE have traced the German race through the period of its expansion, as it spread over all the Roman world. We turn now to watch the disruption of its empire into modern France and Germany, and the concentration of the surviving Germanic elements within their ancient home.

We have seen what is perhaps the one instance in the world where greatness has descended from father to son through four generations. Pepin of Herestal, Charles Martel, Pepin the Short, and Charlemagne were all men of remarkable ability. It was hardly to be expected that genius should extend through a fifth generation. Charlemagne had three sons: Charles, Pepin, and Lewis. Charles may have inherited his father's genius, but he died young. Pepin, who, we are told, was a hunchback, rebelled against his father, was imprisoned and also died. Lewis, the son of Charlemagne's old age, therefore inherited the entire empire.

Lewis the Pious, he was called, though we would scarce consider him a saint in these days. Well-meaning he undoubtedly was, but a man required something more than merely good intentions wherewith to grasp and keep in order that whole tempestuous world. He needed to be an able general, a man strong of will and keen of intellect. These things Lewis was not. They say he was as tall of stature as his father,—he certainly was like him in little else. His own sons rebelled against him and put him in prison. The land was deso-

lated with civil war. Lewis was liberated, and there was more war. After his death his three surviving sons fought among themselves.

Finally, in 843, the brothers came to an agreement, and by the treaty of Verdun divided the empire among them, mainly retaining what they had already seized. Lothair, the eldest, secured the title of emperor, with a long, queer, narrow kingdom stretching between the other two. It included Italy, Burgundy, and a thin strip along the west bank of the Rhine reaching to Holland and the North Sea. Thus he retained both the empire's capitals, Rome and Aachen, but none of its real strength. This lay with the East-Franks and the West-Franks. The West-Franks, with most of the land of modern France, went to Charles, the youngest son. The other son Lewis, called the "German," retained all the territory east of the Rhine, the ancient land of Germany.

With this date, 843, and this treaty of Verdun, begins the separate existence of France and Germany. The two branches of the East and West Franks were already sharply divided. They even spoke different languages. The East-Franks still used their ancient German tongue; but the German speech that the West-Franks brought with them into Gaul, they gradually lost among their far more numerous Roman subjects. The languages, like the races, had blended, until the West-Franks spoke what was really a much corrupted Latin, which we call French. Take, for example, that most common name of the Frankish kings, *Lewis*. Its changes give an idea of how the commonest words were altering in sound and spelling. In old German this name was Chlodwig, in old French it became Clovis; in modern German it is Ludwig, in modern French, Louis.

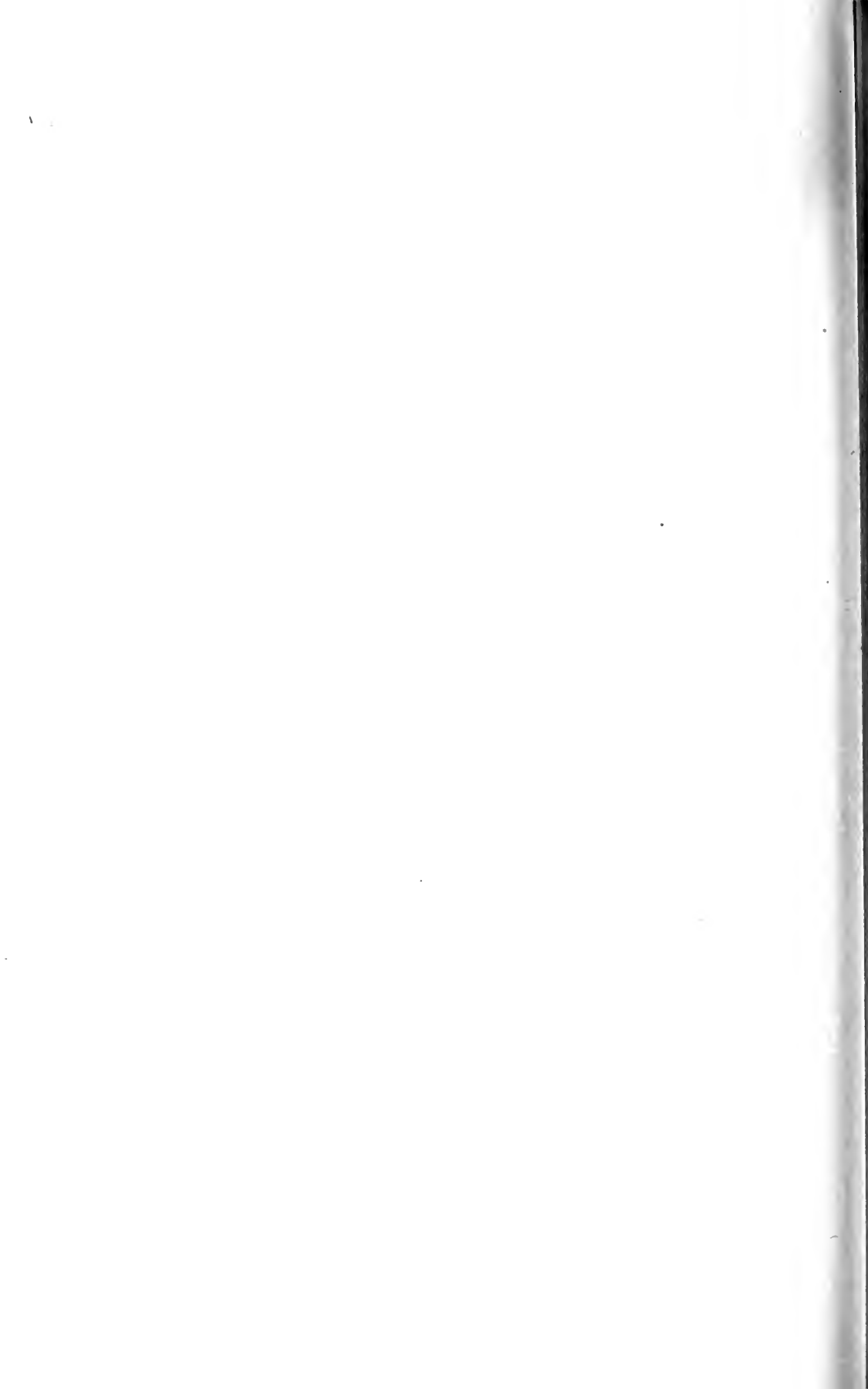
We will leave the future of the West-Franks for another story, and follow here the fortunes of the East-Franks. This harsher, harder, sturdier, rougher half of the race had now begun a kingdom of their own, along with Saxons, Bavarians, Alemanni, and other tribes, all Germanic. Over this kingdom ruled the best of the grandsons of Charlemagne, Lewis—or shall we now adopt the German form and say Ludwig?—"the German."

Ludwig kept the kingdom in tolerable order while he lived. He was succeeded by his son, Charles the Fat (876-887), who, by outliving all the other Carolingians, became for a brief while Emperor of the whole domain. But Charles was weak and foolish. The Norsemen, those terrible sea-robbers, who were spreading over all Europe, and of whom you will hear much more in France's story, besieged Paris. Charles, instead of fighting, bought them off by paying a huge tribute, and his subjects were furious at the national dishonor. There was a rebellion, Charles was deposed, and France broke away from the empire again.

Arnulf, an illegitimate descendant of Charlemagne, was made king in Ger-



THE HUNNISH RAIDERS RETREATING BEFORE LUDWIG THE CHILD



many (887–899). He was a resolute man, and for a moment it seemed as if he might stem the torrent of desolation and civil war which was sweeping away the empire. The greatest service he did his country was the defeat which he inflicted on a large army of the Norse robbers, a defeat so bloody and convincing that thereafter they kept almost altogether out of Germany, preferring to plunder where they could find easier victims.

Arnulf even went to Rome, which closed its gates and refused to acknowledge his sovereignty. After a vain siege he was turning away, when the taunts hurled at his soldiers by the defenders on the walls so enraged the Germans that they swarmed up the ramparts to be avenged, and had captured the city before either they or Arnulf realized it. Arnulf was then crowned Emperor, and for a moment reunited all Charlemagne's realm except France. Unfortunately he died, probably poisoned by the vengeful Italians, who afterward went on gratifying their own vanity by appointing so-called emperors from among themselves, and fighting for the empty title.

In Germany, Arnulf's sceptre fell into the hands of his infant son, Ludwig the Child, the last of the Carolingians. He ruled only in name. What could a child do in those wild days! Each great noble was lord of his own domain in practical independence. The Norsemen had left Germany, but fiercer foes had come to ravage it. These were the people of Hungary, the Magyars, still called Huns by the Germans, though really a Finnish race. Something of the old Hun blood of Attila's time may have run riot in them, for they were as ferocious as his hordes had been, and like them, small and hideous but strong of frame and perfect masters of their swift horses and far-reaching arrows. There was no one to lead a united army against them. Ludwig tried, but was ignominiously defeated. The priests preached openly from the pulpits, "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child." Poor lad, he was doing his best. Fate had placed him in a position too heavy for his youth and weakness. It was a relief to his distracted country, it must almost have been a relief to himself, when he died in 911. He was only eighteen.

We now come to an important point in the story of Germany. Its people had hitherto consisted of several separate and often antagonistic tribes or nations under the dominion of the Franks. They were ruled by Frankish emperors, who had originally won their power by conquest, and who held the subject races together by the sword. These different races were governed by dukes, at first mere servants of the emperor; but as the authority of the sovereigns weakened, that of the dukes increased. The rank became hereditary; and the people learned to esteem their dukes far more than the unknown, distant, and often incompetent emperor. Reverence for the memory of Charlemagne, the magnificence and splendor of his empire, had perhaps done more

than anything else to hold the different nations together. Now, with the death of Ludwig the Child, last of the Carolingians, even this bond was lost. Each of the great dukes stood alone, and it seemed that Germany would break into as many separate kingdoms as there were dukedoms.

Probably this would have taken place but for the continued and disastrous invasions of the Magyars from Hungary. Bitter experience taught the dukes that no one of them could separately withstand these dangerous foes. Two dukes perished in the attempt. The rest saw they must unite or die. So of their own free will they met at Forchheim in Bavaria, in this year, 911, and chose one of their number to be king over them all.

This, you will see, formed a German kingdom very different from the Carolingian empire. Let us pause, therefore, to see just what the districts or duchies were which thus voluntarily united. *Saxony* lay to the north, not where you see the little kingdom of Saxony to-day, but where much of Prussia now lies, covering both banks of the Elbe River, bordering on the sea and stretching almost to the lower Rhine. *Thuringia*, the central German land of forests, was at this time part of Saxony, though sometimes separated from it. *Franconia*, the land of the East-Franks, lay along the eastern bank of the Rhine through its middle course. Bordering the upper Rhine was *Swabia*, the land of the Alemanni, and farther east was *Bavaria*, partly where Bavaria and Austria lie to-day.

The country on the west bank of the Rhine, which you will remember had made part of the narrow central empire of Charlemagne's oldest grandson, Lothair, was called from him *Lotharingia* or *Lorraine*. It had been first united to Germany and then to France, and was already what it has continued to be through all the centuries, a bone of bitter contention between the two, seized now by one, now by the other. To a lesser degree Burgundy, the second portion of Lothair's temporary empire, suffered the same uncertain fate. Burgundy finally became French, while Lotharingia has been most frequently German, and its people have always spoken the German tongue.

Lotharingia was not represented, however, at the famous assembly which met at Forchheim to choose a successor to Ludwig the Child. Something of the old Frankish pre-eminence seemed still to be acknowledged, for the lords selected Conrad, the Duke of Franconia, to be their king. He was not really the most powerful among them. That distinction belonged to Otto, Duke of Saxony; but Otto, a wary, watchful old fighter, declined the doubtful and dangerous honor of the kingship. The real power of Franconia lay in the hands of its bishop, Hatto, Bishop of Mainz, a strong, but stern and selfish man, who, according to legend, was devoured for his crimes by an army of rats. Conrad was one of Hatto's followers, and had only recently been created Duke



THE CORONATION OF CONRAD I.



of Franconia by his influential patron. So both Hatto and Otto thought to use the feeble king as they liked, and agreed in placing him on the throne.

Conrad (911-918) made the best of his difficult position. He asserted himself far more than his patrons expected, gradually increased his power, and fought long and well against the Hungarians. Events went smoothly, until Otto of Saxony died and was succeeded by his fiery young son, Henry. Conrad hoped to weaken the new duke's strength by separating Saxony and Thuringia. Accordingly, he decreed that Henry should rule only in Saxony. Henry promptly rebelled. The ancient antagonism of Saxon and Frank flared up. The whole Saxon race rallied round Henry; there was a great battle at Merseburg (915), and the Franks were so terribly defeated that a fierce old Saxon song of triumph cries, "Where shall the under-world find room for all the slaughtered Franks?"

The leadership of the kingdom had clearly passed from Frank to Saxon. Conrad, dying soon after, recognized this fact and rose above personal enmity to true greatness. To his brother, Eberhard, and the other nobles who stood by his death-bed, he said: "Take my crown and bear it to young Henry of Saxony. There is no other has the strength to wear it." The Frankish nobles obeyed, and seeking out the surprised Henry, offered him the crown. They are said to have found him away among the mountains, with a hawk upon his wrist, bird hunting, or "fowling," because of which he became known as Henry the Fowler.

Henry I., "the Fowler" (918-936), was a descendant of Charlemagne's persistent Saxon opponent, Wittekind. We can imagine then with what gratification the Saxons beheld him raised to Charlemagne's throne. They saw in it the final triumph of their race over the conquering Frank, and they supported their young chief with loyal zeal. Henry seems to have recognized from the first the high duties and perils of his office. A fickle world has forgotten to bestow upon him the too common title of "Great"; but great he unquestionably was, both in character and in the work he did for his country. Modern students regard him as the greatest of the Saxon rulers of Germany. He found the land tottering on the brink of ruin, reeling from the attacks of the Magyars without, shattered by disunion within, each duke thinking selfishly of his own power, only one heart big enough to feel at once for all Germany and its people, and that one heart his own. The dying Conrad had read the future well. The task which had proven too heavy for him, able though he was, he had passed to the one man who could, and who did, accomplish it successfully.

Henry's first need, as he instantly saw, was to have his title recognized everywhere in the land. He understood clearly the nature of his claim to the

throne. When a bishop would have poured the sacred oil upon his head at the coronation, he forbade it, declaring that he was not worthy to be the church's king; he was content to be merely his people's king, since it was they who had chosen him. The two southern dukes of Bavaria and Swabia refused to acknowledge him as their superior. The Bavarian even raised an army in opposition. Henry marched against this with a powerful force of Saxons and Franks; but instead of annihilating the offending noble, he arranged a personal meeting, and urged the case so frankly, yet so ably, that the rebel submitted without a blow and joined his army to Henry's.

Thus strengthened, instead of weakened by battle, Henry turned with the same display of combined strength and moderation against the King of France. This monarch had now held Lotharingia for some years in defiance of all that Germany could do. Henry marched against him, but again arranged a personal interview. The two kings met midway between their armies; and Henry's frank, shrewd, persuasive words once more achieved a victory where arms might have failed. The foes parted as friends, and the French monarch voluntarily yielded the disputed province.

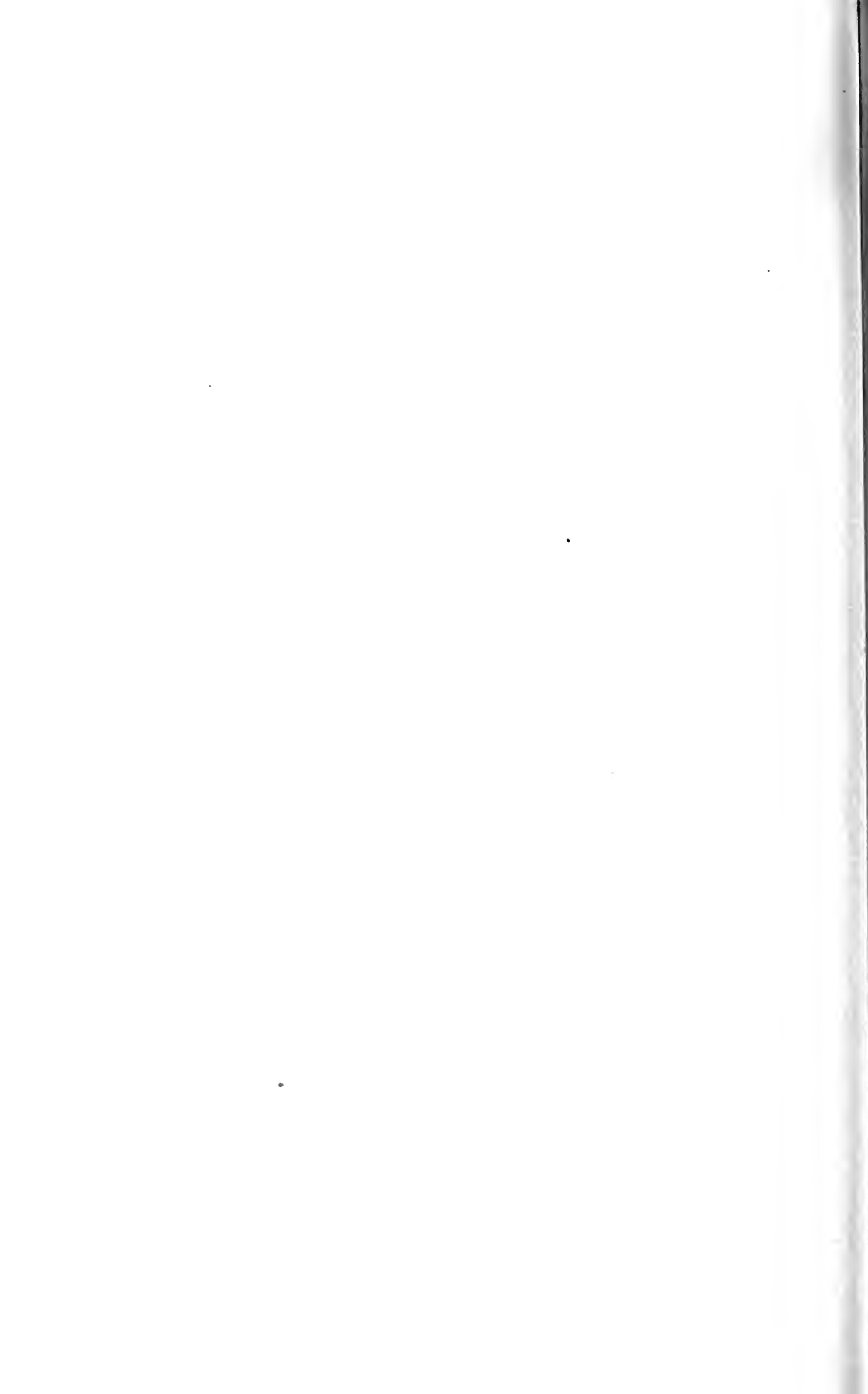
Henry next matched his clever wit against the savage Hungarians. They were again ravaging Germany in such force as the disheartened populace could no longer resist. Henry captured a Hungarian leader; but instead of executing him as the nobles insisted, the king offered not only to free the prisoner, but also to pay a large yearly tribute to the Huns if they would agree to a truce for nine years. The barbaric tribes were as pleased over the submission, as the Germans were humiliated by the disgrace. The king's course seemed to his own people nothing but cowardice, and instead of being grateful for the peace, they sneered and taunted him. But Henry saw further than they, he had marked out his course, and, secure of himself, pursued it with the inflexible resolution of true greatness.

The nine-year respite which he had obtained, was spent in careful and thorough preparation. The fiery spirits who chafed in peace, were sent on an expedition against the Wends, a Slavic race who were threatening Germany from the northeast. These Wends were heathens and had joined the Hungarians in previous raids. Unsupported, they proved no match for the Germans and were completely crushed. One by one their leaders were captured and given the choice of Christianity or death. The race was ground to dust. The Saxons gradually moved east and occupied their lands. The surviving Wends became little better than slaves to the conquerors. Indeed, it was here that our modern word *slave* originated; it is only another form of Slav.

Meanwhile, all along the Hungarian frontier Henry was building strong-walled cities, so many of them that his people began to drop that misleading



THE ENFORCED CHRISTIANIZING OF THE WENDS



title, "the Fowler," and call him by what seems to us a far more appropriate and honorable name. He became known as "Henry the City-Builder."

He trained his people, too, in martial exercises. He instituted the "tournaments" which afterward became so popular, and of which we read so much to-day. They were friendly combats with sword or lance. The play was dangerous, and sometimes a man was slain; but the combatants grew thoroughly familiar with their weapons, accustomed to blows, and ready to meet unflinchingly the fiercest foe. Nor were these exercises confined to the nobility. A regular militia was formed from the common people. Every ninth man throughout the land was clothed and fed by his fellows, and compelled to give his whole time to the practise of arms. A very different set of soldiers, and even a very different Germany, slowly emerged from under Henry's skilful hand.

The nine years of the truce slipped by. Each year a Hungarian embassy came in haughty fashion and demanded the tribute money. Each year it was paid them, though the German nobles grew every time more furious, and were only held in check by the strong hand of their resolute king. The ninth year came, and with it the ambassadors, haughtier than ever. Henry's nobles watched sullenly to see what he would do. According to legend a great bag was brought in as usual, but before giving it to the Hungarians, Henry said with ominous sternness: "Tell your masters I am ready for them now. So you may take them back this, the last tribute they shall ever have from Germany." Then the bag was opened before the astonished Hungarians, and out rolled a wretched, yelping, mangy cur.

Can you fancy what an exultant shout went up from the delighted Germans? Ah, but this king of theirs knew how to rule them! In that grim jest they saw their long humiliation amply avenged. They understood it all now, —all that Henry's slow patience had done for them, all the power he had placed in their hands, all the vengeance he had made ready. The king had the ardent support of every sword in Germany for the inevitable war.

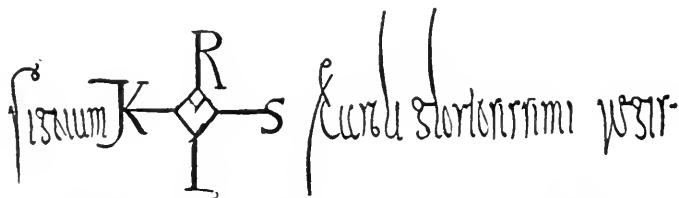
A great army of the furious Hungarians poured into the country. But the people had now Henry's walled cities into which to retreat and, in comparison with former raids, they suffered little harm. Henry's army met the Hunnish hordes at Merseburg (933), near the scene of his great victory over Conrad. He had taught his soldiers to regard this as a holy war,—Christianity against heathendom; and he had a great picture of the archangel Michael, the angel of victory, borne in front of his soldiers. But even with his improved army and the high spirit he had infused into his men, the struggle was long doubtful. At last, however, the Huns were defeated and fled in despair. The German peasants hunted them through the country like rabbits. The survivors who reached their own far-away home, declared that their gods had deserted them.

They recalled the magnificent figure of the winged angel Michael that had been borne against them, and they fastened huge golden wings on all their idols, hoping to make their gods equal to the Christians'. Later they attempted another invasion of Germany; but their power had been broken forever at Merseburg.

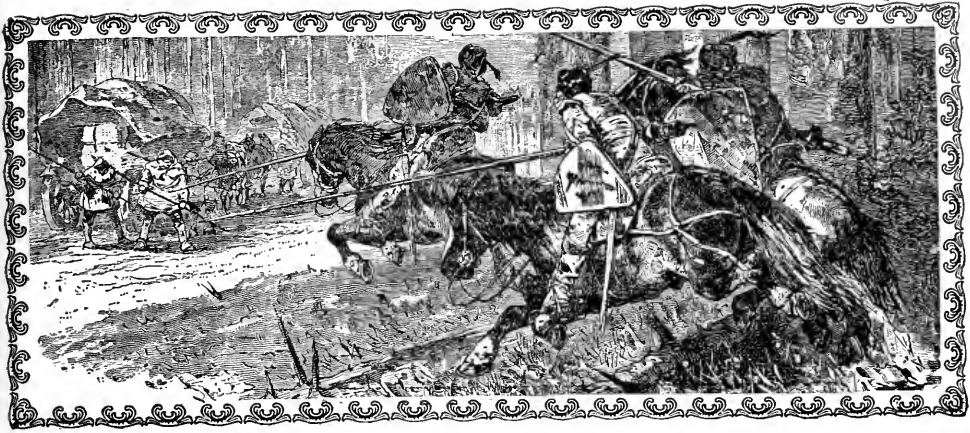
With those nine years of preparation, however, Henry had done a greater thing than defeat the Huns. He had set his stamp forever on the future, not only of Germany, but of the world. Two wonderful institutions sprang up under his hand, which have been among the most potent factors in modern civilization. With his tournaments he instituted knighthood, from which came chivalry, loyalty, devotion to woman, and all the fairest flowers of the Middle Ages. His order of knighthood took no regard of rank, but was planned to admit every one who could worthily pledge himself to a life of warfare in defence of country and king. Henry and his great lords discussed the qualities which should be required in a member of the new order. Legend makes each lord supply one demand.

"A knight," said Henry himself, "must not by word or deed injure Holy Church." "Nor harm the Empire," added Conrad, the High Steward of Germany. "Nor injure any woman," put in Hermann of Swabia. "Nor break his word," inserted Berthold of Bavaria. "Nor," concluded Conrad of Franconia, "must he ever run away from battle." So these were the qualities required of a knight. He was to be brave and truthful, a loyal supporter of women, of his king, and of his God. Thus the knights sprang into existence, true gentlemen from the start. Of course the order was by no means as pure in practice as it was theoretically, but it proved a mighty step in the progress of the nations.

Even more influential was Henry's other creation, that of the walled cities. From them sprang the free world of to-day. The settlers within the walls were under no ruler but the king; in his absence they governed themselves. Later they elected their own magistrates, and became so many little republics in the heart of the kingdom. Gradually their power increased, until it was greater than that of the nobles. They produced the real rulers of the world to-day,—the great body of free "citizens," as we still call ourselves in remembrance of those cities.



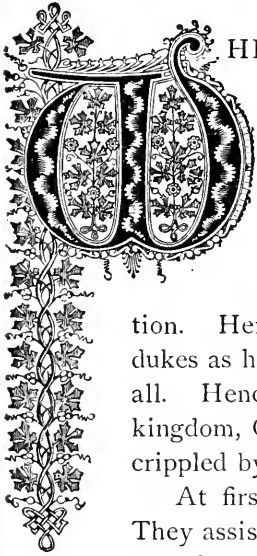
SIGNATURE OF CHARLEMAGNE (SIGNUM + CAROLI GLORIOSISSIMI REGIS)



NOBLES ATTACKING MERCHANTS IN "PRIVATE WAR"

Chapter LIII

OTTO THE GREAT AND THE SAXON EMPERORS



WHEN this truly great Henry "the City-Builder" died, so potent had become his influence over the people that without question they chose as his successor, the son whom he had selected. So again a Saxon chief ruled the land.

This son, Otto I. (936-973), possessed his father's resolute strength, but he lacked the ready wit and tact that had helped Henry through many a difficult situation. Henry had treated his nobles as his friends, and the great dukes as his equals. Otto assumed a haughty superiority over them all. Hence where Henry had found loyal supporters and a united kingdom, Otto encountered rebels and rivals, and his rule was long crippled by civil war.

At first, however, the spell of Henry remained over the nobles. They assisted Otto in his gorgeous coronation ceremonies. He was seated on the golden throne of Charlemagne in the cathedral at Aachen. On his head was placed the jewelled crown, in his hand the sacred lance, which was supposed to be the very lance with which Christ had been wounded on the cross, and which is still preserved in the royal treasury of the Austrian empire. The nobles even submitted to Otto's decree that at his coronation feast one duke was to act as his cup-bearer, a second as his carver, a third as his master of horse, and so on. Some of them seemed even to regard such service as an honor, for the offices became hereditary in the various families. All future coronations were conducted with the same formalities,

and thus the superiority of the king over his lords was positively acknowledged.

But what a storm of troubles this pompous coronation and his further arrogance were brewing for Otto! He was not Henry's oldest son; there was an older half-brother, Thankmar, who had been excluded from the throne in Otto's favor. Thankmar rebelled and was joined by Eberhard, the great duke of the Franks, the same who, twenty years before, had stood by the death-bed of his brother, King Conrad, and waiving personal ambition, had carried the crown to Henry of Saxony.

These two were dangerous foes; but Otto was prompt to attack them before they could unite. He besieged Thankmar in the noted fortress of Eresburg and carried it by assault. Thankmar, a huge and muscular man, finding himself surrounded by enemies, fought his way single-handed to the church within the fortress. He hoped there to find safety, for churches were regarded as sacred. But his foes were relentless, and persisted in their attack until Thankmar, after a desperate struggle, fell dead on the steps of the altar. Otto, who had never loved him, viewed his dead body with grim satisfaction, and then set out to seek the other rebel.

Eberhard had meanwhile drawn into the revolt Otto's younger brother Henry, a mere lad. Twice these two feigned submission, and twice returned to rebellion. The power of Otto was shaken to its foundations. At last Eberhard was slain in an obscure skirmish, and Henry was captured and imprisoned. The next Christmas day Otto was attending divine service at the cathedral in Frankfort. Just as the choir sang "Peace on earth, good-will to men," a man garbed as a penitent pushed his way through the throng and knelt at the king's feet. It was Henry who had escaped from his prison and come to entreat pardon yet a third time. Once more Otto forgave him, and thereafter the younger brother remained a loyal supporter of the king. He was rewarded by being made Duke of Bavaria.

This policy of appointing his own relatives to the various dukedoms, Otto steadily pursued wherever opportunity offered. In this way he managed gradually to consolidate his power. At last there was no one left with strength to rebel, and the king became as secure upon his throne as Henry had been. But Otto held men's bodies by physical force; Henry had controlled their hearts.

As years passed, Otto came to be recognized as by far the most powerful monarch in Europe. He wedded Editha of England, a granddaughter of Alfred the Great. He subdued the Bohemians to the eastward, and, warring against the Danes, marched through their little peninsula from end to end. Standing on its northern shore, he hurled his spear out into the sea, as a token of sover-



OTTO PARDONING HIS BROTHER HENRY IN FRANKFORT CATHEDRAL

eignty even there. He began to think of reducing Italy to subjection and being crowned Emperor at Rome, as the successor of Charlemagne.

At this moment, as if in anticipation of his plans, an appeal came to him from distracted Italy itself. Berengar was the name of the fierce chieftain who for the moment had established himself on the Italian throne. He had slain the former king, and now, to prevent further trouble, he sought to force a marriage between his own son and the young widow of the murdered man. Adelheid, the widowed queen, recoiled in horror from the step; but a woman's feelings were not taken into much account in those wild days. Berengar threw her into prison to compel her to consent. Adelheid escaped, hid in a field of corn while her pursuers galloped past, and then made her way to the castle of Canossa, where she had loyal vassals. There Berengar besieged her.

In her extremity she had sent a letter to Otto, the mightiest king of her world, entreating assistance. The appeal fitted well with Otto's plans. He led an army over the Alps (951), forced Berengar to become his vassal, and rescued the queen from Canossa. He found the lady young and pleasing to his eyes, and, his own wife having died some years before, he married Adelheid at Pavia in the same year.

Through this wedding he succeeded to whatever claims Adelheid possessed to the Italian throne; but further rebellions at home soon withdrew him from pursuit of his Italian plans. He returned north in haste and chastised the offenders. Then came the last Hungarian invasion from which Germany was to suffer. Otto met the barbarians in a long-remembered battle on the river Lech and annihilated their army. The old ballads say that the German king led the attack in person, and that a hundred thousand Magyars were left dead on the field.

Ten years passed before Otto was free to return to Italy. He was growing old; but the influence of his young and beautiful Italian wife was strong upon him. She was eager to see his authority firmly established in her native land, where Berengar was once more ruling as an independent sovereign. So again Otto and his troops entered Italy. Berengar was deposed, and at Rome the Pope crowned Otto as Emperor of the Holy Roman Empire (961).

In our days, we have so many emperors that the word means to us little more than king; but in the times of which we are telling there could be only one Emperor, or at most two,—one in the far East and one in the West. Emperor meant "ruler of the world." In the Christian West, people felt that only the Pope at Rome could confer the title. It was therefore an exalted honor that was conferred upon Otto. Observe that he assumed the same title that Charlemagne had borne. Otto regarded himself simply as the legitimate inheritor of Charlemagne's throne and empire.

Really, however, it was a new empire that here came into existence. You must remember that there had been an interval of over sixty years since the death of the Emperor Arnulf, the last of the Carlovingians to be crowned at Rome. During those sixty years there had been no one to claim the title. Moreover, this new empire had nothing like the extent or power of the old. Charlemagne had held actual sway over all Europe from mid-Spain to the unknown wilds of Russia. The new emperors actually ruled only in Germany, and not always over the whole of that. Consequently most historians regard the crowning of Otto as the beginning of a new and lesser empire, which, in distinction from the older and wider one, they call the German empire.

The fact that Otto was able, even in this lesser way, to assert his position above the other kings of Europe, led his people, and especially the flattering Italians, to call him in his turn, "Great." So it is as Otto the Great that he is known to history. Really it had been far better for him, and far better for his nation, had he been content to remain at home and set his own land in order. He had established an empire, and his successors wasted their best efforts, sacrificed their lives, and drained Germany of its strength for centuries, in the effort to maintain the shadowy honor. One German army after another overran Italy, deluged the land with measureless misery, and then disappeared, wasting away under the fevers of the unhealthy climate. Germany might have ruled all Europe, had not Italy become the grave of her growing power.

Otto, after his coronation, spent most of the remaining twelve years of his life warring in Italy, as his successors were to war, against rebellion, treachery, and pestilence, and leaving Germany, as his successors left it, to take care of itself. He was succeeded by his son, Otto II. (973-983). This Otto, the child of Adelheid, and hence himself half Italian, spent much of his life in the southern land, fighting with rebellious Italians or with the Greeks. He married a Greek princess; and thus his son, Otto II., was part Greek and part Italian, and very little of good, old, stalwart German.

Otto III. (983-1002) came to the throne when only three years old. At first his mother and his grandmother Adelheid ruled in his name; but when he was sixteen, he took everything into his own hands. His Greek mother had taught him to despise his Saxon blood; and he even used to sign himself in his royal proclamations "Greek by birth, Roman by right of rule." He was called the "wonder-child" because he was so highly educated and accomplished, because so much was expected of him, and because he boasted that he would accomplish so much. Poor visionary lad! he never accomplished anything. He was crushed by the mountainous weight of work before him. He hesitated where to begin.



THE BODY OF OTTO "THE WONDER-CHILD" BROUGHT BACK TO GERMANY

Perhaps the approach of the year 1000 had not a little to do with his wavering state of mind. There was a belief, widespread throughout the Christian world, that this year 1000 was to mark the second coming of Christ, the end of the world. This fancy was not confined to the ignorant; nobles, priests, many of the highest rank everywhere, had thus misread the Scriptures. Numerous legal documents of the time began with the words, "As the world is now drawing to a close." In many places the peasants did not even plant their crops in the spring of the year 1000, so sure were they that there would never come a reaping time.

Otto made hurried pilgrimages from place to place. He did penance for fourteen days in an Italian sacred cavern. He broke open Charlemagne's tomb at Aix, and descending into it, stood face to face with the man whom he desired to take as a model. In truth, he seems to have been half insane, always beginning some great work, never finishing it, wandering feverishly from one end of his domain to another, clamoring to everybody to tell him where he should begin to be great like Charlemagne. Poor, feeble, over-weighted mortal, he never did begin! He died near Rome when only twenty-two.

He had planned to make Rome once more the capital of the world. He had abandoned German for Italian life. Yet the unthankful Italians were in rebellion around him at his death, and even attempted to seize upon his body. His loyal German troops surrounded the corpse, and literally hewed a path for it through overwhelming numbers back to Germany, where the "wonder-child" was buried at Aix in the land he had despised.

The chief who had thus valiantly brought back Otto's body succeeded him upon the throne. He was Henry II. (1002-1024), "the Pious" or "the Saint," the last of the Saxon emperors. In truth, he was scarcely a Saxon at all, except in the sense that he was the only surviving heir of the first Saxon king, Henry I. The grandfather of Henry II. had been that Henry, the younger brother of Otto the Great, who was pardoned after so many rebellions and made Duke of Bavaria. The family had thus been transplanted to Bavaria, and the father of this new emperor, and he himself, were both Bavarian born. Thus, though Henry II. is generally classed among the Saxon emperors, the Saxons did not regard him as one of themselves. They had come to feel that the emperors must be chosen from among them, and were much inclined to resent the election of a Bavarian. Henry, however, had secured Otto's imperial treasures, and he had little trouble in purchasing support. He was formally crowned at Aix in 1003.

The twenty-two years of Henry's reign were spent in a long and difficult struggle to rebuild the imperial power, which the two preceding emperors had allowed to decay. The dukes had regained the influence of which

Otto the Great had deprived them. Everything was practically in their hands, and their duchies were almost independent states. In opposition to them, Henry began building up the power of the clergy, a course which proved very successful in his own case. Its dangers developed only under his successors.

His support of the clergy was partly what won Henry II. the title of "the Saint"; though he was a good man in many ways, very generous and very religious. It is told of him that he desired to abandon his crown, and actually became a monk, entering a monastery and taking the vows. But the first vow put upon him was that of implicit obedience; and the abbot instantly took advantage of this to order him to reascend the throne,—where he was certainly more useful to the church and to mankind than in a monastery.

Henry and his wife Cunegunde were both made saints by the church, she having been accused of crime and undergone the ordeal by fire. This was the superstitious way of testing guilt in those still half-barbaric days. Having declared herself innocent of the charges against her, Cunegunde offered to walk barefoot over red-hot ploughshares. Had she been burned she would have been considered guilty; but she passed triumphantly through the ordeal, though how hot the iron blades really were, and how miraculous the performance, each of us must judge for himself.

Henry avoided Italy as much as possible. He recognized the mistake which all the Ottos had made, and he clung with loyal faith and affection to his German subjects. While in Italy in 1005, he was suddenly attacked in his castle at Pavia by a band of rebellious citizens, and only escaped by leaping from a high window. He was lamed for life by the fall, and naturally his antipathy against everything Italian was intensified. Indeed, he did not go to Rome to receive the imperial crown until 1014, and then only because he felt it was his duty to assert his authority in quelling the turbulence which was rampant there.

There were still wars all along the eastern frontier of Germany. The Sclavic races of Bohemians and Poles, and the Magyars in Hungary were slowly becoming Christianized, and were beginning to accept the authority of the empire. They were, however, under no effective control, and frequently reasserted their independence and desolated the German border, much as the Indians did in America during the colonial days.

Henry had also internal revolts to quell; but in the main he was a man of peace, and ruled by peaceful means. He left the empire much stronger than he had found it, but poverty-stricken through his generous way of giving to all who asked. Many churches and monasteries owe their origin to him, and one great cathedral which he built at Bamberg was his special pride. Here he was



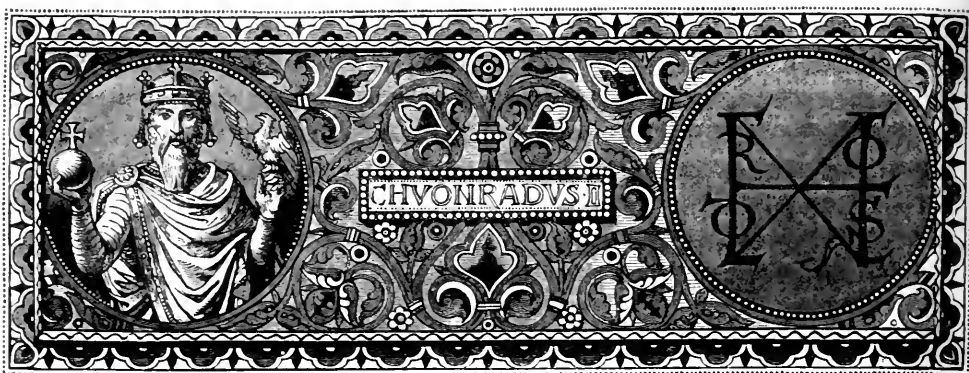
HENRY II. RECEIVED AT THE GREAT CATHEDRAL IN AIX

buried in 1024. He had taken the monkish vow of chastity, and died childless, the Saxon line of emperors perishing with him.

This line had produced two able monarchs, Henry I. and Otto I., who raised Germany to great power, and did much to break down the old tribal distinctions. Then came the two feeble and youthful emperors, Otto II. and III., who lost all that had been gained. Next followed this thoughtful and pious Henry II., who partially restored the unity and strength of the nation.



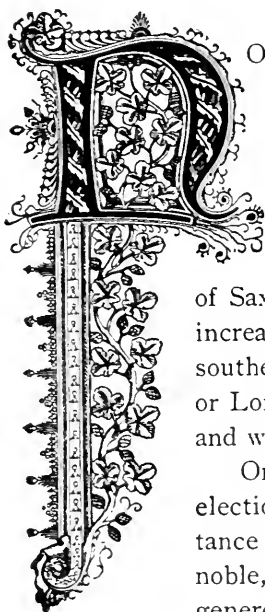
HENRY III. SETTLING THE PAPAL DISPUTE



PORTRAIT AND SIGNATURE OF CONRAD II.

Chapter LIV

THE FRANKISH EMPERORS AND THE STRUGGLE WITH THE POPES



O successor to Henry II. having been chosen during his lifetime, a great meeting was now held near Mainz on the Rhine, to elect a new king. There were present eight dukes, besides so many bishops, priests, lesser nobles, and free gentlemen that they numbered sixty thousand in all.

It is worth while noting that the four old duchies of Saxony, Franconia, Bavaria, and Swabia had gradually been increased to eight. The additions were Carinthia in the southeast, Bohemia in the east, and in the west Lotharingia, or Lorraine, which now belonged permanently to the Germans and was divided into Upper and Lower Lorraine.

Only the great nobles and churchmen really voted in the election; the others were there to give authority and importance to their chiefs. These selected as king a Frankish noble, Conrad, who was descended from Conrad I. So the generosity which the earlier Conrad had displayed in sacrificing the interests of his house to the Saxons, was now to some extent repaid by the restoration of his line. Indeed, it was mainly his lineage which led to this second Conrad's selection, for he was not one of the great dukes. The duchy of Franconia was held by his cousin, another Conrad, and his rival for the throne; but after the election, the Frankish duke became the new king's warmest supporter.



THE EMPRESS CUNEGUNDE ENDURING THE ORDEAL BY FIRE

Conrad II. (1024–1039) was a fine, majestic-looking man, who tried to do justice to all; and his election was soon generally approved. He was the first German monarch thus elected who had not a duchy of his own to give him strength. Conrad began his reign upheld by nothing but the general good-will of his subjects. If you look back over all the rebellions we have recorded, you will realize that this was a most uncertain support; and Conrad must assuredly have been a man of unusual ability to succeed as he did. Early in his reign he went to Rome and was crowned emperor. He then announced that, since the titles and estates of the great dukes had been made hereditary, he would use his imperial authority to make the rights of the lesser nobles hereditary in the same way. The dukes could scarcely object, though they perhaps saw that this was a shrewd move to weaken their power, by making the lesser nobles as independent of the dukes, as the dukes were of the emperor. This course naturally brought Conrad into great favor with the class he had thus aided.

The kingdom of Burgundy, which included Switzerland and the Rhone valley in France, became part of the German empire in 1032. Its last king bequeathed it to Conrad, who seized and held it with the sword. His own stepson, Ernest, Duke of Swabia, claimed to have a better right to Burgundy, and attempted a rebellion against the emperor. Then was revealed the strength of Conrad's hold upon the lesser nobility, the fighting men of the land. The vassals of Ernest refused with one accord to follow him in his revolt. They said they had indeed taken an oath of allegiance to him, but both he and they had taken another and higher oath to support the emperor.

Ernest, thus rendered powerless, was imprisoned by his triumphant stepfather. The fate of this hapless young duke of Swabia was long a favorite theme with the poets and story-tellers of German legend. Conrad is said to have offered him his freedom if he would betray a friend, Count Werner of Kyberg, who had helped him in rebellion. Young Ernest scornfully refused. He managed to escape from the court and fled to Count Werner. Together the comrades plunged into the vast Black Forest and defied pursuit. Gathering a band of outlaws like themselves, they became the Robin Hoods of Germany. A gloomy and deep-hidden tower was their stronghold, and from this they levied forced contributions on all the country round. Unfortunately, while like Robin Hood they plundered the strong, they neglected to pursue his excellent policy of sparing the weak, and finally the peasantry of the district, banding together against their exactions, waylaid and slew them.

The general sympathy roused for young Ernest by his bravery, loyalty, wild life, and tragic fate have combined with the harshness of the Emperor, his stepfather, to raise him to the rank of a hero of romance. The very peasants to whom he owed his death may have magnified his exploits to enhance their

own victory; for it was around peasants' firesides that his story was first told. From there it spread, expanded out of all semblance to the truth, until he has become the favorite outlaw chief of German legend.

As the Emperor Conrad grew old, he had his son Henry declared King of Germany. So when the father died, Henry succeeded to the throne without difficulty as Henry III. (1039-1056). He was the most powerful emperor of the Franconian line. The authority which Conrad had slowly and painfully built up, Henry inherited and increased.

At the time of Henry's accession, the general condition of the populace in Germany was so bad that it is impossible fairly to describe it. The land had not yet recovered from the neglect caused by the expected ending of the world in the year 1000. Famine had long haunted the steps of the poorer peasantry. Then there came three years with such heavy rains that the crops rotted in the ground, and we are reliably assured that starving men slew their fellows to feed upon the bodies. None but an armed force dared travel through the land. All sorts of robbery went unpunished. The nobility had long claimed and exercised the right of private war. That is to say, each noble occupied a strong castle, built rather as a fort than a house. From this the chieftain sallied at the head of his men to attack any other noble who had offended him. Not even the Emperor could stop such an expedition; it was engaged in asserting the noble's "right of private war." If by accident the troops slew a few peasants instead, or stormed and sacked a feebly defended town, there was no one to reprove their master for such little mistakes.

It was Odilo, the abbot of the monastery of Cluny in Burgundy, who first brought about an improvement in this terrible state of affairs. He and his monks began to preach what was called the "Truce of God." This peculiar institution was adopted first in France, and afterward in Germany. It commanded that all private war should be suspended every Thursday out of reverence for the approach of God's day, Sunday. The strife must not be again resumed until the following Monday. This, you will see, left the nobles only three days in each week for fighting. They had resisted all attempts to forbid their wars, but to this half-measure they gradually agreed. In 1043 Henry III. proclaimed the "Truce of God" as a law throughout his dominions. He did many other wise things to relieve the miserable peasantry, and gradually their condition improved.

Henry also undertook to reform the church. He and his predecessors had appointed many bishops and abbots for political reasons. Sometimes the wealthy church places had been openly sold for money. Henry put a stop to all this, turned out as many of the evil prelates as he could, and appointed holy ones in their stead. Gradually he worked his way up to the very top of the



THE DEATH OF ERNEST OF SWABIA

church, and then resolved to reform the papacy itself. You have read in the story of Rome how he deposed the quarrelling popes and appointed a German one instead, bringing the deposed prelates back to Germany with him as prisoners. Two of Henry's popes died; but the third selected by him was his cousin Bruno, the justly celebrated Leo IX.

Henry, Leo IX., and the reforming monks of Cluny worked together and really managed to do a great deal of good for the world. There was a vast improvement in the state of the church, as well as in that of the people. Only the nobility were dissatisfied. Henry's reforms, his aggressive strength and imperial will were gradually reducing the nobles' importance, encroaching on their sacred privileges. There was very little rebellion, but only because the Emperor stood, as one of his friends described him, "sword in hand before his throne, ready to strike down every foe."

The King of France, Henry or Henri I., took advantage of the Emperor's troubles to try to wrest from him both Burgundy and Lorraine. After some skirmishing, an amicable meeting was arranged between the two monarchs at Ivois in 1056. The German Henry became so enraged at the evasions of his enemy that he snatched off his glove and threw it at the Frenchman's feet, defying him in the lofty style of knighthood to a personal combat. Henry of France refused the challenge, and the next night slipped away with his army back to safety in his own country. He gave the Emperor no further trouble.

Henry III. was not yet forty when he died. Never was the empire in greater need of a stalwart guide and defender, and his loss was sorely felt. He had received the promise of the nobles that his son should succeed him on the throne. That son was a child, not yet six years old.

You must see by this time that the story of mediæval Germany was a pitiful repetition of the same tragic tale. The imperial power, the one force that wrought for peace and unity in Germany, was being continually built up by one, two, or three capable emperors. Then, just as the land began to enjoy the fruits of their labor, the throne passed to a child or a feeble youth, and everything went tumultuously back into the old evil ways.

The child who now came to the throne was Henry IV. (1056-1105). His mother, the Empress Agnes, was appointed to govern for him during his childhood. She was one of those saintly Christian women whose lives and characters contrast so strikingly with the general fierceness and brutality of the age. The policy of the preceding warrior emperors had been to encourage the townspeople and lesser gentry, relying on them for support, while weakening and defying the great dukes. This vigorous and warlike course was impossible to the gentle nature of Agnes. She sought to win the friendship of the higher nobles. With this in view, she pardoned their outbreaks again and again. She

even gave new provinces and appointed to higher offices the hereditary enemies of her house, the lords who had been most open in defiance of her husband. He had crushed them; she restored them to their former power. So far was this spirit of conciliation or timidity carried that one nobleman, Count Rudolf, dared to seize by force Matilda, the young daughter of the Empress. Instead of sending an army to punish him, the mother pardoned him, wedded him to Matilda, and created him Duke of Swabia.

The gentle policy of Agnes failed in almost every case to have the happy effects she hoped. Instead of being grateful, the nobles only despised what they considered her folly and weakness. The power she conferred was everywhere turned against her, and against her son. Rudolf of Swabia became young Henry's most dangerous and most ambitious enemy.

Unfortunate little Henry! Even his mother's weak but loving guidance was soon taken from him. When he was twelve years old, Agnes and he were spending the Easter season at the beautiful island of Kaiserswerth on the Rhine, where they were visited by several nobles. The gorgeously decorated ship of the visitors lay out in the stream, and Henry, boy-like, stepped into a boat with two of his entertainers to get a nearer view of the wonder. It was the opportunity the lords had been plotting for, and they promptly sailed away with their young king. Henry, realizing that he was being abducted, threw himself boldly into the water to swim ashore, but one of his captors leaped after him and bore the struggling lad back into captivity.

The unhappy Empress stood on the bank weeping and wringing her hands, and entreating them to give back her child. Her attendants shouted helplessly, and ran in aimless fashion along the shore. But her boy was gone. The broken-hearted mother could endure no further. She saw for herself that the qualities needed for the control of this rude world had not been given her. Even her mother-love seemed useless now, and abandoning the effort to regain Henry she retired to Rome, resigned all her imperial dignities, and became a nun.

The instigator of this successful abduction was Hanno, the powerful Archbishop of Cologne. Hanno assumed the guardianship of the boy king, and governed in his name. He treated Henry with such harshness and severity that all the lad learned under his government was to hate his master with a vehemence, childish sometimes in its expression, but dangerous nevertheless.

Another and far more crafty Archbishop, Adalbert of Bremen, seeing how matters stood, managed to get both Henry and the regency away from Hanno. Adalbert then followed a directly opposite course with his young charge. Whereas Hanno had been over-severe, Adalbert abandoned all restraint and discipline. The boy received no good training whatever, and every temptation



THE EMPEROR HENRY III. CHALLENGES THE FRENCH KING



to idleness and folly was thrust in his way. Adalbert's court was poisoned with wickedness, and the impressionable lad was taught to revel in vice. The inevitable consequence followed: Henry became infatuated with his guardian—and ruined for life.

It is idle to speculate as to what sort of king Henry might have made with a different childhood. He seems to have had good instincts, personal courage, and a generous heart; but he lacked the strength of mind to resist the evil influences which wrecked his youth. He grew into one of the worst kings that have misgoverned unhappy Germany.

When he was still only fifteen, a coronation ceremony was held, and the assembled nobles declared him fitted to rule for himself. The boy promptly proved their folly and his own by drawing the imperial sword, with which they had girt him, and flourishing it in the face of Archbishop Hanno, still by far the most powerful man in the realm. Henry then placed all authority in Adalbert's hands, and abandoned himself once more to the life of luxurious pleasure and sloth he had learned to enjoy.

His favorite palace was at Goslar on the borders of Saxony. He had been taught by Adalbert to despise the Saxons for their rudeness, and to hate them as the hereditary enemies of his Frankish house. As a result he treated them so harshly and offensively that they rose in rebellion. Hanno was already his enemy. The better people everywhere in Germany were disgusted with the king's evil life. His mother had placed his enemies in the great dukedoms. Before he was twenty the young monarch stood almost alone in Germany.

A party headed by Hanno attempted to reform him by force. They drove away Adalbert and compelled Henry to wed a wife they selected for him, Bertha, the daughter of an Italian noble. Bertha loved her handsome, wayward husband, and became the one true friend who never failed or deserted him. But the young king had at first only hatred for this unwelcome wife. He sought to divorce her, and there are sad and painful tales of the brutality and treachery with which he met her noble loyalty.

Meanwhile, the quarrel between the king and the oppressed and insulted Saxons grew more and more bitter, until Henry was at last hunted from his castle, and driven to wander for days a solitary fugitive among the mountains. By great exertion he raised an army with which he returned and avenged himself on the Saxons, defeating them in a merciless battle. The Saxon nobles fled, abandoning the poor peasantry, who, unable to escape, were cut down by thousands. For a moment Henry's power seemed re-established; but the Saxons appealed for protection to the Pope,—and thus steps into the story Gregory VII., the greatest of the rulers of the Church.

You have already learned in Rome's story of what Gregory did. He sum-

moned Henry to appear before him and explain the charges. Henry, still a boy in mind and unable to realize his danger, was furious at what he considered the insolence shown by a dependent of his empire. He summoned a council at Worms, declared Gregory deposed, and sent him a message vowing to drag him from his papal chair, as Henry III., his father, had dragged former popes. The fact that his father had been in the right, and that he was in the wrong, does not seem to have occurred to the young Emperor as an altering factor in the case. It proved the decisive one. Gregory excommunicated the rash youth. Henry's subjects were only too ready to accept this as a reason for abandoning him. Every one dropped away from his side, and a national meeting was called to depose him and elect a successor.

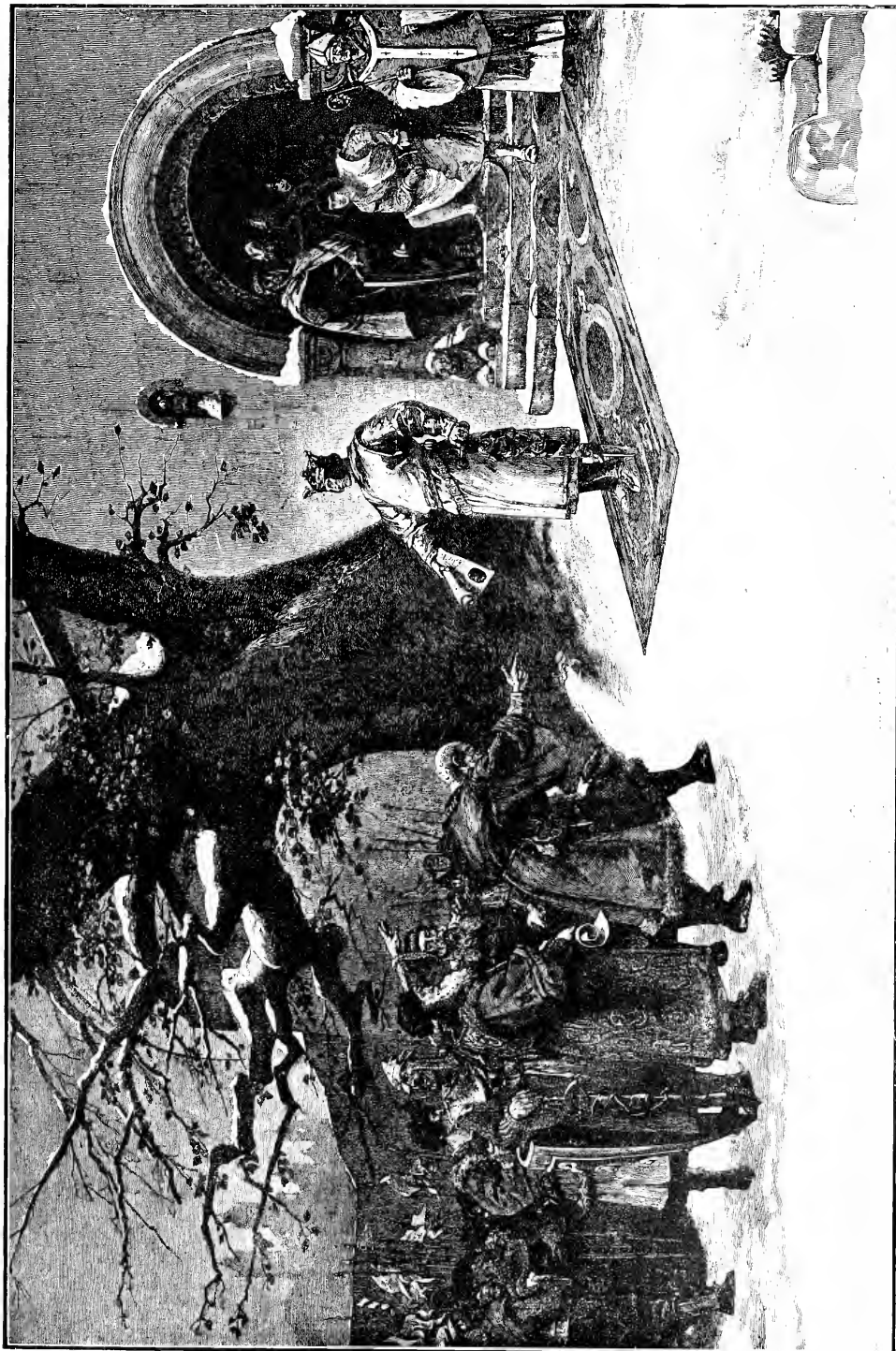
At last Henry realized that he was not, as he had been taught, the greatest personage in the world, free to act as he chose, and all-powerful in everything. This period must be considered the turning point of his life, the beginning of his belated manhood. Before the assembly gathered, he made his famous journey to Italy and submitted himself to Gregory at Canossa.

The rebellious Germans even tried to prevent his going. His passage over the Alps was like the flight of a hunted exile. Bertha accompanied him with their little child and a few serving-men headed by a single knight. It was mid-winter, and a year unusually severe. The mountain passes were difficult and dangerous. The fugitives had a sled for Bertha and the child, while the rest made their way on foot, amid the snowdrifts and threatening avalanches.

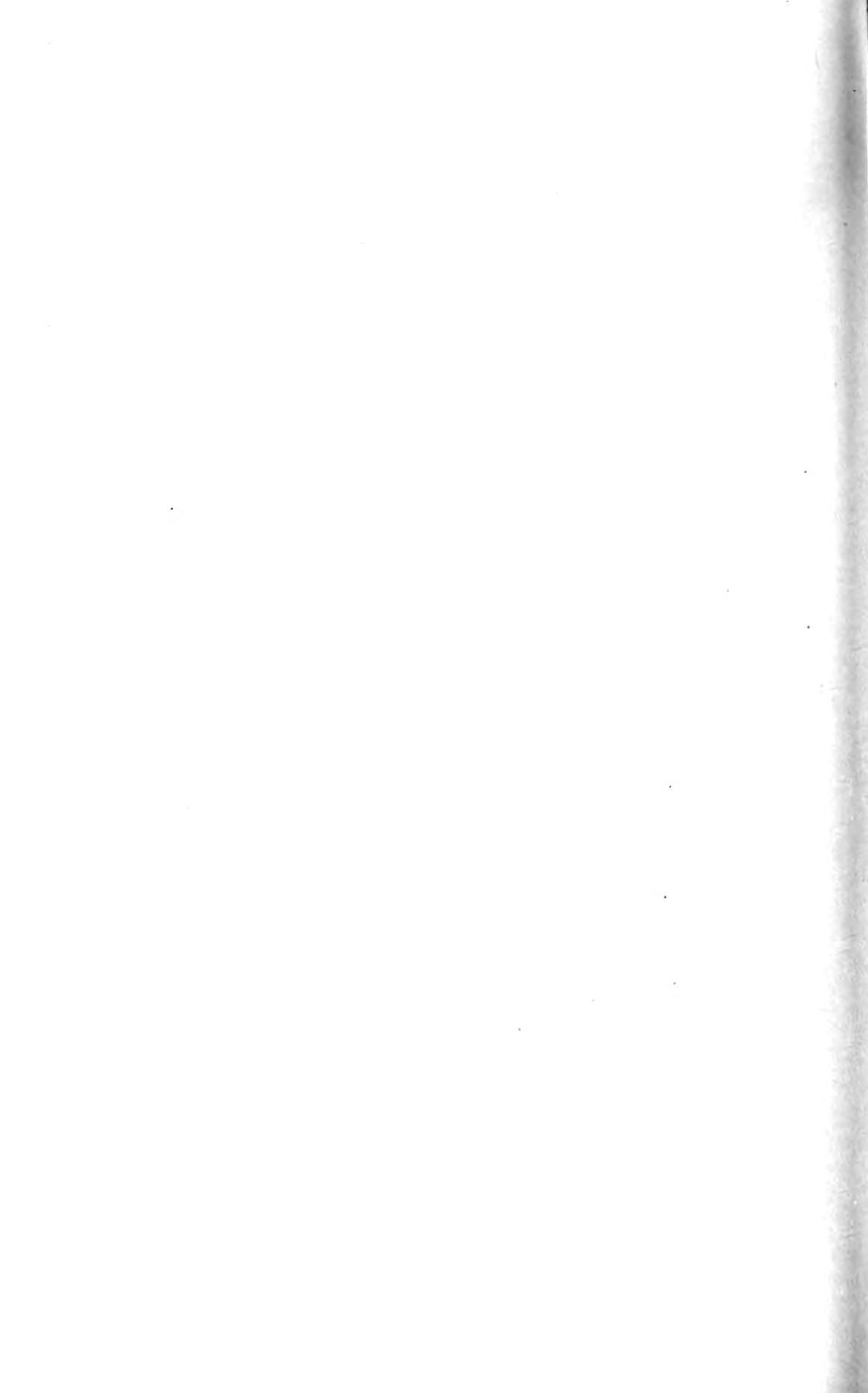
From the moment Henry set foot in Italy his fortunes turned. The Italians, being themselves at enmity with the Pope, welcomed Henry gladly as their Emperor. The pardon which he won from Gregory deprived the Germans of their excuse for rebellion, and led many of the better class to return honestly to their allegiance. Still, his more determined enemies persisted in declaring him deposed, and they elected Duke Rudolf of Swabia to succeed him. Rudolf, the same who had stolen and wedded Henry's sister Matilda, accepted the election, and once more civil war devastated the empire.

Henry found his main support among the free cities, which were now becoming an important element in the strength of the nation. You will remember that Henry I. had founded them, all the emperors had encouraged them, and Henry III. had confirmed and added to their privileges. The great dukes despised the citizens, robbed them, and trampled on their rights wherever possible. Thus the whole life and strength of the cities was intertwined with that of the emperors; each rose and fell with the other. Naturally, therefore, the cities supported Henry.

He conducted the war with ability and success. Sometimes his chances looked dark; but at last, in 1080, he settled the contest by defeating Rudolf



HENRY IV. THANKING THE CITIZENS OF WORMS FOR THEIR SUPPORT



near that same old battle ground of Merseburg. Rudolf's right hand was cut off in the struggle, and as he lay dying the next day he cried, "God has punished me rightly. It was with that hand I swore allegiance to Henry."

Now came the Emperor's turn for revenge upon the Pope. Henry led an army into Italy (1081), besieged Rome three years, captured it, was crowned Emperor by a Pope of his own making, and drove Gregory into the exile in which he died. The next few years form Henry's period of power. Germany was at peace under his foot, and tradition tells us, somewhat doubtfully, that he became a model king, watching over the interests of his people, and doing justice to all.

His struggle with the Church still continued. The popes who succeeded Gregory adopted his policy and continued to preach against the Emperor. His excommunication was renewed. The real question at issue was as to whether Pope or Emperor should appoint the German bishops. The right and wrong of this matter are still in dispute, it is a burning question in Germany even to-day; nor can it be settled merely by inquiring how the appointments were originally made. You will remember that Henry II., "the Saint," had made his bishops very powerful, hoping to be defended by them against the dukes. The churchmen had now grown so strong that bishops like Hanno and Adalbert contended for control of the empire. Half the land of Germany is said to have lain in priestly hands.

It is true that some of the emperors had been very careless as to the character of the men they made bishops, thereby bringing great harm and shame to the Church. Henry IV. was particularly blamable in this respect. He had sometimes sold the bishoprics openly to whoever would pay the most for them, and sometimes he had appointed his own wicked and despicable favorites to the high and sacred office. Still, if the claim now advanced by the Church were allowed, and the bishops were appointed solely by the Pope, they would thus become entirely independent of the Emperor. The rule over half the empire would pass from its master to the Italian Pope. The power of the emperors, already waning, would disappear entirely. Henry IV. saw the danger plainly, and even in the time of his greatest need steadily refused to resign this power of appointment.

The Crusades, which began in Henry's reign about the year 1096, added vastly to the power of the popes. The whole story of the Crusades fits in more readily with that of France, and will be told you there. They were, however, regarded as holy wars; and the religious spirit roused by them did much to widen the gap between Henry and his subjects. In the far-off Holy Land, many of Germany's best and bravest were sacrificing life and fortune fighting for the Church; while at home in their native land, their Emperor was warring against that Church's head.

There is no question that in his later years Henry grew to feel keenly this isolation. The punishment brought upon him by his early life was heavy indeed. Even his own family turned against him. His older son, Conrad, declared that he could no longer imperil his own soul by supporting his excommunicated father. He raised a rebellion; Henry crushed it, and Conrad died in prison.

Then came the turn of the Emperor's younger son, another Henry, the centre of all his father's hopes, the child born after the Emperor had learned truly to love his devoted wife. But this young Henry was cold and crafty and treacherous, a cunning liar, a shrewd dissembler. He did not rebel until he was sure of the support of both dukes and bishops. Then he raised an army, and when the Emperor marshalled the imperial troops against him, the leaders of the royal forces suddenly deserted the father for the son. Henry IV. was compelled to flee; but his old friends, the cities, rallied to his support and enabled him to renew the contest.

Once more the younger Henry substituted treachery for force. A meeting was arranged between father and son, and the heartbroken old Emperor threw himself at his boy's feet crying, "My son, my son, let God punish me for my sins! Stain not thy honor by presuming to judge me!" The younger man pretended deep remorse, and took advantage of the reconciliation that followed to seize and imprison his father.

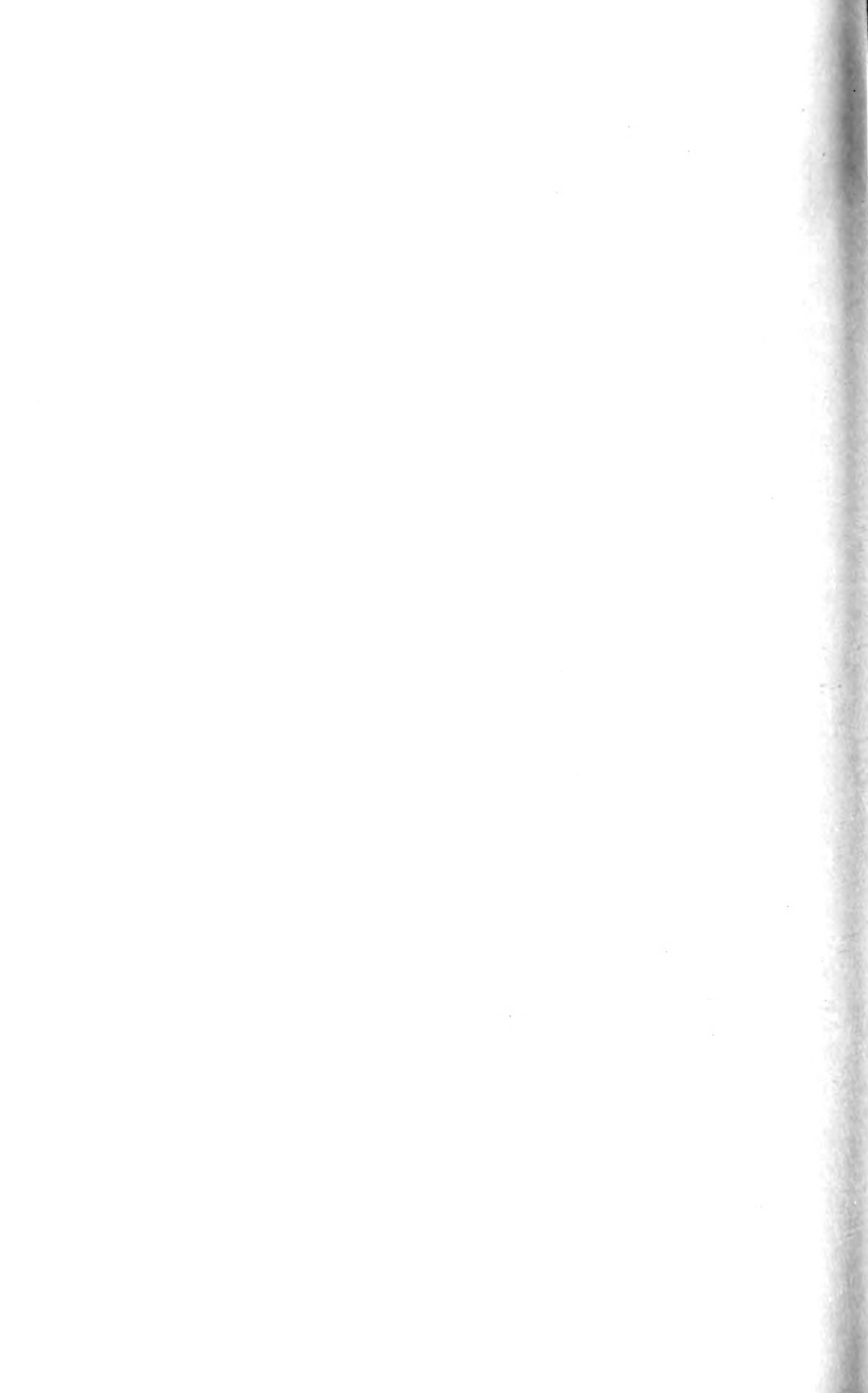
The Emperor was commanded to abdicate and surrender the crown jewels. He refused, and dressing himself in the regal robes, with the diadem of Charlemagne upon his head, and the sceptre in his hand, he majestically defied his jailors to touch the person of the Emperor of the world. It was a pathetic shadow of his old, childish belief in his sacred right and indestructible authority. The jewels were torn from him with scornful force, and he was compelled by threats to sign his own abdication (1105). He was then released, but retained within reach of his captors, and so poorly cared for that he begged to be allowed to earn his own living by working in the cathedral of Spire. His prayer was refused, and there is a story that tells of his even having to sell his boots for bread.

Meanwhile, his friends continued fighting in his name, and at last he escaped and joined their forces, but died the next year (1106). His last act was to send his sword and signet ring to his wicked son, in token that he forgave and still loved him.

The reign of the rebellious son, Henry V. (1105-1125), fitly closes the miserable tragedy of his race. He was the last of his line, the last of the Frankish emperors. The same qualities that had won him the throne enabled him to retain it. Cold and cunning, strong and savage, he managed to hold and even



HENRY IV. SEEKING ENTRANCE TO CANOSSA



to increase his power in the face of all his enemies. He had defied his father in the name of the Church; but after that father's death the son also refused to grant the Pope's claim in the matter of appointing bishops, so the strife went on. Gradually the war became one of Frank against Saxon; and at last some partial concessions to the Pope brought a temporary peace in 1122.

Henry's life was unloved and childless; his death, in 1125, was unregretted, and men have pointed to these things as his punishment,—whether they condemned him for his sins against his father, or for his wars against the Pope.

When Henry V. died, another imperial election became necessary. The chief of his party was his nephew Frederick, Duke of Swabia, who hoped to succeed him. But all the influence of the Church was thrown in favor of Henry's bitterest enemy,—the Pope's strongest supporter,—Lothair, Duke of Saxony. The Saxon was elected as Lothair III. (1125–1137). He immediately surrendered all claim to appoint the bishops, or control their lands. When he was crowned Emperor at Rome, he knelt humbly at the Pope's feet, accepted the empire as a papal gift, and swore to govern it as a vassal of the Church. The first period of the papal wars was at an end, and the victory of the popes complete.

The Frankish dynasty had thus supplied four emperors whose combined reigns cover just a century (1024–1125). The first two sovereigns of this line, Conrad II. and Henry III., built up the strength of the cities, greatly increased the imperial power, and dominated the Church. Then came the child, Henry IV., and the folly of his early reign destroyed his authority utterly, and built up that of the great nobles and the Popes. During his later years Henry IV. partly regained his ascendancy, and both he and his son, Henry V., clung tenaciously to what they considered their rights, through long and bitter civil wars. Then came the Saxon, Lothair, who sought peace with the Church, and thus managed to restore something of peace to distracted Germany, and something of respect and dignity to the imperial office.



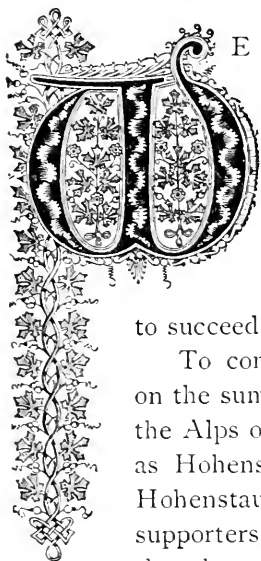
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THE TOURNAMENT OF BARBAROSSA AT MAINZ

Chapter LV

THE SWABIAN EMPERORS AND FREDERICK BARBAROSSA



COME now to the famous line of Swabian emperors, the Hohenstaufens. Let us therefore turn back for a moment to trace the rise of this remarkable family. You will remember that when Henry IV. journeyed over the winter Alps to Canossa, he was escorted by one loyal knight. This knight was called Frederick of Buren. In reward for many faithful services he was given the Emperor's daughter as a wife, and appointed to succeed the rebellious Rudolf as Duke of Swabia.

To command his new domain, he built himself a strong castle on the summit of a steep volcanic hill, just where the highlands of the Alps open out into the plains of Germany. The hill was known as Hohenstaufen, and the castle-builder thus became Frederick of Hohenstaufen. He proved the ablest and staunchest of Henry's supporters, and it was not until after Frederick's death in 1104, that the nobles and bishops dared start their revolt against the king under the leadership of the unfilial young Henry V.

Frederick of Hohenstaufen left two sons. The elder was the Frederick, Duke of Swabia, who disputed the crown with Lothair of Saxony. Lothair, after his election, determined to break the power of his dangerous rival, and civil war desolated Swabia. Frederick's younger brother, Conrad, was away upon a crusade. When he returned, he went to his brother's assistance, and at last Lothair was compelled to grant them terms of honorable peace. Conrad became recognized as the ablest general of the day; he was made standard bearer of the imperial army.



BARBAROSSA SAVES THE PAPAL LEGATE AT BESANCON



Lothair had no son of his own, so he planned to leave the empire to his son-in-law, Henry the Proud, Duke of Bavaria. With this object he made Henry also Duke of Saxony, and when dying, sent him the famous crown jewels and all the insignia of sovereignty. The Church had also been supporting Henry, and his election seemed assured. But his very power led to his defeat. The Pope distrusted him, the nobles feared him. He was not called Henry the Proud for nothing, and they had no desire to place themselves within the grasp of a man whose strength already so far exceeded their own. Three months before the appointed public election, many of the nobles and bishops met in secret; and, choosing the only man that could stand against Henry, elected Conrad of Hohenstaufen to be their Emperor, as Conrad III. (1138-1152).

It was a trick, and of course it meant a civil war with Henry. He seems at first to have sought peace. He acknowledged Conrad's authority and surrendered the crown jewels; but his tone grew insolent and menacing. Conrad attempted to deprive him of one of his two duchies, and he rebelled. Then began the long wars of Guelph and Ghibelline, of which you have already heard in Italy. The German forms of the words are *Welf* and *Waibling*. Welf was the name of Henry's family; and the Hohenstaufens, particularly Conrad, were known as the Waiblings, from the Swabian town of Waiblingen, whence they sprang. The two names became the war-cries of the contending factions.

Henry himself maintained the war in Saxony. In his other duchy, Bavaria, he entrusted the command to his brother, Count Welf. The well-known story of the women of Weinsberg belongs to this Bavarian portion of the war. The Emperor Conrad besieged Count Welf in Weinsberg, and met with such sturdy resistance that he vowed in his anger to slay every man in the place. At last the heroic defenders were exhausted and begged for mercy. Conrad gave only the ominous answer that all women might leave the town unharmed. When the Welf leaders pleaded that the women should not be driven empty-handed into the world, he relented so far as to say that each might carry away what she could of her belongings upon her back. The next morning, a strange procession filed out of the doomed town. First came the Countess Welf, bearing on her back her burly warrior husband; and each woman in the long, staggering line bent in similar manner beneath the weight of husband, son, or sweetheart. Conrad's followers were angry at the trick and would have slain their foes as they came; but the Emperor was touched by the devotion of the women, and declared that his word should not be broken. Historically it is perhaps uncertain whether Count Welf and his wife were really in Weinsberg at the time, but the main part of the pretty story is undisputed fact, and to this day, the Bavarians say, when a man chooses a specially sturdy and hearty wife, "he thinks of the women of Weinsberg."

Henry the Proud died, but his courageous wife carried on his war against the Emperor, in the name of her ten-year-old son, Henry, afterward known as Henry the Lion. Finally, peace was agreed upon, the young heir of the Welfs surrendering Bavaria, but keeping Saxony.

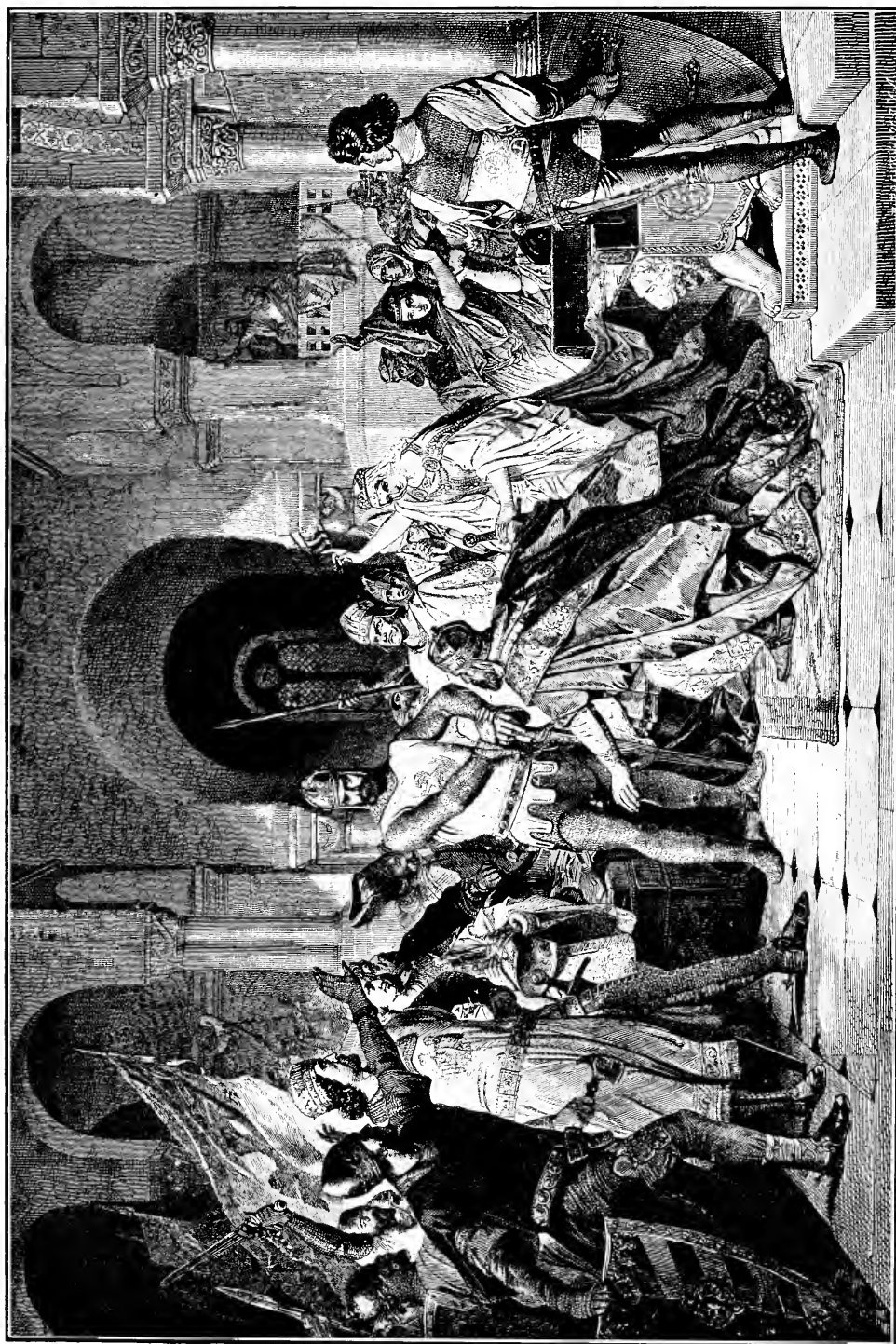
This compromise was really arranged by St. Bernard, a wonderful preacher, who was drawing all Europe into another crusade. Even the Emperor Conrad joined the crusaders and marched for the second time to the Holy Land. Conrad added much to his own personal fame as a fighter; but the crusade was a failure, and scarce a thousand out of his great German army returned with him to Germany. In one respect this disaster was a gain to the land, for the crusaders were largely turbulent nobles, and their death left other people in comparative peace.

It was Conrad who introduced the double-headed eagle into the coat of arms of the German Empire. He saw it on the shields of the Emperors of the East, at Constantinople, where the two heads were used in remembrance of the double empire which Constantinople had once held over both East and West. Conrad thought that he had now a better right to the double eagle than these feeble Eastern Emperors, and he placed it in the arms of his country. His people said it meant that they were victorious on both sides, against the Slavs to the east, and the Romans, that is the French and Italians, to the west.

When Conrad died, he left a little son as his heir, but the Germans had at last learned something from their bitter experiences, and refused to make the boy Emperor. Indeed it seems that Conrad himself counselled them to pass his son by, and give the crown to another member of his family, a young man of thirty, who had already won distinction as a general and a crusader. This was Frederick the Red-beard, Duke of Swabia, Conrad's nephew. So Frederick was unanimously chosen.

Frederick I. (1152-1190), or Barbarossa (Red-beard), as he is better known, was a man not only of remarkable ability, but of winning manner and majestic mien. Of him people truly felt that he was born to be a king. He became one of Germany's most famous emperors, ranking with Charlemagne and Henry the City-builder and Otto the Great. Conrad had been building up a strong government, which Barbarossa inherited and improved.

The strife between Welf and Waibling had broken out again, but for a time it seemed that their wars would be permanently ended by Frederick's election. He and Henry the Lion were cousins and warm personal friends. One of Frederick's first acts was to arrange for giving back Bavaria to Henry, thus restoring to the Welf chieftain the former power of his family. For a time all went well; Henry devoted himself to extending his rule over the



BARBAROSSA KNEELS TO HENRY THE LION



Slavs along the Baltic Sea. He built cities on the conquered lands, made Lubeck a great commercial centre, and proved himself an able ruler.

When Frederick went to be crowned Emperor at Rome, Henry was his chief supporter. Frederick was by no means so ready to submit to the Pope as his immediate predecessors had been, and there was much friction before he was crowned. Finally the Romans broke into open insurrection against this new Emperor; there was savage fighting, and over a thousand of the citizens were slain in the streets. Frederick himself was unhorsed in the confusion; and only the courageous defence of his friend, Henry, saved his life from the mob.

A glimpse at one of Frederick's early court assemblages will show you the real power he held, and his position at the head of all the princes of Europe. The red-bearded Emperor sits upon the golden throne of Charlemagne, in the great hall of one of his many palaces. Dukes, bishops, and lesser nobles beyond numbering, are ranged around him. The massive doors are thrown open, there is a ringing flourish of trumpets, and one suppliant enters after another. First, perhaps, comes a deputation from some little city, complaining of the depredations of a neighboring knight, secure against their vengeance in his high stone castle. As the Emperor listens to their woes, his blue eyes begin to burn, till at length he gives a sharp word of command, a body of imperial troops rides jangling forth, and soon there is one robber stronghold less in the land.

Next it may be the ambassadors of Denmark, who enter to entreat the Emperor to decide between two claimants to the Danish throne, either of whom will hold his crown as a vassal of the Emperor. Then comes a messenger from the English king, Henry II., with a letter saying: "England and all else that belongs to us, we here offer to thee, that everything may be ordered according to thy wish. Let there be between our nations concord, union, and amicable relations, but in such a way that thou, as the greater, may retain the right to command; and on our side shall not be wanting the will to obey."

Perhaps it is the gorgeous ambassadors of an Asian sultan who appear next, asking a princess of the imperial line for their master's bride, and offering from him his acceptance of the Christian faith. Then comes the King of Hungary to renew his oath of vassalage, or perhaps the defeated King of Poland, barefoot, his sword tied round his neck in sign of submission, presents his tribute of five hundred pounds of silver. Then it is the turn of the Duke of Bohemia, who entreats that like these, his neighbors, he be given the title of King, which none but the Emperor can bestow.

At one of these assemblages originated the romance of Frederick's life. There came a messenger in hot haste from Burgundy. Its countess, Beatrice,

had been seized and imprisoned by her uncle, and robbed of her rights. Would not her Emperor save her? The Emperor would and did, with an army at his back; and when the poor released princess knelt before him with thanks, he saw how fair and queenly she was. An Emperor's wooing, they say, is short in doing. Beatrice became Frederick's bride, his devoted wife, and the mother of his five sturdy sons.

At another royal assembly in 1157 at Besançon, an Italian cardinal asserted that the empire was a papal fief, held, as Lothair had held it, by gift from the Pope. It required the personal interference of the Emperor to save that cardinal's life from the angry nobles. So the fatal strife with the Popes, which had destroyed the Frankish line of emperors, opened again. The rich and powerful Italian cities leagued with the Pope; and thus began Frederick's long Italian wars, of which you have read in Rome's story. Even on Barbarossa's first trip to Rome, the Italians had done all they could to destroy his army by underhand means. Once on his return march toward Germany, huge rafts of logs swept suddenly down a swift river against a bridge he had to cross. Luckily, however, the bridge held until all his troops were safely over. A force of Italians held the roads through the Alps against him, and for a time made the homeward passage impossible by rolling down huge rocks.

There seemed no way to dislodge the foe, and disease and death were threatening the weary army on the plains behind. Otto of Wittelsbach, the knight who had led the attack on the arrogant cardinal at Besançon, and whom the Emperor had appointed imperial standard bearer, made himself famous by scaling the precipitous heights. Where even the mountain goats could scarce find footing, Otto and a band of chosen followers climbed, until they stood above their enemies, drove some to flight, and captured the rest, who were hanged as rebels.

There is no need to repeat to you again the long and miserable story of this unfortunate strife. Frederick led army after army into Italy to waste away in battle and pestilence. Milan, the leading city in the struggle, was destroyed and rebuilt. The warfare ended with the treaty of Constance in 1183. Frederick was nominally successful in that the cities acknowledged his authority, though they were really free and retained all practical power in their own hands.

The lowest ebb of Frederick's fortunes came in these wars at the battle of Lignano, 1176. He had called Henry the Lion to Italy to help him, but Henry tried to make conditions, and win concessions from his sovereign's need. Among the Italians the strife had become one of Welf against Waibling, and the great Welf leader was naturally unwilling to fight against his own faction. Frederick threw himself on his knees before his mighty vassal and besought



HENRY THE LION KNEELS TO BARBAROSSA

aid. Henry, torn by conflicting emotions, remembering their early friendship, remembering all the Emperor had done for him, wavered; but at last turned resolutely away in refusal.

His Welf followers were wild with exultation. "The crown you now see at your feet," said one, "you will soon see on your head." Frederick's faithful wife, Beatrice, raised him from his knees. "God will help you," she said, "and at some future day things will change. Then we will remember the insolence of this Welf."

Henry withdrew his forces, and the Emperor's weakened army was terribly defeated at Lignano. The imperial standard was captured; Frederick was hurled from his charger, and disappeared beneath the feet of the contending forces. His fleeing followers declared him dead, and the Empress and all the court put on mourning for him. Three days later he reappeared among them, resolute and persistent as ever.

He returned to Germany, and proclaimed the ban of the empire against Henry, that is he declared him outlawed and his possessions forfeited. Bavaria was given to the faithful standard bearer, Otto of Wittelsbach; Saxony to another noble. Henry resisted for two years, but was at last overcome. He came in his turn, even as Beatrice had predicted, to kneel a suppliant at the Emperor's feet. Frederick bethought himself of the old boyish days together and, forgiving Henry, restored to him a small portion of his possessions. This smaller duchy, Henry, with his old ability, proceeded to make happy and prosperous. But his power was gone, and the wars of Welf and Waibling at an end in Germany, though in Italy Guelph and Ghibelline continued the strife for centuries. The present royal house of England is descended from these Welfs, and from Henry the Lion.

When Frederick was nearly seventy years old, he held a last splendid tournament at Mainz, the greatest that chivalry had known. Europe was soon after roused to another crusade; and the aged Emperor, who had regained all his former importance, led the crusaders in person. The skill and energy with which he conducted the dangerous expedition enhanced even his high repute. But while his troops were crossing an Asian river, that came swift and cold from the mountains, Frederick, impatient of waiting for the boats, dashed his horse into the stream to swim to the other bank. The chill current swept down horse and rider, and the Emperor was drowned (1190). His body, recovered by his followers after long search, was buried in the Asian city of Antioch.

The glory of the empire died with Frederick Barbarossa. No succeeding Emperor held anything approaching his power or his authority over the other European states. It was this fact, combined perhaps with his burial in a foreign land, which led to his becoming such a centre of legends among his people. In

Germany, they refused to believe that he was dead and kept watching for him to return home, to appear again among them as he had after his overthrow at Lignano. They say that he is still living, deep in a magic cave beneath the Kyfhauser mountain in Thuringia. Here he sits asleep before a stone table, through which his long beard has slowly grown to the ground beneath. Ravens are forever flying around the mountain, and when the last of them disappears, the mighty Barbarossa will wake, and come forth to restore to Germany the peace and power which it once enjoyed under his majestic rule.



FREDERICK BARBAROSSA

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